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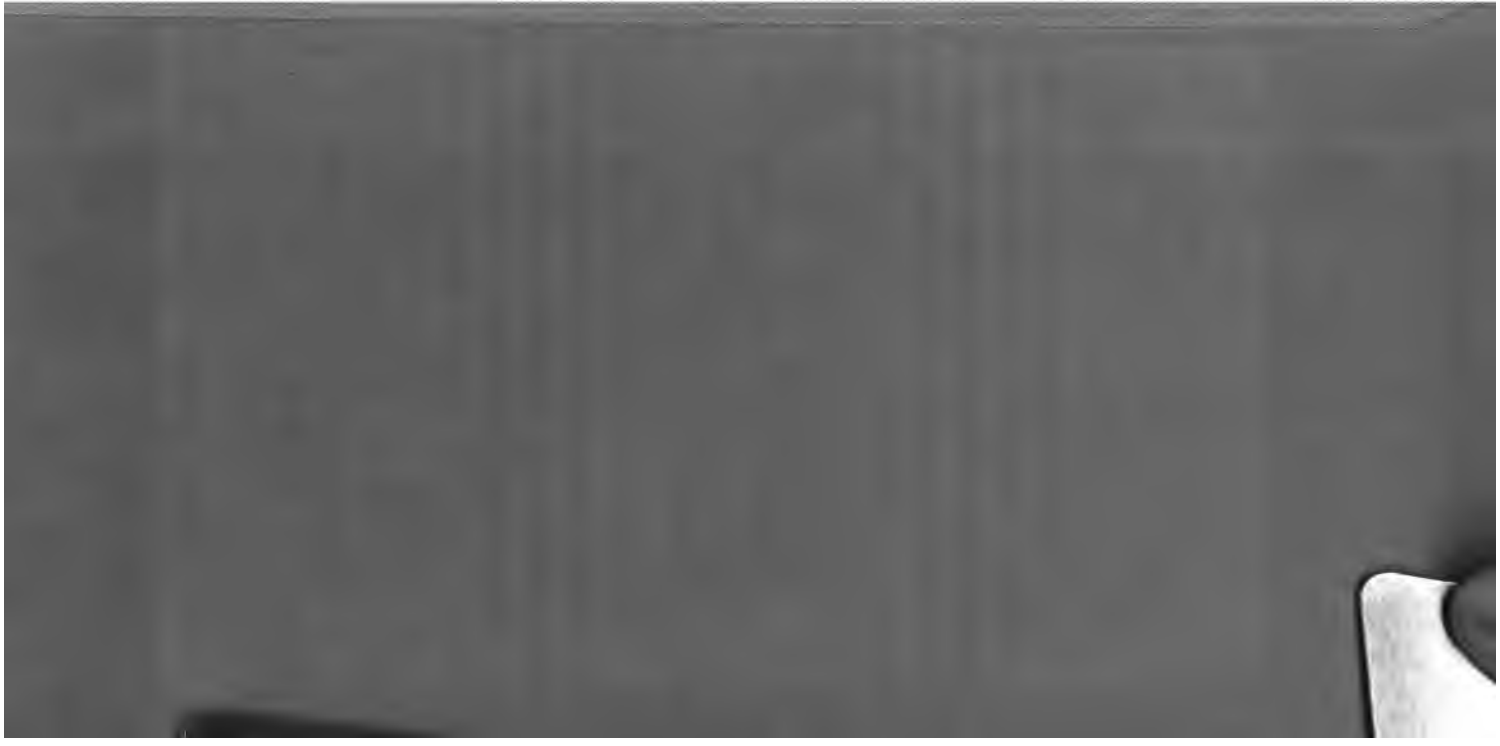

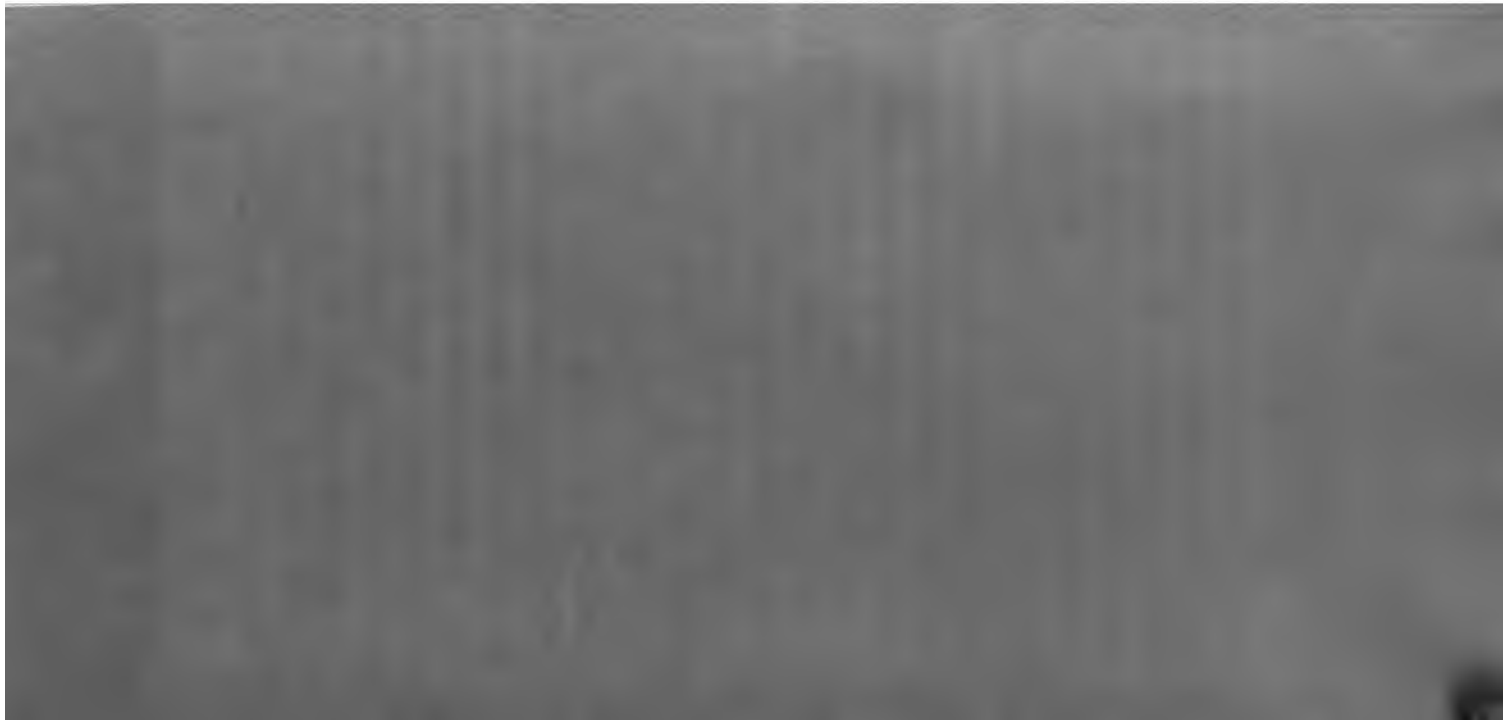

THE

MANUSCRIPT.

" Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;***
Thus various my romantic theme
Flits, winds, and sinks, a morning dream."

W. Scott.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

G. & C. CARVILL, and BLISS & WHITE.

1827.

R.A.H

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THE PLAN.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?—Cowper.

In trying to interest the community, enlightened by the wisdom of so many minds, and amused by such innumerable sources of enjoyment, it is difficult to avoid the extremes of overdoing the matter, through anxiety, on the one hand; or degenerating into common-place, from the fear of being thought too conceited, on the other. Attributing the conduct of every writer to avarice and vanity, rather than a desire of promoting the public good, the repulsive crowd quickly lower the pretensions of every literary hero, as it not only chastises him for being wiser than themselves, but tends to

raise them higher in the opposite scale of discernment, importance, and learning. But, unkind as the world is, there are always to be found souls of a noble and patronising nature, who have minds to comprehend, and hearts to appreciate the motives of the honest writer, who had rather feel themselves the severest lash of criticism than inflict the slightest wound on those who professedly write for their amusement. They feel that it is a species of ingratitude of the blackest dye: an ingratitude engendered by envy, fostered by pride, and which, instead of deriving nourishment from the food that is offered it, changes it into "the gall of bitterness," and the wormwood of calumny,—converts the garden of nature into a dreary desert, and the smiles of good humour into the withering frowns of hatred. Like the step of the caterpillar, whatever some tread upon, they defile; and with the Boa Constrictor, breathe desolation and death throughout the fairest paradise, and become, in consequence of their surfeit, the easiest

prey of revenge. The liberal, enlightened mind not only acts from the spontaneous impulse of its own nature, but from higher considerations of duty, springing from a clearer monitor than instinct, reason, or caprice, and exciting it to the promotion of Genius and Learning. It has in view the cultivation of native intellect, by fanning the sparks of genius till they burst into a flame—the dissemination of sound taste, literature, and science, through every part of the globe—the extension of liberality and kind feeling over the wide waste of selfishness, prejudice, and pride, and the progression of the human soul from improvement to improvement, until disenshackled from the chains of mortality, it basks in the meridian sunshine of celestial wisdom.

But while it is our pride to acknowledge the existence of such minds, it is to be regretted that literary neglect is often imputable to the very writers themselves. Like the aurelian insect, numbers weave themselves so closely in

a web of their own spinning, that they neither enjoy the light, nor allow themselves to be comprehended by others. Many fill their subjects so profusely with ornaments, that the reader is at a loss which the author would have him most admire; and like Tarpeia, overwhelmed by the bracelets of the Sabines, they perish alone through their own weight of tinsel. On the other hand, we are directed to solid works of biography, history, and science; but here again, instead of meeting with a pleasing variety; or, to speak figuratively, instead of beholding the lively Ionic, the tasteful Doric, mingled with the various departments of the Composite order, we either contemplate the gay Ionic, or Doric, or we are compelled to plod along in the dull, solemn pomp of the Gothic style alone. Now a truce upon such taste! The human mind, to be kept constantly awake, requires a variety of stimulants adapted to its constitutional changes, as what is food to one becomes to another nauseating poison. Who would recommend to the gay

reader the dry detail of public reports, or call the serious to dwell upon the risible adventures of Don Quixotte or Sancho Panza? It therefore becomes necessary to mingle fancy with instruction, and gaiety with rational severity. The tastes of all must be consulted, or the public attention will flag, and the sanguine author, instead of finding his productions on the shelves of the trade, will be compelled to send his friends to the counter of the confectioner or the grocer to collect such scanty remains as the moderation of business has spared.

" A general love of variety, however, which is not indulged as a beneficial means of improvement, resembles the rose of Florida, the bird of Paradise, or the cypress of Greece. The first, the most beautiful of flowers, emitting no fragance; the second, the most beautiful of birds, eliciting no song; the third, the finest of trees, yielding no fruit. It has not been inaptly called a species of 'adultery.' It characterizes a weak and superficial mind, ill qualifies it for honourable exertion,

and peculiarly unfits its possessor for selecting subjects to exercise his fancy; or from furnishing correct and sound materials to form and elevate the understanding."

How many also are travelling over subjects which millions before them have ransacked, so that not a thought is perceptible, but what is found in richer hives than theirs, enkindled by a livelier vein of imagination, enlightened by a sounder information, and enriched by a fresher glow of originality. Not that it is possible to strike out so new a path, or give birth to ideas to which others have been strangers. The reflections we make, thousands have indulged before us; and, excepting the novel deductions from the experiments of science, it may be safely asserted, with the wise man of Scripture,—"There is nothing new under the sun." Originality may exist in the novelty of the method, the peculiarity of the style, the combination of the sentiments, or the rich and varied colouring to illustrate some well known truth. Neither imitating the precision of Bacon, the

pedantry of Burton, the rotundity of Johnson, the playfulness of Swift, or the romanticity of Irving; the writer may use his own thoughts, method, and language, and if resorting at all to the sentiments of others, may make the same use of them as the bee of the flower, by extracting their nectar, and preparing it in his own way for the use and enjoyment of the public. "Those, on the contrary, who pretend to give us nothing but the fruit of their own growth, soon fail, like rivulets which dry up in summer. Far different are those which receive, in their course, the tribute of a hundred and a hundred rivers, and which, even in the dog-days, carry mighty waters triumphantly to the ocean."

The Novelists might be mentioned, distinguished for the highest attainments of literature, but too often polluting their pages with fashionable oaths, profane appeals, volatile tattle, and sensual representations. We mean simply to censure their abuses; and as they will prevail in despite of all our

scolding, we wish to behold them the vehicles of sound taste, innocent gaiety, and useful instruction. The visible improvement in this department of literature has doubtless contributed to its increasing demand; and no reason can be assigned why, if purged from its dross, fiction should not be used as the instrument of enlightening and reforming mankind. Why should not the fancy contribute as liberal a mite to the advancement of sound morals as the funds of the understanding, or the sensibilities of the heart? Is it not important to render the richest of our faculties the medium of instruction, and by seizing upon a department so generally interesting, lead the mind to relish the higher branches of intelligence, and practise the duties persuasively recommended?

The Periodicals and Reviews of the day have attained an eminence and popularity superior to any antecedent period, and distinguish the present age as discriminating and refined, as desirous of cherishing the efforts of native genius. Did they altogether breathe a

catholic spirit, disposed to smile upon the talented productions of every sect and party; were malicious and time-serving remarks altogether excluded, and one sole persevering effort used to advance the literary, moral, and religious interests of the community; they would rank the highest, next to Christian institutions, in ameliorating the condition of society, and diffusing that public and social felicity so earnestly coveted by every virtuous mind.

Will it then be deemed presumptuous, if, sheltered by the example of loftier names in literature, we add our mite in the diffusion of its spirit, and if unable to edify by the maxims of wisdom, we may, at least, amuse by the exposure of folly? Our object is amusement, combined with the improvement of the understanding. To censure vice, by applying the rod of satire, and reform the follies and errors of the age;—to occasionally glance at Biography, Criticism, and History;—to furnish amusing tales for the closet, either facetious or melancholy, just in the frame of mind we hap-

pen to indulge, and then again diverge into some didactic essay, designed only to engage the attention of the serious;—to write just as we please, what we please, and when we please, provided we aim to please those who favour us with their attention;—to provide, in short, a series of essays to amuse an idle hour, and promote the best interests of literature and morality, are the objects we propose; and if we fail, it must be imputed to the good natured blunder of unintentional design. Humble as we are, we will not be awed by the pedantic pomp of depressing superiority, or shrink from the aspiring attempts of more successful and celebrated writers. Sincerity is our armour; improvement our watch-word; the public confidence our support; and may we not reasonably hope, that the favour and patronage we covet, may shield us as the crown of our reward?

THE ANNALS

OF

TRINITY CHURCH.

THE writer does not promise that this history shall be continued in regular order, as his wish of giving variety to the Manuscript, and also the time requisite to procure such materials as are adapted to his plan, will necessarily retard the immediate continuation of the subject. If not resumed in the next, it will probably be continued in the 3d or 4th number.

TRINITY CHURCH.

" Yet still entire, the Abbey stood,
Like vet'ran worn, but unsubdued."

W. Scott.

Every citizen of New-York must be familiar with Trinity Church. The building being partly Gothic, with a round, arched portico, in front, is lighted on each side by tall tapering windows, and surmounted by a lofty, and well-proportioned spire. It stands somewhat retired, in Broadway, within a shaded enclosure, from the bustle and gaiety continually moving past it, and its monuments serve to remind the gazing wanderer of the shortness and vanity of time. The interior is simple and corresponds with the external. The surrounding galleries are supported by square, panelled

columns, while narrow fluted pillars form a junction with the ceiling, which rises into arches that seem to support each other. The choir, terminating in the front with its dark, mellow organ, faces immediately the pulpit and chancel, and the ground floor walls are occupied by tablets, commemorating the virtues of the illustrious dead. Its spacious grave-yard, containing, it is said, one hundred thousand bodies, inspires serious reflections in the mind of many a spectator; for few can pass it who cannot point to the tomb of some relative or friend who now lies sleeping in peace beneath its bosom. Often, before and after the services of Sunday, scattered groupes may be seen wandering with inquisitive slowness to read the epitaphs of mortality—while here and there a solitary being, pausing amidst the ruins of all on earth it loved, and meditating on that happier state where lamentation and parting shall be forgotten. I remember a little girl whose unaffected grief particularly moved me. She was dressed in a plain white frock, and seat-

ed on a grave, on which the dandelion was waving amongst the blades of the tall grass. Her little hand rested on the edge of the tomb-stone, and as her blue eye of innocence glanced upon the epitaph, a rolling tear proclaimed what the inscription on the stone recorded—"Here lies the best and tenderest of mothers."

There is something peculiarly striking in this venerable building. Whether it is the simplicity of its structure, the appearance of its burial ground, or the associations of its history, I can never pass by it without feelings more than usually solemnised. It is one of the oldest Protestant Episcopal Churches in New-York; and though its first foundation cannot be dated above eighty years before the continental war, it appears to an American gifted with cathedral antiquity, and hallowed by associations to which few are so deservedly entitled. In the old countries of Europe, where the ravages of time have swept for many centuries, and where religion has too often grown grey with the pinnacles of its clois-

ters, it is the pride of the natives to conduct the stranger to the mouldered tower, the ruined cathedral, or the moss-covered abbey, and excite his interest alone by the bare contemplation of their antiquity. The case here is widely different; for, though we can point to no cathedrals decayed through lapse of ages, we can refer to several, interesting alone from their being the first sanctuaries of our forefathers, and the cradle that nutured the doctrines of our religion. Trinity Church may be regarded as the nursery of missionary instruction. Her early preachers were among the first that laid the foundation of Protestant episcopal worship, and imparted pure and entire the doctrines of the mother church in England. Thence have flowed, as from a fountain, those numerous and pious streams which beautify and enrich the growing portions of our State; and which, rolling wider and wider to the ocean of improvement, return again, by innumerable channels, to augment the source from which they were supplied. She resem-

bles a happy parent, venerable with age, amidst the offspring of four generations; smiling with joy at the fruit of her instructions, regarding with holy triumph the extension of her household, and longing, piously, for the day, when every portion of our country shall be filled with the knowledge and happiness of her posterity.

The purest enjoyment of which human nature is susceptible, is derived from moral associations. Antiquity alone is insufficient to attract, independent of the causes that render it illustrious. Who that gazes upon the pyramids of Egypt can experience so sublime a pleasure, as when treading amidst the ruins of the Forum at Rome, where her venerable sages legislated and taught! Who that has seen every architectural remain of Europe can enjoy so holy a sentiment as when surveying the faded grandeur of Westminster Abbey, immortalized by the ashes of the great, the learned, and the brave! The simple cottage, from this principle, becomes as dear to its inmates as

the palace to the monarch, adorned by its wings and towers. The peasant cannot bear the thought of seeing a single plank removed from the habitation of his childhood. Every thing about it reminds him of other days and scenes, and calls to remembrance those beloved companions who shed upon his early life the magic pleasure of a dream. The memory of Trinity Church is thus rendered additionally sacred from the circumstances and associations that characterise its history. It was founded by great and good men, who burned with no other desire than to promote the glory of God in the highest, and circulate religious knowledge and happiness amongst men. It has been the church of pious multitudes, who were awakened and edified by its services and instructions, and who are now chanting forth in heaven the praises they here were taught to sing. It was the field of labour of many learned and eloquent divines, by the exhortations of whose lips many a heart has melted, and to whose pious

perseverance and prayers its present prosperity may be ascribed. It was reduced to ashes, and beset by many formidable perils, but the hand of providence speedily rebuilt it, and enabled it to bid defiance to the incursions of its foes.

The prejudiced opinion, that Trinity Church is the church of England, is fast expiring in the American bosom. An objection like this betrays an ignorance of the principles and government of the protestant episcopal church in this country, and argues an hostility to the mother country itself, unjustifiable by any motives of reason or Christianity. Unconnected with an establishment which combines the civil with the religious principles of the state; the protestant episcopal church in the United States is indebted for nothing to that of England but the purity of her ministry and doctrines; and though she uses a manual of worship derived from the parent church, she has so altered and adapted it to her own circumstances and institutions as to render it, in some degree, a ma-

thing like satisfactory information; that, with the exception of a few well known facts, much must be collected from the recollection of living witnesses, and testimonials but very little known, the reader will rather be surprised at the presumption of the writer, than at the paucity of information collected in these pages.

With the scanty materials of which the writer is possessed, he hastens to lay before his readers "The Annals of Trinity Church." But as its history is so deeply interwoven with the rise and progress of episcopacy in our state, and as it involves subjects of an interesting nature which occurred long previous to its building, the next chapter shall be devoted to a sketch of the early condition of New-York, with as enlarged a view of the existing state of the church as our time and materials have enabled us to furnish.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY LINDEN.

The following story is related on the authority of a singular looking old gentleman in black, who, among other garrulities, kindly favoured the editor with the particulars here recorded. He has consented to correspond with the editor, and has even expressed his satisfaction at the starting of The Manuscript, as he is determined now to disburden his mind of some curious facts unknown to the world. Further particulars of the old gentleman may be learned hereafter.

MARY LINDEN.

" Her life, as free from thought, as sin,
Slept like a lake, till love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide."—T. Moore.

It was at the close of a summer's afternoon, that I was sauntering through one of the charming villages that lies on the banks of the Hudson. Its dark stone church, shaded by a row of locusts, which enclosed its modest green, seemed reposing at a distance from the cares of the little world around it. A post-chaise was emancipating its passengers at the door of the opposite hotel, and several villagers were lagging inquiringly round it, either to catch a portion of its "mighty world of news," or the countenances of the travellers alighting on the piazza.

Strolling along, I crossed a rude bridge, embracing a narrow stream, which fed several mills that fretted the bordering banks. A silver sheet of water dashed in sparkling whiteness near me, and raved away among the rocks that disputed its intrusive course. The giant branches of the horse-chesnut threw a mellow shade upon the agitated water, and disclosed through their partings, a view of the village spire, whose ball twinkled like a star on the blue of the evening sky. The desire of visiting a family, of which I had not heard for years, induced me to pursue my solitary ramble. The road was diversified by hills and dales; crops of the richest harvest were bending to the breeze, and the fields were vocally enlivened by numerous flocks and herds. The frequent chirpings of some lonely bird serenaded me from the trees, and all nature was alive with that melancholy hum that denotes its preparation for rest.

I soon reached the romantic spot. The mimic lake of silver that supplied the mill in the

valley was darkened by the hills of forest that enclosed its tapering banks. The gushing cataract, falling from its planky bed, wound tremulously along the border of the road, and became suddenly lost in oblique windings among the trees. Projecting from the mill, the massy wheel bowed beneath the pressure of the stream, and rising proudly again, shook from the mossy paddles its foam of of liquid down. The noise of its roar, reverberating in hoarse murmurs from the hills, is mistaken, at a distance, for approaching thunder, and the eye instinctively gazes on the sky.

I walked towards the house. Every object was altered. The window shutters were closed; the stoop, on which I had sat for hours, was falling to decay; the frame around which the honeysuckle entwined had lost several of its sticks: the vine was still there, but it had withered, and, like age in distress, had recourse for aid to strangers. It had clung for support round the last remaining post of

the piazza, which thus gratefully repaid the shade it formerly enjoyed. The favourite old willow that overhung the entrance of the garden, bent lower to the ground, and increased the melancholy gloom that preyed upon the ruins. I approached the garden—several of its posts were rotten; the gate was feebly fastened by a mouldering cord; the flowers were either gone or hidden among the weeds; the grass had overgrown the walks; the brook that trickled from the spring was choked by leaves and stones; but the most affecting sight was the skeleton of an animal, which was, perhaps, the favourite house-dog, that had, probably, died from neglect, without a friend to bury him. I raised the knocker, but the rust had stiffened its joints, and caused but a faint and hollow reverberation. I called aloud, but only heard some bustling swallows, that were building above the door, or the echo of my own voice, as it stole back on the wings of the breeze. I could not repress my feelings,

but responded to the memorable, pathetic words of Ossian, "Silence reigns in the halls of her fathers." Sitting upon the stoop, I recalled the pleasant hours I had spent in the cottage: the happy parents—the lovely daughter—the thousand nameless joys we indulged—even the faithful dog, trudging whiningly up the steps, and wagging his half curled tail in welcome of my arrival. But the family had gone, perhaps for ever, from the world. I could not avoid indulging in the following train of reflection:

My early pleasures; where are they?
  The hours that gave them birth
Have melted away as the close of day,
  When it leaves the beauteous earth;
Have melted away as the sun's bright ray
  Is lost in the sky of even,
When the star of the west is in splendour drest,
  In the dark clear blue of heaven.

Dear youthful pleasures! blest employ!
How oft in fancy's dream
Those visions of joy, no time can destroy,
In happy existence seem!
Their pensive light, like the moon by night,
Is hallow'd, though distant far;
As the gem at rest o'er the wild wave's breast,
The mariner's homeward star!

Sweet friends of childhood, gentle hearts
To memory ever dear!
The tear that starts when the fondest departs,
For you has been sincere;
And the grief that oppress'd the aching breast
Could never be more deep;———
Oh who has not sighed o'er joys that have died,
And friends that have sunk to sleep!

Returning to my lodgings, I learned the whole story of the family, and as it may be possibly interesting, I will endeavour briefly to relate it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARY LINDEN.

[CONTINUED.]

Love, like od'rous zephyr's grateful breath,
Repays the flower that sweetness which it borrow'd.

MILTON.

MARY LINDEN was the flower of the little village circle. Like most young females confined to rural society and enjoyments, she knew little of the world beyond her native home, and was educated in the useful, rather than the showy accomplishments of life. She was not beautiful, but there was a delicacy of form and sweetness of countenance, that silenced the gazing critic; and such a soul of meaning beamed from her eyes, that the expression of her features was entirely forgotten. A disposition kind, artless, and enthusiastic, seldom fails to win attention and esteem; and if to be the theme of conversation and the confidant of friends are proofs of love, then Mary was blest with the affection of all who knew her.

Divided between their dutiful child, and their hopes of heaven, time stole insensibly away from her delighted parents. They regarded her as the last and richest gift of Providence; they wished to see her happily married; and hoped, when their declining sun should set, to give her that best and holiest of gifts—the dying parental blessing. There is something peculiarly interesting, I may almost say divine, in the parting blessing of parents. Their life resembles an odorous lamp continually emitting a most delicious fragrance; but when the nourishment is nearly consumed, its last remaining drops combine, and with one instant of brilliancy pour out their precious perfume to be enjoyed no more for ever.

During one of the visitations of the yellow fever some years ago, when thousands were flying in terror from the city, a young man of the name of Clifford, fixed on a transient residence near Mr. Linden's cottage. His person was delicate, but well proportioned; and his face spoke forth such a sweet-natured benevolence, that the eye which encountered his, supposed itself beloved. The father of William Clifford was a

merchant of New-York, who never suffered his ideas to stray beyond the bounds of speculation. His busiest care was the converting of cents into dollars, and beholding his son elegantly settled in life. So devoted was he to business, that he had no time to spare for the relaxations of the country, and he preferred parting with his son to missing an opportunity of adding to his fortune. His opinions of marriage were never associated with the influence of the blind Deity. "Love," he always said, "was a mere phantom of the brain, talked of like ghosts, which the majority believe in, but which no one could assert he had positively seen. Even if existing at all, he can only live under the torrid zone of prosperity, but carry him to the frozen regions of poverty, and the rascal freezes to death in despair; but money inhabits all climates, is adapted to all changes and depressions, and wherever there is plenty of money, marriage will always ensure plenty of comfort." With a parent of such an opinion, the situation of a daughter is truly pitiable. Every warm feeling of the heart must be subdued—the fire of hope must be extinguished—the blossom of affection must be withered beneath the pesti-

lential mildew of parental sel[illegible] The son is more favourably situated. Even if suffering the displeasure of an ungenerous father, he can seek in the world for diversion from his troubles. Amidst the turmoils of business, he can almost drown the sorrows that afflict him, and enjoy a transient respite from the gallings of reflection; but even through the clouds of business, he will often catch a melancholy view of that glimmering light, which once shone so beautifully resplendent. But what is there for the female? Without variety, and often condemned to the imprisonment of her chamber, she there but repoisons her happiness with the memory of sorrow, and drives in more deeply the arrow that is rankling in her bosom. The paradise of home is changed to a loathsome dungeon, where she is refused what is allowed the criminal—the sympathy of misfortune. Each returning day adds a new link to the chain which keeps her from her lover, and which, bound so firmly, threatens of its own weight to tear out the heart which it enslaves. She has no visions of happiness, no consoling surmises, no bosom to echo her distress; but she sits wrapped in the spell a cruel parent has woven, and

cherishes a flame, which slowly consuming her peace, can only be extinguished by the death-damp of the grave. It is not a little curious to observe on the other hand the secrecy with which faithful hearts often hold communion. The most rigid parents may enact laws, but cannot always enforce them. A note conveyed by an unknown hand—an assignation to meet at the house of some approving relative—and numerous other inventions will often cross the lines in spite of the most watchful sentinel. The ore of love should be tried in the furnace of affliction, for it can only thus be purified from its dross, and its true value known and appreciated.

Mary had just attained her seventeenth year when William took up his residence in the valley. A trifling circumstance soon made them acquainted; for it is surprising how little exertion it requires to second the overtures of the heart; and on the other hand, what insuperable barriers must be surmounted when the inclination must be forced from its channel. It was at a village party he first saw her. She was neatly attired in white, with a simple pink

riband encircling her waist, and a small boquet of flowers braiding together the bright chesnut curls that played around her forehead. She seemed to him like the modest lily lifting its unassuming head above the flowers around it, the pride of its companions, but unconscious of its superiority. When they parted, the language of their eyes spoke more eloquently than words. Young, artless, and confiding, they had no object in concealing their regard: they felt that deep-impassioned fondness which lures the young heart to repose, on the downy pillow of hope. It was unknown to his father that William visited the cottage. Mrs. Linden feared the consequences. She felt the disparity of situation, the inequality of mental endowments, and a thousand other objections which a fond mother will always urge in behalf of a beloved child. Mary confessed the value of her mother's opinion, but tremblingly hoped that the issue would be different. Their situations and circumstances she confessed widely differed; but there was one in which there was no superiority—they loved each other. Love knows *no* distinctions. He respects as much the peasant as the prince; and however great the disparity in every other

situation, all who kneel at his altar equally receive his blessing. There is a time of life when the passions are ardent and difficult of restraint, when the heart is susceptible of every impression, and like melted wax once enstamped, the image must be broken to be destroyed. Thus it was with Mary—she would trust every thing to William—his very thoughts and language were hers; and, like the air he breathed, wherever he went, her thoughts would instinctively follow.

Often at sunset, they would stroll along the Hudson, and gaze together upon its variegated scenery:—the white-sailed sloops, deeply laden with produce, and marking their courses through paths of silvery foam—the distant palisades lifting their frowning heads above the dark waves that border them below—the passing steamboats flying on their wingy paddles, and pouring forth their volumes of smoke upon the tranquil air—the bright forests of evergreen overhanging the river, and always smiling, like the good man, as well in adversity as joy—the lofty hills beyond Tappan, dark amid sunshine, and melting behind each other into the blue of the distant sky—the golden clouds piled upon the west as if they were the garments of the sun

thrown off at his entrance into his chamber—and the foaming streamlets escaping the thraldom of numerous mills, and paying their small but welcome tribute to the Hudson. Then he would amuse her by the recital of the most popular incidents of history, lead her through the richest fields of poetry and romance, and delineate so happily the enjoyments of the future, that she fairly revelled in the little paradise of his creation. Often at evening, the young companions of Mary would assemble under the willow, and amuse each other with the passing incidents of the village. Then they would listen to the sweet notes of William's flute as he accompanied Mary in one of his favourite songs. It was the composition of a friend long since departed, and was cherished by William as the dearest memento of his affection.

Forget thee ? No ; I'll ne'er forget
That joyous hour when first we met :
No, never, never.
Our love was like a tender flower,
That early bloomed in Flora's bower ;
Alternately sun, dew, and shade,
With cheerfulness bestow'd their aid,
Believing that the flow'r was made
To bloom for ever.

True love 's a plant to mortals given,
To bloom on earth, but roots in heaven :
It lives for ever.
A bird of Paradise that flings
Rich odours from its spicy wings :
A spark electric that doth move
Our hearts to think on joys above :—
The breath of Deity is love
That warms for ever.

The modest flow'r that sinks in death,
Obedient to the cold wind's breath,
Is lost for ever.
But though it falls beneath the chill,
Its sweetest perfume haunts it still ;
And the young heart that once has knelt
Before love's shrine, and fondly felt
Its icy pride in rapture melt,
Forgets it never.

I saw thy fond and faithful heart,
When last we met so soon to part,
For ever, ever.
It told of days long, long gone by,
And pour'd forth volumes in each sigh ;—
It spake a language dearly known
To one whose heart was thine alone ;—
Of a young flow'r just fully blown,
Blighted for ever.

The abatement of the fever in the city, rendered it necessary for William to return. He knew that Mary loved him; that in parting, the fibres must be lacerated, by which their hearts had grown together. He departed with the fondest reciprocation of attachment, and continued for three months secretly to visit the cottage. The death of Mr. Clifford's agent in India required the immediate appointment of a successor, and William was selected to fill that important station. A dutiful child is not tempted from his course by the most flattering allurements. But how could he part with Mary—how leave her without an explanation of his conduct? But yet how could he communicate it—how tell her, that even in the distant Indies, she still would be dear to him—that the remembrance of their mutual vows would alleviate the pangs of absence? By some unknown means Mr. Clifford became acquainted with William's visits to the cottage. His pride determined to prevent the consequences; and he hoped, by expediting the voyage of his son, to blight for ever the intended alliance. The next morning was secretly appointed for William's departure. He was about stealing a visit to Mary that night—to that

dear object whom he might see again no more. It was about sunset when he came into the village; and the last tinges of light, dressing out Nature in a kind of melancholy glory, seemed emblematical of his own hopes gradually expiring in darkness. A sudden melancholy preyed upon his feelings—he thought he had come there for the last time, although he had no idea of the nearness of the separation. Mary seemed that evening more interesting than ever. She spoke so kindly, and used so many kind methods to win him from his dejection, that her very fondness tended rather to increase his melancholy. He tried gradually to break the subject—hinted at the possibility of separation—spoke of the pangs of parting,—and reassured her of the fondest and most lasting fidelity: but he could not speak of his voyage—but would defer it till another time, when her heart would be better prepared. Who can pourtray the feelings of Mary? She feared something dreadful impended; but her fears served only to unite more strongly the chains of her attachment. There is nothing more durable than woman's first love. Like the unfailing stream, which, stealing through the recesses of the forest, secretly struggles with the

impediments that obstruct its course, until it mingles with some other rivulet with which it forms an identity; but, however divided from its channel, or diversified its way; notwithstanding the impossibility of attaining its destination, and forced entirely contrary to its original course; though lost in perpetual windings, and exposed to the influence of a scorching sun, still its source in the forest will always remain pure and unchangeable. They parted with the solemn promise of meeting the ensuing evening. William took her hand, and as he pressed it with more than usual earnestness to his bosom, told her that nothing but death should prevent the fulfilment of his promise. On his return home, he learned the necessity of his departure in the morning. The vessel was prepared—the command of his father was pressing—he saw that affection must be sacrificed at the shrine of parental duty. The parting from his family was such as might be expected—some tears were shed—and blessings bestowed—a lingering press of hands—a last embrace, and he was gone.

The afternoon was beautiful in the country. The honeysuckle reposing against the posts of

the piazza breathed forth a delicious fragrance: the torrent dashing from the neighbouring mill-dam sparkled as brilliantly as ever: the birds had never more sweetly serenaded the cottage: a fresh boquet of flowers blushed most bewitchingly from its China prison on the mantel: a fresh bunch of asparagus was budding on the hearth and above the pictures: a pair of new curtains, as white as the driven snow, hung from the windows, while on each side a nosegay of sweet flowers concealed the nails by which the loops were supported. Mary alone was gloomy. She was meditating on the last words of William—on his wild air—and the possibility (as he hinted) of a lasting separation. What could be its meaning? Could he be really faithless, or was he constrained by the cruelty of an ungenerous father? The evening came—but where was William? At every opening of the gate—at every barking of the dog—at every approaching step, the lovely sentinel was certain it was her lover. She could not sleep: her parents were disturbed by terrifying dreams, and woke the next morning to relate their apprehensions. The next evening, and a whole week transpired, and he had not yet made his appearance. Se-

cret inquiries were made of him in the city, but his father pretended ignorance; and it was impossible to learn any thing, except some vague reports, that he had been casually seen, but had as suddenly departed. He could not have been false, but must either have destroyed himself, or been accidentally drowned. The villagers were questioned—the neighbouring streams and woods were searched, but not a trace of him remained. A pocket-handkerchief was found bearing the initials W. C., with a few torn papers here and there in the woods, and fragments of writing that could not be deciphered. His mysterious words at parting struck poor Mary to the heart. She believed him dead—and, like the flower of the valley, she bowed resignedly to the blast that withered the blossom of her joys.

A month elapsed, and yet no tidings of him were heard. It was reported by the young villagers, that he was seen sitting on the bank of the river—sometimes wandering along the paths where he loved to walk with Mary—at others, around the cottage—and the well-known music of his flute was heard of a still evening near the lake. One of the rustics affirmed that he saw

him, one moonlight night, upon the bridge, fixing a sepulchral gaze upon the glassy waterfall thundering by its side. Others beheld him walking upon the river; while a few had the folly to assert they perceived him plunging down the mill-dam, and sometimes riding upon a fiery charger, at full speed through the village. All these stories were sacredly treasured up by the superstitious, and had considerable effect in persuading the cottagers, that William must be no more. Superstition is a disease contagious to all ranks of society; and they who most sturdily deny the existence of apparitions, are the very first proselytes, when the popular voice is in their favour. If there be a superstition, which may be innocently indulged, surely that which augments the testimony of a future state may be allowed, to inspire those requiring such numerous incentives for preparation. To stories like these, Mary herself was incredulous, as she could not believe that the happily departed would ever re-mingle in the miseries of the world, and break through established laws for purposes so exceedingly futile. Sitting alone one evening in her chamber, she heard the mellow warblings of a flute, apparently issuing from behind the garden. She

listened a few moments, entranced by the soothing melody, and almost fancied it was the flute of William playing its favourite air. It continued but a short time; and although she waited several hours in anxious suspense, it was heard no more that evening. The family searched every part of the garden, but not a creature was there, and no one had been seen passing along that way. Poor Mary was absolutely confounded, and she listened several evenings for a repetition of the sounds; but she returned disappointed, and felt almost inclined to believe that it might be the spirit of her lover. Her parents tried to dissuade her from such a sentiment, and ascribed the music to the echoes produced by the winding hill, supposing it to proceed from some solitary idler, thinking of any thing else but disturbing a harmless family. All these observations little tended to wear away Mary's impressions. There were no tears or complaints to testify her sorrows; for true grief, like decay, does its work in silence, and is only known by the ruin it occasions.

At the close of a calm summer evening, enlightened by the golden-faced mirror of the

harvest moon, Mary was sitting under the arbour of the piazza, contemplating the undulations of light admitted by the trembling vine-leaves, as they were moved by the refreshing breeze, that was fanning the sultry air. All nature was reposing but the restless stream; and no sound was heard but of a few discontented swallows contending with each other for the best share of their rich feathered nest. Mary's parents were sitting in the little hall, talking over, no doubt, the endearments of their younger days, or looking forward with concern to the disposal of their daughter. Mary was humming her lover's favourite air, and was listening to the softness of the echoes as they died away from an opposite eminence. On a sudden she heard the melting notes of the same flute which had lately so pleased and amazed her. It played a little while, and she was sure she recognised the beloved air; and then it was repeated—and then it died away as if by magic. What was her surprise when she heard the well-known voice of William singing these simple and well-remembered words:

The evening sky—the evening sky—
How bright its glories are!

Exciting thoughts of things that lie
Above yon radiant star.

The joys our spirits burn to know,
Will never here be given;
The fountain whence true pleasures flow,
Is only found in heaven.

When we have slept that dreamless sleep,
Which dearest hearts must sever;
O may we wake no more to weep,
But live in smiles for ever!

She felt that she wanted the power to move.—Was she mistaken? She fancied she heard a light step approaching from behind the avenue. She was not sure; but listening again, she heard another, and another; and by means of the soft moonlight, streaming through the leaves, she caught the dim figure of a man crossing the entrance of the arbour; and just as he reached the spot, where the moonbeams fell upon his person, she fancied she saw Clifford with his flute in his hand, who, looking anxiously round, pronounced the name of "Mary." A faint dimness gathered on her sight; and summoning instant fortitude, she fled into the house and in-

formed her parents of the singular apparition. All their persuasions could not satisfy her of delusion: she was sure she had beheld his very face and eye; had heard his own flute, voice,—and her own name pronounced in the exact way he always accosted her. Her parents perceived the prognostics of a mental malady; and well they might; for the poor girl not only endured the anguish of disappointed love, but feared she had provoked her lover's spirit to disturb her repose. She regarded this appearance as the real token of her William's death. She began to wander alone amid the scenes they once frequented, and invoke the shade of her departed lover. Her parents wept in silence over the idol of their hearts; but tears are feeble ministers to the grief of a distracted mind. A few months since, Mary was the delight of the village; but now—how altered! Her tall, graceful form bent down like a tender rose-bud overcharged with tears; her dark hair carelessly floated on her forehead, and parted in natural ringlets about her snowy neck. Her bright blue eye had lost its brilliancy; and the rose of her cheek had given place to the paleness of the lily. She was beautiful even in misfor-

tune, like the rainbow, more lovely for the cloud on which it shines; but her half-suppressed words, vacant looks, and sudden smiles that occasionally lighted her countenance, bespoke the probability of a partial derangement. Her mother imagining her recovery hopeless, and having used every effort to alleviate her sorrows, gave herself up to the canker-worm of grief, and died of a broken heart, a martyr to maternal disappointment.

The ways of Providence are often dark in domestic dispensations. When we behold the brightest sky overcast by the darkest clouds; or view the placid stream raised to an inundation by its innumerable sources; we acknowledge that the fertility of the plain is the necessary accompaniment, and we wonder no more at the singular calamity. But when we contemplate pecuniary misfortunes palsying the arm of industry, or the poison of disease wasting away the pride of health and beauty—when we survey the havoc occasioned by the last enemy of man, and weep over the precious buds and fruits that have been blighted or swept away by the tempest, why can we not perceive an over-

ruling Providence here, enriching and maturing the heritage of the moral world? "For as some medicines are healing to the stomach which are bitter to the palate; and as it is by bruising and dividing its particles that cinnabar assumes a vivid brilliancy, and thence becomes vermilion; so, by the storms and trials of an adverse fortune, patience exalts itself into resignation, and resignation into gratitude."

With the depression of his spirits, sunk also the father's stimulus for industry. He was no longer seen turning up the mellow soil of his farm. The garden became overrun with weeds; and every object assumed a wild and desolate appearance, as if its inhabitants had long since deserted it. The debts of Mr. Linden amounted to a considerable sum: the produce of the farm was insufficient to liquidate them; and the wretched man perceived that ruin would soon complete the climax of his misfortunes. He was soon arrested by an officer of justice; his goods were levied upon, and advertised for sale the following week. The blow was indeed severe, but what should he do with Mary? the knowledge of this might break her

heart. She smiled when she heard the particulars, and taking her father's hand, piteously replied,—"Poor father! You'll no more have any home—none to comfort you;—but I—I have a home which no one can take away; William gave it me. There—there, on that rock, beside that weeping-willow we will live so happy, and mother will come there too, and William will be there—I will gather flowers, and William shall make a wreath for your head, and one for mother's—but none for mine;—my hot brain would scorch their pretty leaves, and that you know were piteous. Aye, and his flute—the little birds will sit on the branches over our heads and listen to his music—oh father! how pleasant it will be!" Her aged father could not suppress his feelings: he held his hand more firmly in hers, while tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks, as he said, "Yes, dear Mary, we have a home I trust; we have an unchanging home in heaven, where I hope we shall all meet, never more to be separated." The day soon arrived when they were to experience a severer trial. It was a cloudless summer morning, not unlike that, when William and Mary became acquainted. Her father had been busily engaged among his

papers, while Mary was sitting in melancholy silence, surveying for the last time, those domestic conveniences which were so soon to be sacrificed. Here was her favourite dressing-table —there were her own pictures, which William had taught her to draw—there the old-fashioned bureau and chairs, rendered doubly dear because prized by her late affectionate mother. There is something inexpressibly painful in parting with those moveables with which we have been familiar from our infancy. It is like separating from the very friends of our bosom—we feel as if we were cast once more upon a desolate world, and we realize the uncertainty of our pilgrimage condition.

The officer had already commenced the performance of his duty, and was offering for sale the first article—Mary's work-table—when a figure at a distance was seen approaching the arbour; and, hearing the voice of the auctioneer, he stood suddenly still, as if desirous of listening to the proceedings. His countenance bore an exact similitude to Clifford's; but it was pale and worn down by trouble, and unlike that, which, two years ago, appeared so fresh and

blooming. At repeating the name of the article, the company was interrupted by the forbidding voice of the stranger—"Forbear —forbear!" "'Tis Clifford's ghost," cried several of the wondering multitude, and shrunk back from the door in terror. "I am flesh and blood," replied William, "and am come to relieve this family from ruin.—Minister of justice, take this purse and leave us, or by my existence you shall feel the vengeance, your cruelty deserves." The villagers fled away from what they considered an apparition, and left the family alone with the agitated Clifford. Mary gazed upon him—then upon her father—a vacant smile played upon her features. She looked again, and with her hands over her face exclaimed,—"take him away—take him away—he's an impostor;—he's not William—my William's dead—he would deceive you." He affectionately approached her: —"Touch me not," she added—"do you not see these flowers? they were gathered for the ceremony, but they are withering like poor Mary:—let me crown thee, father, like the angels, with these faded rosebuds;—but theirs fade not, because they are immortal: how well this rose becomes your forehead—but roses wither if lying on

the snow." Her father and William stood with their arms clasped round her; and it was not until measures had been taken to restore her recollection by repose, and some weeks had transpired to prepare her for the intelligence, that William related the reasons of his past conduct.

It appeared that he had commenced the voyage in obedience to his father; but that self-reproaches for thus leaving Mary, urged him to return with the pilot-boat, and secretly wait the departure of another vessel. Dreading his father's anger, and fearing to be seen by any of his friends, he hired an obscure lodging within a few miles of Mr. Linden's cottage. He afterwards resolved upon an interview with Mary; but he was restrained by the necessity of a full disclosure of his misery, and the possibility of being recognised and reported to his father. Several times of an evening he would secretly approach, and venture to serenade the cottage. Once perceiving Mary alone, he determined to approach her; but disappointed at her abrupt flight, he attributed her conduct to contempt of his neglect, little dreaming of the suspicions respecting his death, and the deep melancholy that was preying on the family. With mortified

pride, he determined to gratify his father's wishes, and proceed disguised to India in the very next vessel. After suffering there two years the pangs of separation, he was called home by the death of his father, who vested in William's possession all his immense estate. He had visited the cottage that morning to claim Mary's hand, and atone, if possible, for his singular past neglect. Surprised to learn, at the village, that Mr. Linden's property was exposed to sale, he immediately hastened to stop the proceedings, and consummate as soon as possible his nuptials with Mary.

Her mind and countenance soon recovered their former vivacity. I passed through the village a few days ago, and learned that the happy couple were united, and were residing on a charming seat on the banks of the Hudson river. The aged Mr. Linden had lately deceased. The little cottage was yet desolate—the arbour had entirely fallen—its vine was dead—and nothing enlivened the ruins, but the mill-seat that was still there. Enjoying an ample fortune, a numerous offspring, and the affection of numerous acquaintance, William and Mary Clifford were comparatively happy.

THE HIGHLAND BANDITTI.

[BY THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.]

"Who 's there?"—SHAKSPEARE.

I VISITED, some years ago, a few friends in the Highlands of Putnam county, being some of the wildest scenery in any part of the United States. They are a rude, mountainous tract, seemingly parted by some physical convulsion, sinking and swelling into the most grotesque varieties, frowning on each other from opposite sides of the river; sometimes blocking it up in their awful shade, and at others haughtily enclosing it in a narrower channel. No one would suppose that highly cultivated farms could be found in glens so seemingly barren; but Providence has provided here roses in the midst of thorns, and blessings amid the frowns of desolation. I left New-York about sunset; and after passing the rugged pa-

lisades, the gloom of evening gathered round the landscape, and wrapped every object in misty uncertainty. I would often mistake the signal lamp of a steamboat for a light on some distant eminence—then the river would seem hemmed in by bold promontories, and headlands—frequently I would forget the course of the vessel, and then I was bewildered in changing the point of starting with the place of destination.

After repeated inquiries, the little bell announced the signal of arrival. I leaped into the boat, that rushed foamingly through the water; while the paddles of the steam-boat suspended their labour, and the liberated steam resounded in shrill echoes from the hills. I sprang on shore, and the boat was gone. I felt really alone, for I was in a strange place, and without the sight of a single living creature. But where was the road? I saw nothing but the steep sides of a shaggy hill, which was washed from below by the moaning river. What must be done? It was dead midnight; the moon had not risen; the stars yielded but a faint light: no sound was audible, but the signal tappings of a drum heard occasionally from the opposite point,

and the roar of some distant cascade sounding fearfully along the valleys. I was environed by dusky eminences, whose shade only served to bring them nearer, and no mode of liberation appeared, but finding some passage through their windings. I hailed some sloops that were floating down the tide, but no one heeded the call—the next breeze and they were swept from view. I hallooed, but no one answered but the mocking points, and the noise of some snakes or creatures I had disturbed, creeping more securely into their dens. After clambering up the hill, I searched, if possible, for some egress from the fastness; but I only saw loftier mountains, and lengthening forests beyond, that threatened for the night to detain me a prisoner. The hill swept down a circuitous valley, washed by a filthy streamlet, causing me to sink several inches at every step, and sending forth a brawling laugh as if in triumph at my slavery. What was to be done? I was literally swamped —my boots were ruined by friction among the rocks—I felt faint and weary, and determined to procure some asylum till the dawn. I found a hollow tree just suited to my purpose—a misshapen trunk overgrown by vines and underwood.

and lined with delicious moss that supplied the luxury of a pillow. Reflecting on my odd situation, I was disturbed by an approaching footstep. Advancing from behind the tree, it paused a moment in sudden suspense, and resumed its pace more rapidly than before. I listened—but merely caught the hollow hootings of an owl, that crept through me with dismal forebodings. Removing some of the branches, I saw two persons, apparently in consultation, and approaching, at the rustling, somewhat nearer to the tree. "Pshaw!" exclaimed one, "'Twas only the wind that blew the leaves! I'm sure I saw him! He cannot escape us!!" At the word "escaped," the seeming clash of swords struck one of the branches, and a severed twig fell to my feet as a witness of my danger. Though I could have faced the bravest enemy in an open field, yet now I began to play the coward. They are doubtless banditti, thought I, prowling on these hills, and my life may depend on the closest concealment.

At this instant a flash of lightning, blazing upon the valley, and the growling thunder, announced a coming shower. Listening again, I

only heard the gentle flutter of branches, and the hasty roll of oars. The scud was dimly unfurling its smoky froth from the west, and the hills, lighted with tremulous flashes, rebellowed, even to the faintest reverberations, the crashes of the thunder. The wind from a breeze rose to a violent gale. The roaring river—the pattering rain—the echoing thunder and wind, prolonged through the crags, were nothing compared to the danger that enveloped me. To fly, might prove instant death—to remain, might prove equally fatal; but what resource was left but to sell my life dearly? Grasping my cane, I prayed not to be abandoned to the power of banditti, nor allowed thus to perish untimely and unaided.

The last gleam of lightning, playing on the rocks, disclosed the objects of my alarm, crouching behind the shrubbery, and, doubtless, waiting for their purpose, at the termination of the shower. I passed moments, that seemed hours, in agonizing suspense. The perspiration trickled from my forehead—my body felt the coldness of the grave; and regarding myself as lost, I calmly resigned to my fate. At length the shower

abated: the spongy clouds dispersed from the heavens, and unveiled the silver moon with her family of stars, enlightening the gloomy scene. In an instant the same fearful voice was heard again from the tree—"Here is indeed the very fellow for whom we have been searching!" Judge my emotions!—conceive my amazement! when two men rushed upon me from the bushes; and as I rose to meet them with my uplifted cane, —who would believe it?—I recognised only my friends, who, having seen me land from the point below, had come to find me, but had been unluckily prevented by the suddenness of the shower. Congratulations took place, at my escaping their canes mistaken for swords; and though drenched to the skin, we tripped along the valley, now no longer a dreary marsh, to enjoy the hearty delights of my rescue from the Highland Banditti.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

"Remote from town, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place."
GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE always thought, that a country clergyman, whose habits, associations, and interests are identified with his people, whose simple aim is to be useful, and devoted to his family and flock, is a model not only of pious simplicity, but of what the sacred character ought to be in every situation in the church. His residence is peculiarly congenial to his profession. The continual observation of pure skies, and healthful sunshine—the calm, composing quiet disturbed only by the song of the birds, or the lowing of the cattle—the contemplation of nature in her softest and wildest attire, with all that can charm by beauty, or solemnize by frowns—the mingling with

the poorer classes of people who respect the counsel of clergymen, and enter with all the soul into their feelings—the simplicity, the retiredness, the adaptation in short of rural scenes, habits, and pursuits to clerical knowledge, purity, and usefulness, render their situation, in my estimation, delightful and enviable.

I know a country clergyman, the original of this picture. Settled many years at a neighbouring village, in the first parish of which he has had the charge, he has seen many of the middle-aged becoming gray under his ministry, and a large portion of the young grown up or married, regarding him with the purest respect and most filial-like affection. He is repeatedly consulted in matters of advice, even by the elders of his flock, who frequently come miles for that purpose, and scarcely ever a difference happens, but he is the arbiter of the dispute, which generally ends in the warmest reconciliation. Two ladies of his communion so far indulged their resentment, that they would not accost each other when meeting; and their mutual revilings had been long the theme of the village conversation: but at the second visit of their pastor, they consented

to meet and confess their folly. It was delightful to see them approach the altar the following Sunday, and pledge their forgiveness over the sacred elements. It was indeed the triumph of love over the bitterness of hatred. Like the grains of the holy bread uniting into one mass, and the clusters of many vines mingling in the same element, their hearts were knit together in the firmest affection.

There is nothing very striking in the appearance of my friend. He is uncommonly plain in his costume and manners, and one would naturally wonder what rendered him so beloved. But the only secret is—He is a good man—free from all that assumed politeness taught by fashion rather than the heart, from all that finesse and scheming policy which varnish loftier names, intent only upon the happiness of his own flock and family, and no farther versant with the world than their interest and comfort are concerned. He was never heard speaking to the detriment of any one, and of all the opinions he had expressed of his clerical brethren, he was never known to lisp the least unfavourable sentiment. He always thought, that as the most finished por-

trait exhibits, in unfavourable light, but blemishes to the eye, so the virtues of the best, unpropitiously viewed, may bear the aspect of vices, and their infirmities, virtues of no ordinary degree. Particularly fond of books, he would treasure up every theological rarity with miserly fondness, and nothing would detain him from his study, but the cultivation of his garden, the visitation of the concerned, the afflicted, or the dying. He was extremely attached to children, and wherever he went, the little ones would leave their parents to fondle upon his knees; and his approach was always notified to the family by their rejoicing around the door. He had a catechetical class of interesting little lambs who met for recitation every Saturday afternoon at his house, and after amusing themselves in playful festivity about his cooling enclosure, they were often dismissed with little books, as a reward for their diligence. He was always in the habit of making them holyday presents, and these operated as a motive to their good behaviour at home, and served more than the harshest threats to keep them still during the service of the church.

Once a year the families of the congregation

convene at his house, not only for the purpose of bestowing the tokens of their liberality, but manifesting the affection of both pastor and people. These parties, termed "Spinning bees," bring together numbers who can but seldom attend church, associate families otherwise strangers to each other, and tend to cement a family-like esteem among all the members of the flock. Here the young mingle in isolated groups, and indulge in sportive, innocent amusement—there the more advanced talk over their past adventures, or stimulate each other in the path that leads to heaven. Even those of other denominations frequent this festival of my friend, and vie with one another in affectionate liberality, as their pastors associate on the kindest of terms, and inculcate on their people the same friendly feelings. It is a picture, indeed, illustrating the beautiful declaration of the Psalmist—"Behold, how good, and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

I am especially pleased with his parochial visitations. His visits of courtesy are not filled up with unmeaning stories, calculated only to excite foolish laughter, but with serious advice, with

pleasant illustrative anecdotes adapted to the instruction of those whom he addresses. He enters not the chamber of mourning as the cold-hearted formalist, conning over a lesson he had previously learned, his countenance belying the sympathy he professes, but like a member of the family, making the affliction completely his own, and applying consolation in that easy, affectionate manner that cannot but impress the listeners around him. After every communion, it is his practice to visit the sick members of his altar, and afford them the elements of their dying Redeemer, enabling them to realize that Jehovah "makes their bed in all their sickness," and as the "Shepherd" of his flock, folds the diseased ones in his arms.

My friend is not remarkably learned; but his mind is stored with a fund of the richest materials, which he can draw at command from the well of memory, to edify those who are the subjects of his ministrations. There is sufficient fancy to enliven the attention—sufficient erudition to avoid the air of pedantry—and sufficient zeal to escape the charge of fanaticism. But then there is such a vein of good sense, such

warm and practical treasures of divine truth, and such pathetic, forcible appeals to the heart, that if he cannot rank as the finest of orators, he may be defined one of the best and most useful of preachers.

I lately visited him in the house of sorrow, for the very best must drink of its purifying cup; and as affliction, I conceive, is the surest criterion of character, I deemed it a favourable opportunity of testing that of my friend. It was a dim October afternoon. The sky wore a dark livery of clouds—the wind blew rather loud and chilly—the parti-coloured leaves were eddying on its wings—the trees were almost bare, and nature seemed in mourning for the affliction of the pastor. He had just closed the eyes of a charming boy on whom he had doted; and no one but a parent knows what it is to part from the dear little objects, who have, like tender vines, clung and fastened themselves about the heart. The door was somewhat ajar as I entered the threshold, and I saw the parents kneeling in prayer with two small cherub daughters, near the coffin enclosing the casket of the departed jewel. The father spoke of the pangs of separa-

tion, occasioned by the monster Sin—expressed his submission to the divine will, invoking a sanctification of their sorrows,—but, oh! he dwelt longer on the joys of restoration, when the tears of parting should be for ever wiped away. At the close of the prayer, my friend met me as if nothing had happened, but his tender companion pointed me to the corpse, and then her sorrows began to break forth afresh. "Nay, but my love," observed the feeling pastor, "were heaven opened, and you allowed to see your Henry with a palm in his hand, joining the song of angels, all smiling and glorious, could you indulge a moment's lamentation? Though his body is cold, may not his spirit be now regarding us, and upbraiding us for shedding tears at the felicity of his triumphs? I heard," he said, "of a circumstance that should afford consolation. An aged parent, in the highlands of Scotland, was deprived of an only child. Neither his friends nor his Bible could yield him the least comfort. As it was usual to sacrifice a lamb for the guests of the funeral wake, the customary offering was accordingly preparing. On the evening before the burial, while the father was sitting disconsolate in his door, a stranger appeared, sprinkled with

silver hairs—but his face glowed with the sweetest benevolence, and his pure mild eye denoted a celestial being. 'What lamb, Sir,' he mildly demanded, 'is to be slaughtered for the approaching wake? Is it the whitest, and fattest, or do you mean to surrender the poorest of your flock?' 'Oh Stranger,' replied the weeping parent, 'your question is too cruel—on an occasion like this; can I fail to present the fairest and most valuable?' 'And yet,' rejoined the stranger, 'you would withhold your child, the fairest, and the most valuable of your family, from God.' The aged stranger vanished in the evening mist—but the father was comforted.—And O that we too could receive similar consolation from the joyful surrender of the best of our domestic flock!" The remains of the dear boy were deposited the following day in their sepulchre, and every Sunday morning before service, the pastor's family may be seen there a moment in silent meditation over the sod, before they publicly mingle in the devotions of the sanctuary.

Several years have rolled away—and my friend still officiates at the little village church, beloved by a happy congregation, who hope one

day to mingle their ashes together. Both he and his companion have passed through similar trials —sickness has worn away the bloom of the pastor; but the pride of intellect and piety remains verdant, and, like the smiling evergreen, vegetates in snow as well as sunshine.

I have read of divines whose philanthropy and learning have excited a glow of enthusiasm—I have listened to preachers who have delighted with their oratory, or awed by the masterly powers of their intellect—I am acquainted with many clergymen whose erudition, piety, and usefulness endear them to my friendship; but I know of none who more effectually wins my confidence and love, than the model of every other, in my humble estimation, THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

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Drawn by T.Doughty. Engraved by J.B.Ellis

TRENTON FALLS,
NEW YORK.

TRENTON FALLS.

Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.
BYRON.

THOUGH we have heard much of the scenery of Europe,—of its meandering rivers which beautify and enrich the most charming of valleys—its cragged mountains, darkening with solemnity the surrounding country—its swelling landscapes rich in architecture, variety, and plenty—its smiling skies dispensing health, serenity, and beauty—and its caverns and grottos unsounded by human plummet, and secreting in darkness their riches from the eyes of man; yet but few Americans can visit this fairy land, and realize the truth or falsity of the picture. The poet and painter have adorned it with many a false tint denied by the hand of nature; and they who have

lingered most around its famous wonders, have been surprised at enthusiasm so unsanctioned by reality. It is a punishment worthy of those overlooking their native country, and anticipating, like wayward children, purer delight from home. But though separated from the old world by an enchaining ocean, yet the American feels that he has prouder rivers rolling through vaster tracts—landscapes enriched by wilder prospects—skies enkindled by as bright a sunshine—mountains more lofty, and venerable with snow—and grottos and caverns, if not richer and vaster, yet arousing more the curiosity of the inquisitive traveller.

Whoever has visited "Trenton Falls" must feel aware of this truth. Not as at Niagara, or the Cohoes, where the purple sunshine crowns the boiling waters with rainbows and coronas—and where a laughing landscape relieves from the frowns and thunders of the elements—but where desolation, solitude, and wildness reign fearfully alone—where the gloom of nature never kindles with a smile, and where nothing but the roar of torrents, and the scream of the mountain hawk are ever known to dart upon the ear. In descending by a flight of steps into this valley of romance, it seems

like leaving the living for the dead. The rapid stream appears rolling far below, black with the shadows of scowling hills and forests; and occasionally dim openings are seen, shaggy with rocks and cavities, and prostrate trunks of trees. A deep ravine, yawning to the view, seems the effect of an earthquake tearing and dissevering immense masses of limestone apparently fitted to each other. The Canada creek, forced from its paternal bed, and seemingly alarmed at its awful prison, nobly endeavours to leap from the rocky barriers to escape the chains that are trying to stop its way. Urging its course about three miles through the windings, and toiling and struggling with the obstacles around, it finally unites with its parent, the Mohawk—like the troubles of life terminating at last in the home of its desires. Sometimes it gently whispers over smooth stones and gravel—at others it foams impetuously down torn, sharpened rocks. Now it falls murmuring in gentle cascades—and then, storming in all the madness of thunder, it is hurled into rapids, whirlpools, and eddies, which cause the hills to complain of the horrors of the war. Various petrifactions of shells, serpents, and fishes.

are found imbedded in the limestone deserted by the waters, as if the creatures congealed by terror at the scene, became a part of the very objects that occasioned their death. Frequently the visiter descends under black, projecting rocks, eclipsing the mid-day of heaven, and then rises upon narrow eminences overlooking fearful depths, from which he is feebly upheld by the protection of a chain. Often the precipices appear to hem in the valley, and then the pomp of forests vies with the sublimity of cataracts.—Now they form a cragged wall for the guidance of the waters, and again, suddenly breaking, are lost for a season from the view. Here and there upon the surface of the steep limestone, may be seen the tender wild flower blooming midst desolation, like the joy of memory springing in the bosom of sorrow; while amid the gray rocks, hardy forest trees tower forth, reminding of fearless ambition threatening amid the terrors of death. To contemplate the gay who continually resort here, gazing around them with astonished inquiry—balancing their steps for fear of the yawning precipices, and often overpowered in bewildered silence by the solitude and thunder of this dreary

gulf, resembles worldly pleasure drowned in noisy dissipation, but feeling gloom and danger perpetually hanging round.

I never heard of a more affecting circumstance than one which lately occurred here. A young lady, the idol of fond parents, had visited this place in company with a few dear friends. She was beloved, affectionate, and interesting; untainted by a world to which she was almost a stranger, and warmed with an enthusiasm, that paints futurity in the loveliest charms. Glowing with animation, she was fond of enlivening the happy circle of her friends, and joining in all those innocent amusements so natural and agreeable to the young. Her mind could either rise upon the wings of the poet, unfurl the sail of the traveller, or raise the veil of history to trace its shadowy pictures. She had a taste for the rich melody of music. She could mimic with her pencil nature's fairy scenes; and having a romantic taste, she was fond of wild, rural scenery, where the power of God subdues the feeling heart; or gazing on the softened landscape, where his mercy is so beautifully portrayed. They who stray not beyond the din of cities, have no idea of

the effects produced by natural sublimity. Alone amid the works of God, the worldly heart throws off its cloak of guile, and sees and feels the awful footsteps that are near. It hears him in the thundering cataract—the echoing mountain and the whispering forest—views him in the cooling rivulet, the swelling landscape, and the winding river; all these proclaiming in "the still, small voice" of the breeze—"If this world is so beautiful—what must be the grandeur and magnificence of heaven!"

The lovely young lady had never appeared more interesting and cheerful, than on the morning of the excursion. She expressed an enthusiastic wish to feast upon the scenery, and continued after most of the party to linger yet longer around its glooms. Was it a presentiment of the grave she was soon to find, or a melancholy adieu to the enjoyments of the world? Insisting on venturing forward, she gayly tripped nearer the precipice, holding the arm of a gentleman, who expressed his fears of advancing to the edge. It was a bold projection of rock, overlooking the maddening waters, now thundering down in broken cascades, then foaming

below in wild confused eddies, and raging in whirlpools that mock the opposition of man. Standing on the dizzy eminence, she was gazing on the mountain forests beyond, seemingly wreathing their branches in the curling clouds; or she was watching the bubbles and breaking spray, which smoked round the basement of the rocks. But whether it was that her foot slipped, or the tumult of the scene had overwhelmed her senses, certain it is—her companion looked wildly around, but, alas!—she was gone! His frenzied eye glared among the rocks, supposing she had wandered behind some shadowy projection.—He called loudly upon her name—but he saw nothing but her bonnet floating on the rapid whirlpool, and heard only the roaring torrent, and answering rocks announcing her dying knell. Her remains were soon found in the deep pool, wearing the same sweet look, sustaining but a slight bruise, and as the immortal spirit had fled, were committed to their parent dust far from the home of her childhood. Bedewed with the fondest tears, her grave will always be a monument to the young, thoughtless visiter, of the brittleness of life's thread, and the vanity of those calculations that may so suddenly be

thwarted. To her this valley, indeed, was the "valley of the shadow of death." Gay and happy a few hours before, she little thought of exchanging so soon her parental home for a tomb of raging waters. Who would have dreamed that the joys of the morning would thus be quenched in tears—that the song of health would so shortly be drowned in the notes of the funeral dirge!

What are all the dreams of worldly pleasure, interest, and honour, but curling mists that play around the mountain, dispersing in air at the rising of the sun! Let the gay consider, that the flowers of Paradise bloom not in this world; and that no enjoyment can be lasting, which germinates not in heaven. Every hour reminds them, that the fondest hopes will perish—that the richest treasures will fly away from the heart—that nothing but cheerful piety can yield rational pleasure, and ensure everlasting bliss beyond the prison of the tomb. Let youth, beauty, and strength remember, that human life is a descent into the valley of tears; and that every step they take is environed with dangers. Let them taste their blessings with gratitude and trembling, as thorns are among the blossoms, and poison among the fruit.

But Oh, let the bereaved take comfort, remembering, that though "God's ways are unsearchable," his mercy mingles in the bitterest cup—that trials are requisite to purge the dross of prosperity, and compel the heart to feel the presence of the Almighty—that the greatest afflictions most effectually purify the soul, and drive it nearer to its everlasting home—that if we would wear crowns of triumph with the piously departed, we must patiently suffer, and resign to the dispensations of an all-righteous Providence.

She has gone to the home, where the blessed are keeping
Their watch over hearts, here in ignorance sleeping;
Where the soul, freed from earth, is resplendently shining,
Undimm'd by the clouds of an earthly repining.

She has gone to the home of the King of creation;
A jewel to shine in the crown of salvation:
That his power and his mercy by her might be spoken,
In choosing a gem from a casket thus broken.

She has gone to her home,—tender bud of the morning—
No longer the garden of Beauty adorning;
But though in its spring-time, the floweret has faded,
It blooms in the wreath, which the angels have braided.

She has gone to the home that's untainted by sorrow,
Where eternally rises a blissful to-morrow;
Where the joy so unbounded requires no addition,
And hope sinks to rest in the lap of fruition.

She has gone to the blest home, whence none have departed;
The last, holy home of the fond and warm-hearted;
Yes, the home where enjoyment shall no more be blighted—
The dear, blessed home, where all hearts are united.

THE MONEY DREAMER.

"Dreams are like portraits, and we find they please,
Because they are confess'd resemblances."

CRABBE.

AMONG the numerous vagaries deluding the imagination in sleep, it is no wonder that some should tally with circumstances about to happen, as our waking thoughts have often been the precursors of corresponding realities. They who dream most, and talk most about their dreams, are the richest of all in the treasury of coincidences, and become a sort of standing prophets to the visionary world, which treasures up their follies, and retails them from age to age. Individuals have dreamed themselves more frequently rich than poor; and the reason is, because the inclination in the one case, excites to vigorous exertion, and nerves, on the other hand, the arm that trembles at the evils of poverty. With all their follies,

dreams may be providential instruments, of comforting distress, supporting despondency, and animating pious perseverance; and again, they may arouse the callous conscience, exhibit the hatefulness of vice, and reclaim to duty the profligate offender. They who repose most credit in dreams may receive some benefit from the following story.

A rich, old publican, fonder of drawing corks than inferences, and of pocketing cash than insults, resided on a bend of the great southern turnpike. He was a singular genius that always wore two pair of small clothes, a white, circular crowned hat resembling an inverted punch-bowl, and a coat and vest that would have done honour to the days of the good old Antony Van Bummel. He was a huge smoker; so that every room in his inn seemed coloured with yellow ochre; and his pipe, of a clear, dark night, might be mistaken for a signal-light to welcome travellers to the hotel. He had something of a batchelor-like appearance; though he always denied the fact, averring, that he had buried his wife somewhere in the old countries; and no one could doubt it from the dismal effects that might naturally accrue from

such a connexion. He was always fond of cracking a sly joke, and though you could not perceive the connexion of his stories, he would shake your sides at his manner of telling them. Whenever a part pleased him, he would lay his pipe on the floor, roll a queer squint of the left eye, and stamp the floor with his foot, giving at the same time his thigh such a slap, as defied the powers of the soundest sleeper. But his ruling passion was superstition. He was a singular believer in tokens, dreams, and hobgoblins disclosing accounts of buried money; and he declared that he was no less than a seventh son, entitled by the law of dreams, to all the benefits of the birthright.

It happened one evening, that a hatchet-faced fellow rode up to his door, mounted on a poor, sorry mare almost tumbling to pieces, with a worn pair of saddle-bags, apparently as empty as the beast which they bestrid. He had a keen, knowing eye, a quick, restless air, denoting a turn for business; and a droll mode of putting questions, that trod so hard on one another's heels, that they might almost be mistaken for a single demand. Old Boniface eyed him with hurried puffs

of his pipe; and with a sifting leer of his eye, shook his white, arched beaver as if doubtful of his customer. "Why, zounds!" cried the newcomer, "I've travelled these long twenty miles, and dreamed of nothing but smoking steaks, and foaming ale; but I see nothing but a pipe as long as my arm, and hear nothing but quarrelling fowls on the roost, which should long ere this have been smoking on the gridiron!" The old German shifted his head to the other point of the compass, and smoked away in dogged sullenness; but at the chink of silver crawling from the new customer's pocket, there played upon his lip an old-fashioned smile of welcome. In a trice, our traveller fared like a prince—quaffed off his ale —smacked his lips, and began to talk seriously of jogging to the land of Nod. "That's a place, young man, I never heard of in these parts," observed the softened landlord, "except you mean a country spoken of by Moses; but heavy roads, and dark clouds, let me advise, are but sorry accommodations, of a night like this." "Indeed," returned the stranger, "then if you will accommodate me with a boot-jack, night-cap, and candle, and give me the honour of following in your wake, I will inform you in the morning of the appearance

of the country." So, without more ado, he was cooped up into a low-ceiled, tobacco-scented room, to sport in the land of Nod among the domains of his somnolent majesty.

By break of day, the stranger was walking the piazza, looking rather meditative and solemn, eying his host rather inquisitively, as he drew a chair within his cloud of tobacco smoke; and at length he thus broke the mysterious silence—"Are you a believer in dreams?" The old veteran ceased puffing, resumed the charge, and regarding him with a spectral eye, replied, "It ill becomes a novice to ask me that question, young man—Believe in them?—Humph! If I had all the bags of dollars which my dreams have brought to light, I would not at this day be standing behind a bar." "Why, what a providence," resumed the long-faced fellow, "that I should be selected to disclose such a mystery! To come to the point then, my old worthy, I am a seventh son, and I had a remarkable dream last night." "A dream—and a seventh son," muttered the wary old German, shaking his head musingly; "and what proofs can you give me of the truth of what you say?" "An honest tongue, and the

fulfilment of my dream," whined out the younger long-face—"or no cure, no pay." "Enough," coughed out the other, "but your dream—your dream." "I dreamed then," returned the other, "that I was walking in the field behind your barn—have you a barn?" "To be sure I have," said the eager listener, pointing, as if the other doubted, to its sloping roof, "but what of the field?" "Why, then, I crossed a pair of high bars—then through a meadow—a meadow was it? Oh yes,—and then I came into a dreary looking place, with a woods on one side, and an old stumpy tree on the other, rotting on a mound overgrown with vines and briars—and the place looked so confoundedly queer that I almost wished myself awake." "What an inspired dreamer!" muttered the gray hairs to himself; "that was the very place where my predecessor was hanged;—but what then?" "Why, as I was standing near the old stump, I saw a strange figure beckoning me towards it; and I felt myself sinking, and sinking—till I stood bolt upright in a mighty heap of money—and then I said to myself, I heartily wish that I was awake with all this cash in my saddle bags!" "But what farther?" "Why, nothing; for your twanging horn pealed

such a blast in my ears, that I was forced to leave all behind me, and instead of having the money in my pocket, I was only enabled to bring you the news of it." "A dream—a seventh son—and buried money," repeated the venerable leer-eye, "but you did not dream of bringing away the treasure—how can it possibly be true?" "True," replied the other, with a knowing squint, "but am I not a seventh son, and if you had that honour, you would rather be counting out the money, than dozing over the story." The publican really believed there was something in it, and without another word, conducted the stranger behind the barn, then through the bars, field, and meadow, and stood before the identical tree pointed out in the vision. The traveller seemed to look round with terrified astonishment, but his guide after superficially examining the ground, disappointedly shook his head, observing, "Who would dream of money below brushes and rocks, which seem more the resort of rattlesnakes, than the abode of sovereigns and dollars. You are either no seventh son, or some foolish ghost has played you a trick in your dream." He turned on his heel in spite of the other's remonstrances, who apparently disappointed, returned whistling to his room.

The next morning he was found again on the piazza, and declared to his landlord, that he had dreamed the same dream again. He protested that the goblin had disclosed to him, under the tree, a hole filled with chests and pots of the richest coin; but while he was carrying them away, a clap of thunder arrested his progress, and awoke him only to communicate the disappointment. After some persuasion, the old man walked back with him to the place—they drew up the bushes—and thought they saw something like formerly opened ground—but the noise of something approaching impeded further research, and they determined to postpone their enquiries for the present.

The dawn had no sooner purpled the hills, than our traveller was wide awake. With eyes, wild as hawk's, he soundly averred, "that he had dreamed the same dream again—only that he had brought home a shower of money—but that the noise of counting it had actually awakened him." "Aye now," exclaimed Boniface, "there may be something in that. Finding and counting money are always infallible signs. So now for business!" The crow-bar, pick-axe, and

shovel, were all slily conveyed by these cautious blades to the dreary tree of visions. It was a fine, clear morning. The rising sun appeared to clothe every object with gold, reminding them of the riches its light would soon reveal. It was a spot seldom frequented, as it bore the name of the "Haunted Tree," and even the cattle would not approach it, as the knoll produced nothing to satisfy their hunger. "Now come," said Boniface, "we'll see what there is in dreams!" "Yes, and the dreams of a seventh son," retorted the sharp-witted stranger. "But hush! what's that?" "It is only the noise of my farm horn," said the trembling old man, "that has no business to sound without my express orders." "It would be strange," whispered the other, "if my dream should prove false, for who ever heard of a triple dream becoming otherwise than true?" "Silence!" returned the busy gray hairs, plying awkwardly with the shovel, "and let us wait for conversation when the gold is in our pockets." They had some difficulty in removing the brush and stone that entangled their labour, until at last they opened something resembling newly opened ground. "Hang it, but," said Boniface, "the ground works rather easy, considering years

must have hardened it, and from the ease with which you work, you must be a capital hand in clearing new lands,—but hush! what noise is that?—or the State will cheat us of half of our earnings!" They heard another, but it was only the cawing of a crow perched upon a neighbouring fence. "Nonsense," said the old one, "why toil here in vain for stumps and rocks, when we might be relishing at home a smoking, hearty breakfast!" "Peace," returned the other, striking against something hard and shining; but it was only a polished stone which he threw in vexation at the crow. Having dug about six feet, they were arrested by something of a chest-like appearance, that caused a hollow rattling when plied upon by the pick-axe. "Huzza! huzza!" shouted the raw-boned laugher; "behold the dream of the seventh son realized!" "But where's the goblin?" interrogated the venerable trembler. "It must have been that crow," sighed the fellow facetiously, "or else my own ghost; for you know that the spirits of seventh sons wander while their bodies are snoring quietly in bed." In breathless silence, they raised a large chest, and several pots of coin about the size of dollars, but they were covered by a thick mould and rust, that

rendered it impossible to define their value. "I know them! I know them!" rejoined the gray hairs, chuckling, "they are doubtless dollars or joes buried here in the continental war!" "Be careful, my old buck," returned the other, "what you mumble behind these trees, or I warrant before night, that the harpies of the land have it snug in their coffers!" They concealed the hole in which the treasure was deposited, and behind the veil of darkness, it was silently conveyed to the most secret room of the inn. It was counted upon the floor—and made ten rows of twelve pieces each, extending round the chamber. "All I want is my rights!" droned the smooth-tongued fellow, "and justice demands that I am entitled to half as finder." "Right," replied his grinning companion, "and I will close my barn of an inn, and live like a"—— "A seventh son," responded the eye-sparkling stranger.

The old man agreed, that as the traveller could not carry so much specie in his saddle bags, that he would commute with him for bills to the value of three thousand dollars, and he besought of him as a favour, that he would speedily leave his premises, for fear of suspicions respecting the booty.

The traveller obligingly left the happy publican chuckling in the midst of his enormous treasures —and it was not until the following day, when he made arrangements to deposite his cash, that he discovered, the money was only base metal buried by the fellow, and washed over with a chymical preparation—that the best horse was missing from the stable—that the vision was all a fable—and that the pretended seventh son was only a villanous MONEY DREAMER.

TALES OF THE PRISON.

[BY THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.]

How many pine in want and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs!

THOMSON.

IN Liberty-street, New-York, there is a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes long ago transpired, when the revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portions of our country. It is five stories high; each of which is divided into two dreary apartments; but the ceilings are so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger might be apt to mistake the edifice for a prison. Etched upon the walls, the initials of names, and ancient dates are still plainly discernible, which are said to have been the work of the American prisoners.

confined there during the continental war. There is a gaol-like appearance of a door opening into the street, and another descending at the side into a dismal cellar-region scarcely allowing the mid-day sunshine to peep through its window gratings. The yard around this tall pile has been fenced up of late years, and a wing added to the south-west end to aid in the manufacture of sugar, to which the structure was originally, and has ever since been devoted. Curiosity led me lately to loiter round the premises, and rummage amid the gloomy mass, for relics of past events. A cart, backed at the gate, was receiving a huge supply of sugar loaves—a number of busy, smoky-faced fellows, were plodding up and down the steps—a sleepy-headed mastiff was dozing near the door—and around me were old hogsheads and boxes, and barrels, rough gable-ends of houses, the golden rooster that seemed crowing from the neighbouring steeple, together with the dumpous, old fabric, that made me fancy myself near the Bastile. As I was sitting on the step, there entered the yard a couple of aged veterans, somewhat shabbily dressed, haggard with years and cares; the one tremblingly supported by a staff which shook under his hand, and

the other by a crutch which but feebly supplied the deficiency of a leg. They gazed around in wild, inquisitive silence, and whispering to each other something which I could not hear, the one wiped away a tear from his eye, while his companion pulled him by the arm as if hurrying him from the most melancholy scene. "Stop, my good fellows," said I, overcome by the affecting sight, "Does either of you remember this old building?" "Aye, indeed," replied one of the silver-haired veterans; "this hole was once my home! For a long tedious year I was imprisoned here by the English, until Providence was pleased to favour me with the means of escaping. You may see the initials of my name, H. W. there," said he, pointing with his cane to an adjoining brick building; "and that was done when we were occasionally allowed to take a moment's fresh air in the yard.—But come, Jenkins, we have had enough of these sad memorials!" I was wound up to the highest pitch, and for my life I could not let the poor fellows go. I insisted on their accompanying me to a neighbouring hotel, where, after they had partaken of an excellent dinner, they amused me with the recital of some of their past adventures. The one-legged

veteran broke the silence first. "Perhaps you wish to learn somthing, Sir, respecting the sugar-house in Liberty, once, Crown-street: if you will pardon an old man's garrulity, I will relate to you the following particulars.

About the year 1777, when the British, under General Howe, had possession of New-York, they appropriated a number of public buildings to the confinement of their American prisoners. Among them were the Brick Meeting, the North Dutch Church, the late Friends' meeting-house in Pearl-street, the Gaol, and the Sugar house in Crown-street, while the Middle Dutch Church was sometimes used as a hospital, and also as a riding school for the use of the English cavalry. Though the bravest of nations, I regret that the British thus violated the temples of religion; converting them from asylums of peace, into unhallowed magazines of war. But War, you know, is a rash, blustering fellow, and whenever he flies in a passion does many things to repent of, when the carnage and bustle are over. I was then quartered at Belleville, New-Jersey, in the American army under Colonel Courtlandt, and we were encamped on both sides of the river on the

woody hills, where the village was seen beautifully reflected on the Passaic, seeming to clasp it in its silvery zone. We had been hourly expecting an attack from Sir Harry Clinton, but had been for several days disappointed. Delay, unfortunately, rocked us into security, and we were at last unexpectedly surprised. It was a dark cloudy night—not a star was to be seen. The last tap of the reveille had sunk us into a sound sleep, and only the watchword of the sentinels interrupted the silence of the camp. The fierce report of musketry roused us from slumber, and looking through the darkness, we saw the blaze of artillery playing upon our camp, and heard upon our right the shouting of a multitude of soldiers. A part of our army being on the opposite side of the river, many of us supposed that succour might be found there, and hastily plunged into the tide in the hope of deliverance from that quarter. "Come along—come along, my brave fellows," cried cheering voices from the other side of the Passaic, "here are your friends,"—and sure enough, we were taken up and secured by a body of American refugees waiting to receive us on the bank. We were all made prisoners, and we were hurried along,

some with their hands tied behind, as a penance for their past bravery, and others growling under a hearty luncheon from a corporal's thwacking sword, doubtless to soften their flesh and prejudices at the same time. Our journey was rather tedious, lying through a long corderoy causeway, formed of round logs sunk in the meadows, through a bewildering forest of pines, which is said to have been consumed by the burning of a load of hay, from a sleeping dutch farmer's pipe. Oh, the curses that were showered upon us by the rabble that followed, and more particularly by the American refugees, ten thousand times worse than the enemy. To cut a long story short, my detachment was marched to the Sugar-house in Liberty-street, and there we were allowed to rest our aching bones on sugared floors, by way of sweetening our bitter lot, and softening the hardships we had previously encountered. Our prison was literally an epitome of national distress. Here were herds of unfortunate Irish, belaboring every hair of their heads for suffering themselves to be cooped, like wild beasts, in such a hole;—there, wrong-headed Hollanders, spitting forth their malice, and muttering in broken English, their growls of

threatened vengeance. A number of frolicsome Frenchmen would snuff up whole vollies of rappee, and snapping their fingers at the sentinels' backs, would sing out "Washington and Liberty for ever." In short, we had English, German, Italian, and Portuguese; and such a motley crew of fellows you would be puzzled to find, except in the walls of the State's Prison, or Bridewell. Then we had continual bickerings, revilings, and battles; so that the soldiers were often obliged to separate the prisoners to prevent the effusion of blood that would have otherwise ensued. Our rations were unwholesome, and often scantily furnished. The neutral citizens would often send us temporary supplies; and although the English must have been privy to this, they had the magnanimity not to prevent it. To describe the filth, vermin, and intolerable stench which we constantly encountered would be impossible. The prison fever, at this time, breaking out among us, swept numbers from our society, and consigned hundreds but half dead to the clutches of the undertakers. I have seen many a cart-load of bodies piled up, like billets of wood, to be interred in deep holes around the city, without any other covering than their clothes and the cold ground.

One poor fellow was observed stirring in a heap of dead bodies carrying off for burial, but some humane citizen snatched him from the cart, and having been resuscitated, he lived many years to thank his deliverer. But I am not disposed to censure the cruelty of the English; for in such times as these it is impossible, amid the uproar and confusion, to avoid many things, which in public tranquillity we would abhor. New recruits to our body were continually arriving, and others were discharged who had been regularly exchanged. I became dreadfully sick of this prison life, and determined, if possible, to break the bonds of my servitude. I had been confined about eleven months, and had been anxiously waiting an honourable redemption. But as I indulged no farther hopes, I resolved to adopt some expedient for escaping. Though I had previously made several attempts, yet I was always unsuccessful. Either the sentinels were too wary—the yard was too full of soldiers—the windows were too high from the ground, and to fly from the doors would be to rush upon the very guards themselves.

I resolved that very night, when a large body

of prisoners was expected, to slip through the back door into the yard, and escape, by the darkness and bustle, to the house of a friend in the city. I had nothing about me but my clothes, an empty tobacco-box, and a few shillings; and there were no impediments in my way, but want of courage, or else failure in the attempt. I paced all day up and down the floor, feeling like a general with a heavy design in view, but with a fluttering heart, lest my favourite scheme should fail. I gazed through the windows on the town; but only a few English flags were seen waving in the distance, and crowds of officers and soldiers patrolling below through the street. The roar of distant artillery from the river was occasionally announcing new arrivals, and the shouts of mobs in various directions, filled me with no very agreeable sensations. I again longed to be in the thickest of the battle, and to rejoin the army under General Gates, to repay the enemy for my long-continued sufferings. I absolutely lost my appetite. When the evening rations were served out, I most independently refused my share, and felt that I was offered my own country's spoils, and enslaved on the soil of my own paternal home. I grew proud and sulky, and thought

only of drinking in the morning the success of General Washington, and the confusion of those who had so long made me a slave. The time rolled so tedious, that I feared the hour of deliverance would never come. The sky began to look stormy and dark, and the wind whistled shrilly about the windows. The clock, from the neighbouring steeple, tolled the hour of nine. It was about the time when the sentinels changed posts; and I resolved to be near the back entrance the very moment they relieved each other. I listened till I caught the rumbling of feet in the court-yard, and the deep, quick voices of the sentinels answering, around the building, to each other. I stole stealthily along through the prisoners, and heard the tapping of the drum announcing the wished-for event. As I stood behind the door, I distinguished, through the gratings, the dim figures of the sentinels, and the slow clattering of steps ascending up the stairway. With a beating heart, I listened to the key rattling in the rusty wards, and immediately the door opened, and a deep file of prisoners entered. Stooping on all-fours, I crept cautiously through them, to the bottom of the steps, when I gave a spring into a dark, opposite corner, where

I just perceived the sentry turning round the edifice, and the heavy prison-door rolling back upon its hinges. O, how delicious did the sweet air of heaven feel to my parched-up spirits, and the very gloom of the sky became an object of admiration —but the recollection of where I was, chastised the satisfaction, and filled me with a horror which language cannot describe. I was standing in the angle of a high enclosure lately used as a barrack, but was now deserted of the soldiers, who were absent somewhere on service. The sentries were pausing near the door, and reloading their arms by the light of a flickering lamp, when a voice cried out from the yard, that a prisoner was standing in the corner. My first endeavour was to scale the lofty fence, or search for some avenue or window, to avoid the impending danger. But there was no possible egress, except by turning round and facing the enemy, for the fence was too high, and no aperture could be found capable of admitting my body. How the perspiration trickled from my forehead, when several footsteps were apparently approaching, and I felt that my plans were altogether blasted! The snapping of a musket-lock grated awfully upon my ears, and the figure of a red coat was

advancing hastily towards me. I cannot say what I did; but at this instant, a board gave way to my pressure, and immediately I was on the other side, flying, like a stricken deer, for my life. The flash of a gun was just visible behind me, and loud, murmuring voices were urging the pursuit of the fugitive. Nassau-street and Broadway were crossed with the rapidity of lightning; but the trampling of the hunters was fearfully gaining ground. Favoured by the darkness, I took refuge in an alley, now called Lumber-street, and several muskets were fired apparently in the next street, down which my enemies pursued me. It was really an uncomfortable night. The clouds were flying, like myself, in uncertainty and darkness, and occasional flurries of rain pattered down on my unsheltered head. But where was I to go? The house where I expected shelter was on the other side of the city, and to venture in the direction of my prison, was almost flying into the arms of death. There was but one resource left, which was to gain the North river, and find, if possible, a boat that might convey me to the American army. As I was stealing past the corner, a British soldier passed me: the barrel of his gun glittered on his shoulder, and the flapping

of his red coat darted for a moment upon my eye. I fled once more with the agility of an eagle, and heard again the cry of pursuit ringing fearfully after me. Words cannot express my emotions, when I found a skiff at the wharf furnished with a pair of oars, and moored to the shore by a short and slender fastening. O how wonderfully Providence often succours its dependants, and leads, as by an unseen hand, the wandering and perishing sufferer! I cannot tell how the chord was broken, but I only remember plying away with the oars, before I was conscious of handling them. It was fortunately flood tide, and with a lusty sweep, for I was no bad sailor, I was clearing the wharf with the velocity of an arrow, when I saw a company of soldiers collecting at the pier, and taking deadly aim at my poor, unsheltered carcass. The balls whizzed reboundingly back upon the water, and one of the oars trembled under the shock. But uninjured, I bent myself back upon the seat, and pulled away with a grasp which nothing but death could unfasten. I was already a mile from the landing, when, after the sound of advancing oars, a boat appeared behind manned with several persons, and a lamp in the pinnace seemed to light up the counte-

nances of soldiers. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-west, and the rocking of the skiff among the waves constantly endangered it with filling, and afforded me only an occasional glimpse of the barge,—the rolling of whose oars sounded most appalling to my ears. I feared not death—but the idea of being enslaved by the enemy was dyingly oppressive. The boat really seemed gaining upon me; for what can one do against the united exertions of several? Once I turned my head as the barge was mounting a wave, but the whistling noise of a bullet chilled further curiosity, and the report of distant cannon made me imagine that the whole British army was pursuing. My best plan was to fall in the shadows of the palisades, and rather than be taken, to make speedily for the shore, and conceal myself amidst the entangling shrubbery. The louder noise of approaching oars urged me to land as rapidly as possible. It was in a shelving cove, darkened by a gigantic rock on the left, whose top was overhung with hemlocks and cedars, some of which, torn off by the elements, were trailing their wild branches in the water. I pulled the skiff along over a ledge of slippery weeds, and hid it in a dark hole, fasten-

ing the cord round the cleft of a rock. I clambered carefully along on the body of a fallen tree, which landed me on a rugged knoll overlooking the dark waters, and terminating behind in a deep valley that retired into a cavity of the hill. Rocks, forests, and bushy heights overshadowed me from observation, as I looked down upon the boat, from which several fierce soldiers sprang, intending, no doubt, to secure the runaway prisoner. I feared to stir; as the least rustling might discover my retreat, and lodge in my head a few silencing bullets. There was no one here to tell tales; and avoidance of death in such a place must depend on concealment, or the most heroic bravery. Four or five brawny fellows, armed apparently with muskets, stood immediately at my side, and sat down on the very rock under which I had sought shelter. "Confound it!" said one, "We had like to have finished that chap on the wharf; but what a tug we had in letting off from the shore!" "Yes," returned a hoarse, murdering voice, "I wish I had driven this bayonet through his liver, and then had the sport of setting him on that stump for the pleasure of popping him down: but where can that fellow have gone for whom we have had such

a goose chase? By the powers! if I had him here, I'd make gravy of every bone in his body!" I felt the feet of one of the gang kicking my back, and immediately a fellow sung out, "Why, hang it, what have we here? I believe on my conscience that we have stumbled on that very identical scoundrel.—Come out here, my hare-hearted soul, and do not be ashamed to look in the face of six brave, honest soldiers!" I was dragged out, neck and heels, and with all the force I could oppose to the opposition of several, I cried out—"Murder me here,—ye miscreants! but take me not back to that execrable prison!" "Murder—Prison—och blazes," screamed out a squalid Hibernian,—"do ye think, jewel, its murdering ye we're after.—Be quiet honey, we'll not harm a hair of your head, only tell us what ye're after doing here; doubtless, ye're a murderer yourself,—or else ye would not be squatting behind rocks to fall upon poor defenceless travellers." "I am a poor, unfortunate American," I replied, "who have just escaped from the prison-house in Crown-street; and I have been flying for my life from the pursuit of the English guard!" "Ah, monsieur," squeaked out a poor Frenchman, "I tell you he vas de prisonaire just fly from our prison, and vy did you fire de gun?"

The mystery was soon explained. The party were some of my late fellow sufferers, who, taking advantage of the search of the sentinels, had escaped, through one of the windows, to the North river, but not without maiming several of the Hessian guard, whose guns they fortunately brought away. Perceiving my boat, and mistaking me for a peaceable farmer, they discharged a musket to alarm me, and arrest my progress, in order to avail themselves of my counsel and assistance. They had followed me from the shore, and disappointed at not finding any person or house, they had determined to remain where they found me, till the morning. Oh, how joyfully did we recount the sufferings which we had escaped, and the future plans to be pursued, after the victories we should assist in gaining. By break of day, we jumped into our boats, and not long after rejoined the army at Saratoga, where that memorable surrender took place so important and glorious to America."

The one-legged veteran ceased, and the other laying aside his cane, related the following medley of adventures.

When the Americans had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river, which was the only post they held at that time on New-York island, I was a captain of light infantry stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from the city of New-York, Sir William Howe determined to avail himself of the opportunity, and reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British. Our detachment at that time began to be in want of provisions, and as General Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from a distance, without running the hazard of interception by the enemy. There was, only a few miles from our garrison on the Northern turnpike, a well stocked Inn-keeper, who, alarmed by British threats, was something of a refugee, and having refused to take any active part in the war, was suspected of secretly apprising the English of the strength and movements of the American forces. Though a noted coward, he was known to have in his cellars a large quantity of groceries, which he was in the habit of constantly retailing to both armies, and as he was considered an outlaw by the Americans, it had long been secretly determined to dispossess him of his

stores. It being the time of need with us, I was appointed, with a few others, to pay the landlord a visit, and under pretence of refreshing ourselves on the road, to ease him of the booty we so eagerly desired. But the grand difficulty was, whether we should openly attack him, or accomplish our purpose by some insidious stratagem. The former was not so easy, as he might secretly notify the enemy of our approach, and then the difficulty of finding the object of our search, might delay and frustrate the purpose of our mission. We considered it the best method, to be indebted to artifice, as a smaller body of men would answer, and as we were less liable to interruption and surprise. I was always fond of singular adventures, and to oblige my commander, and more particularly my own humour, I started off with several brother officers to put our designs in execution. We arrived at the inn in less than an hour, and found the landlord quite good natured and cozey. We called for a snug supper, with all the luxuries which his establishment afforded. We had broiled quails—roasted fowls —a fine boiled turkey—a surloin of beef—and every vegetable offering of the season. On one side sparkled gay-blushing Jamaica and crimson-

cheeked Bourdeaux—on the other, were pale-faced Holland and hasty-tempered Porter, ranged opposite to sparkling pitchers of cider and ale, which kindly foamed a welcome to the guests; while, as a body of reserve, appeared apple pies, mince pies, and custards, bringing up the rear of this formidable army. "Bless me, landlord," said I, "this is all finer than the cash which must pay for it—but it seems to me you are charmingly at ease amid the dangers which hang over your head!" "I have harmed no man," replied the thick-lipped taverner, "and by the same rule I hope that no one will harm me!" "What," exclaimed I, "have you no fear of the scowling English, who are ravaging the land, and making poor men of the richest among us? Think you, that if they will not let New-York rest, they will suffer you to slumber on the fat of the land?" "I have done no man any harm," again whined the landlord, "and I know not by what principles they attack those who place themselves under their protection;" "And do you suppose, you narrow-souled refugee, that the British will keep their promise? No, I warrant you—'tis only a pretext of war to entrap the unguarded, that they may the more securely

unload you of the booty of which they are in quest. Now harkyou, landlord—we are American officers, as you perceive, and wish to put you on your guard. Now, from what we have heard on the road, we have reason to believe that your inn will be attacked to-night, and all its inn-door blessings divided among a scouting party of English; but we only speak from hear-say,—there may be no truth in the report—but we would only, as friends, warn you of the consequences, that you may know who your friends are, in case of the threatened attack." "Come, no jokes, now, brave Captain Dennis," droned the chuckle-headed fellow, turning pale as he laughed, "I would not believe it, if I even heard it myself—but where did you learn the report?" "Hear the report, why, what a joke that the fellow will not believe us; but dont imagine that we will forsake you—and leave you to the clutches of these plundering vermin! No, no—so all you have to do is to surrender us your keys, and direct us to the place where your groceries are secured, and we will draw our swords most lustily in your defence." The landlord stifled a horse-laugh, as he took down from a hook a bridewell-looking bunch of keys, opening certain

pantries and closets which he generously pointed out, and being inwardly satisfied that we were a garrison of ourselves, he declared that he felt himself as safe as if he were in the centre of General Washington's army. We pretended to be fatigued—desired to be showed to our rooms, and were only suffered to retire, on our express stipulation with the landlord, that he should be allowed the privilege of sleeping in our apartment. This was agreed to, and as the night was rather windy, and the hotel somewhat solitary and deserted, we repaired to our beds at an early hour: but not so the landlord—he seated himself near the fire and began to stir it up—then he would twist around in his chair—sometimes walk the floor—and at others stare out of the window, as if watching the motion of every shadow. "Gentlemen! American officers, I would say," stammered the trembling refugee, "this seems to me to be an improper time for sleep! but no disparagement to your bravery, understand me, for I know that you dare to doze even under the muzzle of a cannon! But I say, Gentlemen—Officers—it appears to me that we had better stand guard, watching for the enemy, than suffer ourselves, like pigeons to be caught asleep in our cages! I

say, Gentlemen—I mean Officers!" We heard the poor fellow's complaints—but we snored purposely so loud, that it actually drowned his noisy expostulations. I had considerable difficulty in smothering a roar of laughter at seeing our Boniface take off his coat and vest, and then put them on again—then he unhitched his pantaloons—and again he would rehang them on their gallows. Now he would peep out of the windows—then listen at the door—but at last he ventured, like a true veteran, to dismantle for the night, and retire behind the fortification of soft sheets for safety till the morning. But still the cry of "Gentlemen—Officers" rang in our ears for a full half-hour, when, provoked by the grumbling, and discordant complaints, Sleep laid embargo upon the tongue of the weary host. We remained still, and listened to the whistling of the wind, that was every moment sweeping the branches of the trees against our windows. The rattling of the sashes, the creaking and slamming of some terrific shutters and doors, that were keeping tune with each other, and the immense snoring of our landlord kept up so doleful a concert, that were it not for the purpose that kept our minds alive, we should really have given way to nervous pro-

pensities. Amidst this discordant music, the firing of musketry was heard around the house, and the confused voices of a multitude of persons approaching nearer and nearer to our hotel. It would have defied a Hogarth's pencil to depict our landlord dancing up and down the room, arousing us by the most endearing appellations to which he could lay his tongue. "O, the perfidy of the British! My house is attacked! O, the perjured promises of the infernal red coats! My property will be robbed! Gentlemen, dear gentlemen officers, help, help, help!" "Why, what's the reason now," we cried, "for all that confounded racket? Is this the way you disturb your guests from sleeping, because you only hear the report of a few muskets?" "Oh, gentlemen officers," the eloquent landlord pled, "your prophecy has come to pass: there—there—only see those red coats endeavouring to break into the cellars!" "Sure enough, there they are," we amazedly exclaimed, hastily dressing, "but be pacified, my good sir, your property is in safe hands—we have promised to protect you!" Several volleys of small arms were heard under the windows: the cellar doors, the side shutters, and the hall door were pounded with the most

abusive violence. "Open your doors—open your doors, you obnoxious rebel, or we will burn you to the ground, and make moonlight shine through you—unlock your cellars, and hand us out your stores, or we will roast you like a turkey before your own kitchen fire!" The taverner was after us, bringing up the van, holding up his small clothes, and entreating us to defend him from the red coats threatening to make havoc of his property. We heard the cellar door broken open, and persons apparently forcing their way down; and then the rolling of barrels, the clatter of voices, and the ringing of arms kept our host in a state little short of distraction. "Load your pistols, my brave fellows, I cried, and draw your swords, and let us march into the lower regions to be revenged upon these plunderers!" In a moment we were all arrayed, being eight in number, with our weapons, and were on the point of descending into the cellar, when Boniface insisted that I should stay behind to defend him, and in case I was wanted, that a signal of three knocks should be given. "Go on, then, brave comrades, I exclaimed, and let success crown the efforts of your valour!" We heard the tramp of their heavy boots till they reached the bottom of the

stairs, and then there commenced a tremendous firing of small arms—now the house would re-echo with the clashes of broadswords—again the shouts of victory would ring through the halls—then a dead silence would prevail—and now the rolling of boxes and barrels, and the apparent struggling of bodies as if violently contesting for life. To the publican's dismay, three loud knocks were heard upon the floor. They were the signal for my retreating below, and I accordingly left the landlord half dead with fright; and just as I was flying from the cellar, a party of British soldiers were entering the house, and our host was just informing them of the battle among his kegs. But my men at this time must have been more than a mile ahead with their booty, and mounting my fleet courser waiting for me in the road, I rejoined, in a short time, my party at the garrison. But our punishment was at hand. Our fortress was stormed on the following day by the British army; by General Kniphausen on the north, by General Matthews, aided by Lord Cornwallis, on the east, together with Lieutenant Sterling, and Lord Percy. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and a number with

myself were marched off to New-York, to take our board and lodging at the Crown-Street Sugar House, where I think that I paid compound interest for the trick I paid the poor refugee landlord. If "one good turn deserves another," I am sure that injustice and crime seldom fail of meeting their deserts in this world; so that the pleasures of criminality are far outweighed by the accompanying evils which it inflicts. It would require a more eloquent tongue than mine, to describe my residence in this filthy prison. It was like the soul inhabiting a putrified body. I made a number of attempts to escape; the first of which, for its oddity, I cannot fail to mention. Feigning myself sick, I refused to taste the least morsel of food; and so well did I play my part, that the surgeon pronounced me actually in danger. I carried the joke so far, as to counterfeit death, and I lay nearly half a day stretched out in the manner of a corpse. In the hurry of removing the bodies to the cart, I too was bundled with the rest, and while my hearse was moving off, I had the temerity to give my undertaker the slip, and in my haste to mingle with the living, I unloaded by my struggles several of the dead. The driver, supposing that the corses

were returning to life, was just on the point of taking to his heels, when, perceiving the soldiers giving chase to a dead man, he calmly adjusted his load, and drove along to the place of interment. My weakness prevented me from running as fast as my pursuers, and, to my chagrin, I was brought back to the prison, and honoured, they said, beyond my deserts, with a real resurrection to life. I began to resign myself to despair; a fever set in after this mockery of death, and I came very near being carried off its victim. The prisoners were becoming as discontented as myself. A large proportion had been imprisoned more than a year, and there was no prospect of deliverance. I became acquainted with an amiable young American, the wretchedness of whose lot tended to alleviate my own. Brave, companionable, and kind, he has sat many a weary night at my side, consoling my sorrows, and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the child of wealthy and doting parents, who, having given him the best education in their power, intended to devote him to some honourable profession. When the revolution broke out, he was pressed into the service, and having been broken down in various

battles, was imprisoned in the Sugar House, far from his parents and friends, who had long since considered him dead. But there was one, from whom he had been torn, whom he loved better than all the world, to whom he had repeatedly written, but had received no reply. "My dear friend," he would say to me, "if you survive me, and escape this deadly hole, will you inform my dear parents and Eliza, that their Henry perished a captive here, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness?" I gave him the most solemn assurances—but I tried to cheer him by the hope, feeble as it was, of restoration to the friends of his bosom. "Tell me not," he would add, "of the hopes of reunion. There is only one world where the ties of affection shall never break, and where the joys of kindred spirits will evermore commingle. The imprisonment we suffer is one of the strongest arguments for such a state, or the Being who made us would be unjust to his wretched creatures!" One evening, as we were sitting in the narrow window, we perceived a young woman standing at the gate, and imploring the sentinel for admission into the prison. She entered this dreary abode, like an angel among the dead, and flew to her recognizing lover, all pale and altered as he was. Oh,

love requires no tokens to point out the beloved object; but like the magnetic needle, points, with undeviating exactness, to its mark, in all climates and seasons; and like two kindred drops of water, mingling instinctively with each other. There could not have been a more affecting meeting. She told him, that she had received his last letter, but could not answer it—that his parents were yet living, and that she had written to them of the contents—that her widowed mother was still at the homestead, and that anxiety to see her Henry had nerved her to brave the perils of the journey. Staying with a friend in the city, she promised to visit him every day, and alleviate the sorrows which she could not remedy. I resolved to interest the guard in behalf of the young man. Among the Hessian sentinels, there was one who was in the habit of serving out our rations, and who, from long intimacy with the prisoners, was almost considered a friend. As he was about closing us up one night, I kindly solicited his attention—told the story of the hapless couple, and endeavoured to make some impression upon his feelings. He was about turning away, when, upon my offering him a guinea, which I had secretly concealed, he became all ear, and promised to befriend us. He informed me that he

would not mount guard till the following night, and that if we would be at the rear door precisely at midnight, he would certainly unfasten it, and clear the coast for our escape. The news operated on our minds like the most bewitching cordial. Even the gloom of our prison wore a livelier aspect, and our bondage seemed lightened of half of its burden. Who can describe the heaviness of the lingering moments? We counted, with fluttering spirits, the middle church bell tolling the appointed hour. The prisoners were sunk in a profound sleep, and not a single step of the sentry was heard walking its rounds. I was inclined to believe that the Hessian had forgotten us; when we heard on a sudden a cautious tread from without, and the wards of the lock slowly yielding to the key. The door partly opened, and a low, rough voice invited us to advance. It was a clear moonlight night, but not a creature was to be seen. We softly descended the stairs, and, headed by our guide, we were led through a narrow opening, at the corner of which we fancied we saw a soldier, but it was only a tall post partly illumined by the beams of the smiling moon. The dark figure of our conductor trailing behind him a short, heavy musket,

made us feel how much we were in his power. Leading us through several windings, the faithful Hessian brought us to a side street, near which were two persons, apparently engaged in conversation. The tapping of a drum warned the sentinel to depart; and while Henry was expressing his apprehensions about the strangers, his name was called, and in a moment he was folded in the embraces of his parents and Eliza.

Having received her letter, the former had that very day arrived, and it was by a secret appointment, between the sentinel and Eliza, that Henry so unexpectedly met them. Words cannot express our mutual rejoicings. We lodged that night at the house of a friend, and the next morning I took leave of my affectionate companions, who immediately returned to their native villages, and were shortly, I understood, rewarded with each other. Wearied of battles, I remained neutral in the city, during the remainder of the war; and peace soon shedding its happy influence around, the voice of devotion again ascended from the churches which had been occupied as prisons, and business resumed its sway in the Sugar House. the dungeon of all my sufferings.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest:
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost, when sweetest.

T. Moore.

There is something sublimely affecting in the contemplation of the illustrious dead. We can follow ordinary persons to the grave, and hallow their sleeping remains; we can mingle our tears with the bereaved, and pour in their bleeding hearts the balm of consolation; but their death leaves no permanent impression, like the murmuring stream that washes the traces from the sand. But when we bend over the ashes of those who towered among us as pyramids in wisdom and usefulness, whose path was illuminated by their genius and virtues, and whose life and departure have been consecrated by the prayers of thousands whom they have blessed; we almost feel as if the world had suffered a momentary

shock, and we look despairingly around to remedy the loss. The fall of a solitary rock, the prostration of a single edifice, may produce a momentary tremour; but it is only when the mountain totters, and the city is engulphed in ruins, that the soul is electrified with dismay.

This reverential homage to the memory of the truly great is the adoration which is paid to intelligence and virtue, and is, in some degree, an evidence of the immortality of the mind. It is not the unmeaning respect rendered to the individual, but to the principles which have elevated, the virtues which have adorned, and the benefits which have immortalized his character; and these consecrated by our best wishes and feelings, are embalmed in pious recollection, and preserved by the sculptor and historian from the shades of oblivion. Every nation has shed its tears over those who, having been sent by heaven to illuminate their country, have retired from the world, to give place to the exertions of others. They are like the stars of heaven, which as fast as one declines, others rise to diffuse their light. Great and good men may be indeed regarded, as the instruments of Providence in the meliora-

tion of the world. They are the moral angels deputized to enlighten and purify society, arouse the ambition dormant in the human breast, and fire, by their example, to brilliant and praise-worthy deeds, transmitting their blessings to the latest posterity. Yet they are never appreciated till their mortal career is closed. Familiarized with seeing them, with catching from their lips the treasures of intelligence, with living as it were in the sunshine of their superiority, we never know their loss till they are set upon our sight, and every object around is involved in darkness. When we see the death-pall covering the ashes of the renowned, and a nation's tears are beheld falling upon their sod from the eyes of its noblest citizens, it is then they find "an epitaph in every mind, and a tomb in every heart." The instantaneous burst of feeling, "How can such men be dispensed with?" is answered by the reply—that the Omniscient has done this to convince us he can do without them—that his means are as endless as his purposes—that he can raise up others more powerful than they, and that he can render even their death instrumental in the furtherance of his designs.

In the death of illustrious men we view the imbecility of human plans. So supremely dependent seems success on the efforts of human sagacity, that we calculate the issue, by the talents of those concerned. National prosperity appears identified with the genius of its statesmen, the policy of its rulers, and the mental powers of its literary men. All the light that streams from literature and science—all the social gifts which impart gladness to the domestic circle, and fill the soul with silent and unspeakable enjoyment—all the privileges which flow from the hallowed fountain of civil and religious liberty, are supposed entirely indebted to the wisdom of worldly prudence, and the calculation of a few enlightened philosophers. But when the wisdom that should have counselled is speechless, and the influence which sustained, is palsied by the spear of death: when the genius that should have enlightened, is quenched in its orbit, and the heart that would have administered happiness, has frozen in its tabernacle, who does not perceive the folly of dependences so frail, so flattering, and so false? When the enlightened statesman, on whom are suspended the destinies of his country, falls a victim to the destroyer, and the judicious policy

he has pursued, bids fair to be blasted by the gathering political storm: when the eloquent counsellor who is both the guardian of justice and the advocate of suffering, is swept from the ranks which he ornaments as well as defends: when literature is bereft of its firmest and loftiest pillar: when the illustrious physician bows to the stroke which he has averted from the hearts of others; and when the useful divine, cut off in the prime of his usefulness, resigns the earthly for the heavenly fold of his Redeemer, are we not taught the fallacy of human policy, and the vanity of the wisest calculations? These pillars are removed, that we may perceive that they are not our supports:—These luminaries are quenched, that we may realize, they are not the source of wisdom. Powerful means, like these, must be used to eradicate our worldly dependence, and found our hopes on a better and more durable foundation. The heart must be often wrung with disappointment, that the mind may contemplate a superintending Providence —an Omniscient Intelligence controlling our concerns, eliciting good from evil, light from darkness, and consolation from the thorns of sorrow.

The death of the illustrious tends to excite a spirit of public sympathy. Oppressed by its own griefs, the heart is too selfish to feel for the public weal, and make its interests, in any degree, its own. In lamenting the departure of a great man, devoted to the public good, all are led to feel their relation to the community; and in sympathizing for the loss of one equally endeared to all, they foster a sympathetic spirit in the distresses of others. The illustrious dead are regarded as a sort of family relative. They are the ties which entwine the reserve of ignorance with the warmth of consanguinity, and connect the enjoyments of private life with those of the community. They are the common centres about which the public hopes and fears revolve; and if they expire, like fallen stars, in darkness, while every eye is fastened on them, it is no wonder that the tears of mourning should stream from every eye.

In the demise of the great, we contemplate the intellectual glory to which they have been admitted. Though towering far beyond the mind of the multitude, they were still imperfect beings, dazzled by the same phantoms, deceived by the same hopes, and limited by the same nar-

row boundaries. Embued with the literature and erudition of the age, they felt the infancy of mind, and the barriers which opposed its perfection. To suppose that those faculties are torpid, and those principles dead, would be an imputation on the goodness of the Supreme Being. It is a conclusion, warranted by supernatural testimony, that they have joined kindred spirits in the light of celestial intelligence, and are exercising their faculties in the highest possible perfection. As every thing in nature rises to its level, so the intellect of the pious will seek its own element in glory. Occupied in a sphere adapted to its capacities, the soul may cultivate its own peculiar taste, only freed from the corruptions enfettering mortality. Why may not the distinguished in intellect mingle together in celestial unison, and "differing from others as other stars in glory," be especially favoured with the contemplation of those mysteries, to be hidden perhaps from less aspiring minds? What a refined association, when the bards of profane, shall mingle their pious songs with those of sacred poetry: when the holy historians, philosophers, and literaries of all ages and nations shall commune together in mind: when the wise, the

eloquent, and the powerful of the earth, shall meet the apostles, the prophets, and the princes of inspiration! It will be an intellectual feast worthy of enkindling our most burning anticipations; for their expansion of faculty must equal their glory. No mortal eloquence can describe such a meeting! not the loftiest angel could depict the heart-entrancing blessedness that must emanate from a state like this!

It is profitable to meditate upon the illustrious dead, that the heart may be excited to imitate their virtues. We are more satisfied with admiring than rivalling the excellent. Cold sentiments evaporate from the lips, but virtuous principles seldom take root in the heart. We think that the height of the illustrious is too lofty to reach; and commending them for supernatural gifts, we are cowardly contented to occupy the valley. But we should remember, that the deservedly renowned are often more indebted to persevering industry, than remarkable mental endowments; and that it is in the cultivation of the faculty in which we excel, that we may be enabled to attain greatness of character. But it is not by a single step that the lofty mountain is

ascended, but by gradual advances unremittingly up its side. Thousands that have gone before us, may ascribe their success to progressive attainments in wisdom and virtue; and myriads that will come after us, will arrive by the same road, to conspicuity.

What should then retard our pace, or intimidate our exertions? We are not required to pursue the bubble reputation, which breaks as soon as formed, but the honourable distinction of great and good men, who laboured more to deserve than seek after fame. The example they have taught, shines before us like a pillar of fire, to encourage our advances. We feel the world trembling and crumbling beneath us; and we hear the death bell of our hopes on every passing breeze. We see that nothing is immortal but lives devoted to usefulness and piety, in enlightening the wanderer, solacing the mourner, and alleviating the toils of the pilgrimage of life. Let no earthly fascination, no corrupting sentiment, no hollow example, seduce us from the narrow path, and plunge us into whirlpools of inevitable ruin. As citizens of heaven, aspiring after an immortal crown, let us vigorously press

forward to our imperishable reward. Then, whether living in obscurity, we pine away in poverty and neglect: though our names are ungraven on obelisks, or monuments, yet we shall live in the affections of the amiable and the virtuous; we shall receive the commendation of the searcher of hearts; and on every bosom shall our epitaph be written:—

They have gone from the world in the light of their fame,
Like the star that is lost in the morning's pure flame,
The brightest that shone at even:
But they live in the home of the blessed on high,
And their star is now hid in the glorious sky.
By the holy light of heaven.

NAHANT;

OR THE

INDIAN'S CAVE.

The murmuring of the sea-shore was a hymn
Sung by sweet voices: every chaf'd pebble
Rang with a crystal tinkling as it roll'd.

ATHERSTONE.

THE human mind, panting after enjoyment, courts every variety of occupation and scene. Enervated by pleasure, we seek the shades of meditation: wearied by business, we retire to the stillness of solitude: oppressed by the robes of ambition, we mingle in domestic scenes, and find, in the friends of our bosom, the comforts denied by the world. The eye wearies with reposing on the fairy landscape, the dimpling river, or the soft blue heaven spangled with its crown of stars, but wanders among dreary mountains, caverns, and volcanoes; pauses at the seashore, and drinks in its wild tempestuous scenery; or it pierces

through the innumerable systems, peopling the solitude of space. This adaptation of circumstances to the varying moods we indulge, not only argues an overruling Providence, but the limitless powers of the soul. It shows, that there is nothing beneath heaven which can satisfy the heart; that every station we take discovers a higher, and still higher in prospect; and although lost in the immensity of our conceptions, we still dare to penetrate the fathomless regions beyond.

Every large city is generally endowed by nature with charming romantic retreats, apparently intended to gratify this propensity. Among the enviable resorts frequented by the citizens of Boston, is the little peninsula of Nahant, joining the township of Lynn, and ambitiously jutting out into the bay, as if vying with the main land in warding off the incursions of the sea. To a person approaching it by land, it appears like an arm stretched out to welcome his arrival; whilst the timid might construe it as a token of warning to guard him from the dangers which yawn around. Of a still calm day, it swells out upon the bosom of the bay, lifting its gray rocks above the smooth mirror of the water,

which, darkened by their angry scowl, resembles virtue overshadowed by the trials of adversity. But when a strong east wind beats upon the ocean, it more resembles an island attacked on all sides by the waves, and bravely defending itself by its towers of rocks which rise defyingly around it. Though it is delightfully accessible by water, yet a visit by land is far more agreeable; as the prospect is diversified by a fine view of Boston harbour —the numerous bridges connecting the opposite sides—the beautiful village of Charlestown, and the famous Bunker hill, near which the traveller passes; and then the fine Salem turnpike, beautified with country-seats, churches, and villages, until we arrive by a bye-road in full view of the ocean to the north; while to the right a white level beach sweeps more than a mile and a half to the south-west, forming a narrow isthmus joining the peninsula of Nahant, which seems from the agitation of the sand, to be entirely inaccessible except by water. To ride over the beach on a strong west windy day, the foaming surges rolling in silvery ranks, and breaking along the shore—the white clouds of sand, of various shades, flitting rapidly by like a river towards the ocean—and then the roaring wind pouring over

the dreary waste, makes you fancy yourself riding on the very sea itself; and frequently dizzied by the motion of the rapid sands, you can scarcely perceive that you are moving. There is something powerfully impressive in the observation of wild ocean scenery. We rise above ourselves—we forget the petty pursuits and vanities of the world—we seem to view the Deity in the union of sky and water, and hear the whispers of eternity in the dying of the waves upon the shore. As in the moral world, seasons of adversity are peculiarly adapted to improve the pious mourner, so it is beautifully ordered, that gloomy contrasts, in the physical, tend to elevate the soul in wisdom and goodness.

After crossing Bass neck, which suddenly winds to the north, a smaller beach is passed conducting immediately to great Nahant, consisting of about three hundred acres of cultivated land and a number of dwelling houses, occupied as inns, for the reception of visiters in the summer. A spacious hotel has been erected at the north end, about three stories high, surrounded by a double range of porticoes, and furnished with bathing houses, and other resorts of amusement for those

who have more taste for worldly gayety than the sublime enjoyment of natural phenomena. On the western side appears the beautiful village of Lynn; and farther beyond, within a distant promontory, the busy town of Marblehead, swept upon the east by a bold strait of sea, several miles in extent; and then the eye moves along the opposite side, down Boston bay, among shelving coves, projecting cliffs, and irregular winding shores. The borders of this peninsula are one continued mass of iron-bound rocks, thrown into the most irregular postures, and, seemingly, the effects of one of those earthquakes, said to have visited Massachusetts more than two centuries ago. Here nature appears in her wildest and most beautiful attire. A noble river bearing on its bosom the commerce of the east—villages gladdening the distant view with their spires reposing upon the green of the shadowy landscape—bold, lively shores rising and tapering into the wildest irregularity—the dark blue sea beyond apparently embraced by the sky, and occasionally enlivened by a dim snowy sail fluttering on the blue of the perspective—the torn, rugged rocks around, —the roar of the waves dashing among the cliffs—the shrill cry of the sea-gull and other wild

birds joining the loud concert of the ocean, render this spot the most agreeable and most romantic of scenes.

On the northern banks of this peninsula is a chasm nearly thirty feet in depth, which, from the violent rushing in of the water at about half-tide, and the noisy gush with which it is accompanied, is distinguished by the appellation of "the spouting horn." Towards the eastern extremity is a singular curiosity known by the name of the "natural bridge." It is formed over a cavity between two solid rocks, which look towards the sea, and join by an oblique cleft of stone seemingly torn from the general mass, and obstinately contending for its right to the parent sides. You look down a narrow ravine about fifty feet deep, between shattered cliffs, and wild verdant shrubbery, and a view is caught of the ocean waves rolling their frothy surf to the shore. One could sit for hours musing upon the rocks below,—here rising into mimic hills—there sinking into vallies—now frowning into precipices—then towering aloft into mountain-like boldness, and hemming in their dark shade the restless waters beneath them. The waves continually dashing among the rocks

present the most interesting spectacle. In some places, where these are high, and scooped out into excavations, the eye reposes upon diminutive lakes, occasionally flurried by the eddying wind and spray. When lower, and guarded from the sea by a sloping mass, they present small stagnant fens and pools, covered by sea-weeds and moss, waiting only for the incursion of the next tide to sweep them into existence. Amid the slanting gulleys, numerous streamlets, supplied by reservoirs continually filled by the sea, wind and rush along, bearing on their narrow bosom the tributary freight of twigs and sea-weed to the beach—then they are broken off into mimic cascades, eddies, and whirlpools, until weary of tossing and contending with each other, they insensibly mingle with the floods of the approaching tide. The contemplation of such a scene is a beautiful contrast to the sublimity of ocean prospect. It is like the moral variety that chequers the path of life. There are moments when seas of affliction lower and rage around the soul—but then Providence always affords some gleams of consolation—some green and pleasurable prospect on which the heart may delight to rest.

At the southern extremity, nearly at the verge of the shore, is situated the phenomenon denominated "the Swallow's Cave." Descending from the bank, along the steep gravelly hill, the path suddenly turns a high shadowy projection, into a deep, Gothic-like excavation about five feet high, and pursues, through the solid rock, a distance of about twenty-four yards. The ceiling is carved by nature into tall but irregular Gothic arches, and rises through the whole passage from eighteen to twenty feet. The sides are ruggedly perpendicular, and the floor uneven by its elevations and cavities. Perpetual humidity reigns in this dreary cavern, from the continual droppings of water through the crevices of the ceiling. There is a slight bend in this singular cave, and through a fissure of rocks from which one enjoys a fine view of the sea, you step along the rugged beach, and grope your way up the opposite side of the hill to that you just descended. It is called "the Swallow's Cave" from the great number of that species which hatch their young, and inhabit there the greatest part of the year, and are even said to exist in it during winter, in a completely torpid state. From a circumstance, said to have happened there about two hundred years ago,

when the primitive settlers of Massachusetts were embroiled in war with the Indians, it may be more properly distinguished by the appellation of "the Indian's Cave."

The wars of king Philip, Sachem of the Wampanoags, with the original settlers of New-England, filled it with terror, devastation, and blood. Jealous of the growing wealth and influence of the English, and exasperated at the diminution of their paternal territory and privileges, the Indians took occasion, from the execution of three of their people, to open an immediate warfare. The whole contest consisted in a series of ambushes, skirmishes, and skulking battles, requiring the most undaunted courage and finesse; and such as distinguished Captain Church, who was remarkably successful in the war. Sometimes Philip and his people would secretly attack the settlements and villages, and put to death many of their peaceful inhabitants: often they would swarm the country in search of plunder—consume the dwelling-houses—carry away their families, and treat them with every kind of cruelty, and commit all those barbarous outrages congenial to their method of warfare.

Much may be offered in their extenuation, when we recollect the wrongs they endured; in being driven from their native soil, in beholding their hunting-grounds wrested from their possession, and in their everlasting alienation from the homes of their childhood. Where is the patriot who would not thus have been aroused to shed his dying blood, at the loss of his liberty, his commonwealth, and his home!

About this time an attack was apprehended by the peaceful inhabitants of Lynn. They were mostly a colony of Friends, mingled with a large body of Puritans, who, strongly tinctured by the superstition of the times, attributed their calamities to their own, or their ancestors' crimes. Witchcraft, at this period, maintaining considerable sway in the New-England colonies, many old women not only professed demoniacal inspiration, but the power of divination, with regard to public and domestic events. Numerous atmospherical phenomena happening about this time, gave a kindred tone to the feelings of the people; and battles, earthquakes, and deaths, were as accurately determined by second sight, as if the facts themselves had actually occurred. It had

been publicly reported, that a large body of Indians were in ambush around the village. Sometimes, several were said to have been skulking in the environs—at others, near the sea-shore—then the report of musketry, and the shrill war-whoop of savages would terrify the listener, and some of the inhabitants would be swept from their families. The people were kept in continual disquiet. Constantly under arms, they never knew when they should be attacked; and they dreaded to be off their guard, lest they might be surprised by a party of Indians. One night, the villagers were aroused by the war-cry of the enemy; the discharge of fire-arms was heard at a distance; and about forty Narragansets made their appearance. The Lynnites charged so vigorously upon them, that, panic struck by the attack, they fled towards the sea, in the direction of Nahant, and were soon lost sight of in the darkness of the night. These assaults became so annoying that, scarcely a night, some dwelling was not burned, or some one found dead or missing in the morning. Public measures were devised to prevent these depredations. But who should pursue the enemy, and attack them in their own fortresses? Where were they to be found? and

who should be the guide to discover their retreat? There was a bold fellow, captain of a troop of infantry, who agreed to go upon the expedition, with a volunteer corps of twenty-five men. As the utmost caution was necessary, they were not to whisper a syllable of their intention, but set off the following night on the object of their embassy. They were all armed with broad-swords and muskets; and each one, for safety's sake, carried a bible in his right, and the Westminster catechism in his left pocket. As a pilot to their course, they resolved to consult a knowing old witch, by the name of "Wonderful;" a harmless, keen-tongued woman, that lived, near the Salem shore, by fortune-telling; discovering lost property, and predicting many odd events, even by the roll of a cow's eye, or the curling of the smoke about her chimney. She was always applied to in every emergency; and what could be more important than the protection of their lives from the Indians? It was a dismal night, when the cavalcade halted at the ruinous-looking hut; but they found the attentive "Wonderful" leaning on the creaking under-door, as if anxiously waiting for their arrival. The dim light of a candle was seen flaring on a crazy sort of a table be-

hind her, and gave her whole profile such a ghastly appearance, that she might have been almost mistaken for an inhabitant of the lower world. "Welcome, my brave soldiers," cried the dark withered dame, leering her small gray eyes expressively upon the leader,—"success to the enterprise you have undertaken, to defend your land! There is plenty of game, I warrant, where so many fowlers are ready with their pieces! But I know where they are," whispered she in a slow, drawling tone; and the candle near the door, that instant, was extinguished by a gust of wind—"and before to-morrow's sun, you'll be sure of the wild, yelling devils!" "Hark! comrades, are we betrayed," said the eagle-eyed Captain, with his hand upon his sword, looking round as he spoke; but, raising his voice, he added,—"Take care what you say, 'Wonderful,' to an up-and-down son of old England, or, confound me, witch, you'll wish, to your sorrow, you had a shorter tongue!" "Ods, bugs!" shrieked out the withered hag, "I have not lived these three-score years to be laughed to scorn by a blustering soldier of thirty! I tell you then, that you are after the Indians; and that you will find them, forty in number, on the Nahant shore, waiting to dip their

tomahawks in the blood of your families! I have been counting the clouds all this past week—I have watched the motions of the cattle—and the curling of the smoke, that wildly blew towards the Great Neck, made me morally certain that something terrible is brewing:—

"Mingle—mingle—mingle—mingle—
Away—apart—together—single—
The Indians on the shore you'll see—
Your death or life—remember me!"

She bolted the door in their faces, and with desperate courage, they betook themselves to the great beach, joining the peninsula of Nahant. The dark sea was beating upon the shore its tumultuous waters—the loud west wind sweeping over its sandy plain, caused its surface to resemble a snow-drifted field—then it would roar along the sides of some pent up hill, causing the dry weeds and brushwood to rattle; and again it would die away like the spent groans of some one in pain. The seeming island before them resembled a black stormy cloud, resting on the river; and not a single ray of light glimmered on either of the party. "Are you ready men, to stand by me and die?" demanded the gallant

Commander, pausing to search for the road, almost buried in the drifting sand. "Aye, aye," exclaimed twenty voices at once, fixing on their bayonets to as many muskets, and preparing to draw from their scabbards the same number of clumsy swords. "Follow me, then, my boys," was the reply, "to the Nahant shore; and I will go and reconnoitre; and let the report of my pistol be the signal for you to advance." "Agreed!" cried the whole party at once; and, after cautiously moving along under the shadow of the lofty rocks, they arrived at last under the natural bridge that overshadows the easterly shore of the peninsula. The tall acclivities on either side were hemmed in by the hill behind; and observation was partially excluded from above by the rugged cleft that crowned the top. A winding, gulleyed path led around the rock to the brow of the steep eminence from below; and there was no danger of being surprised, without sufficient opportunity of ascertaining the strength of the enemy, and secreting, or escaping, just as the occasion served. Here the party was left, by its intrepid commander, who silently withdrew to search after the Indians. A full hour elapsed, and still no step was heard among the gravel.

"Where can our Captain be staying?" every tongue inquired:—"he has either been scalped by one of the red-faces—or has fallen off some rock into the rapid current below!"—A light footstep was heard cautiously treading upon the stone bridge above, and appeared as if clambering, and striving to gain a higher footing. "That surely is not our Commander," whispered one of the company, "for he would not be so foolhardy as to expose himself to observation; and besides, who would think of finding the red boys on the high, flat banks of the river?" "True," replied another; but further inquiry was suspended, when some loose gravel and stones were heard falling from the sides of the precipice; and through the torn excavations between the bridge and hill, the profile of a tall figure was seen moving among the bushes; and then it stood still, as if listening to every breath of sound. The veiling clouds hid every star from view—the waves of the Atlantic broke almost at the feet of the soldiers—there was nothing before them but the sea, which the darkness identified with the sky; and the whole scene, like the object of their mission, appeared enveloped in perilous uncertainty. "Hark! what noise is that Heroche?" demanded a rough voice above them,—"I certainly

saw an English soldier skulking among these rocks!"—"Impossible!" returned the other, "do you suppose any white man would be so daring, as to venture in our thickets, and expose his naked head to the tomahawk of an Indian? No, no;" he added with a screeching laugh, "the white man is no such fool!" "Pontiac," resumed the other, "are the tomahawks all sharpened, and our guns all ready?"—"To be sure they are," replied the other, "the Indians' wrongs are deep and hot—they require sharp hatchets to reach them—and much blood to cool our feverish brains!"—All again was still; the sound of their voices and footsteps died upon the ear; and the first suggestion of some of the band was to search for, and attack the individuals: but mature reflection taught them that it was their duty to await the return of their Commander; and that the pursuit of but two of the enemy might expose them to the assaults of hundreds. The absence of their leader became alarmingly tedious: they thought they heard his approach in every rustling leaf—in every sliding pebble:—"Hark! do you not hear their war-dance?" inquired one.—"No," replied a listener, "I only hear the roar of the spouting horn, or the sighing of the wind along the cavities."—"But what is

that?" said another. "It is only the point of a gray rock, broken off by the ocean. And see how that cedar waves at its side, like some tall Indian, to waylay the traveller!"—The wind partially subsided, and the dim, cold sky became lighted by a streak of stars, through a long broken cloud from the ocean. At this moment a light, cautious tread was heard upon the beach; and, in a moment, the Captain rejoined his troop, commanding them to follow him in breathless silence. They had hardly turned the brow of the hill, when they perceived a gigantic figure, skulking among the rocks, and, in an instant, he was gone; but where, it was impossible to discover. "Shall we fire at him, Captain?" interrogated a low voice. "Your life depends on silence," whispered the cautious leader, glancing narrowly around; "so you have only to hide behind this cavity; and whenever you hear my blunderbuss, hasten and fire upon the enemy within that narrow chasm. He pointed to the spot, now called "the Swallow's Cave," and his compliant troop sunk down, prepared, behind the sides of the hollow hill. Hearing an approaching step, he spied, at the angle of the projection, an Indian entering into the natural cavern; and he rapidly hurried to give the signal of alarm to his men. Clam-

bering silently along by the edge of the chasm, he saw, once more, within it, a number of Indians asleep upon the rocky floor. A small fire was burning at the farther end, and two gigantic fellows, one of whom seemed to be the chieftain, were examining the edges of their hatchets, and the ammunition in their pouches. The other was apparently listening, but hearing only the moaning wind, he fell in a half recumbent posture, regarding his companions, whom an instant's warning could awaken. "Curses light upon the cruel English!" said one of them; "to-morrow's sun, I trust, will set upon them for ever; whoever flies from the spot before they are sacrificed, shall be scalped in the morning, and his body hung upon a pole." The Captain could wait no longer, but aiming at the chief, whose death might decide the contest, he heard a step at his side, and felt his arm pulled back by a person, he perceived to be a woman. Her face was wrinkled and gaunt; her motion slow, but firm; and, muffled up like a spectre, she beckoned the soldier to follow. It was a moment of singular suspense. It was at the dead hour of midnight; and certain of its being a messenger from the grave, he resolutely accompanied the figure. They gained the brow of the hill, and, raising the mantle from her head,

which revealed the snowy locks of three-score and ten years, she spoke:—"I am no apparition, Captain, but I am only 'Wonderful,' come to implore you to shed no blood. What! would you cowardly murder these poor wretches in their sleep, when you have it in your power to secure them in a far more honourable way? I promise, on one condition, to deliver the enemy into your hand, without the loss of a single drop of blood." The Captain solemnly pledged his word, if compatible with honourable war. "Then wait here!" exclaimed 'Wonderful,' for the Indians are at your mercy." In a moment she was out of sight. What was to be done? The most perplexing suspicions crossed the mind of the soldier. Could it be a stratagem to entrap him? Had he not better alarm his men?—But then the probability of endangering the scheme of the enemy's capture, and besides the well-known integrity of "Wonderful," urged him to await in silence, the result of the adventure. After something like an Indian shout, he thought that he distinguished the low notes of conversation; then it died away, and again it was resumed in louder and more earnest tones. Fearful of surprise, he stood with one foot on the side of the hill, prepared to alarm his troop, in case of accident or

treachery. He perceived, at length, from the pinnacles of the gray rocks, two persons advancing; and, on their nearer approach, recognised an Indian under the guidance of the witch. The Captain, with his hand upon his blunderbuss, boldly advanced somewhat nearer to the parties. "Whiteman!" the Indian chief exclaimed, "an Indian knows both bravery and gratitude. Our mother informed us, you approached, like the lion, our sleeping party, and, with his magnanimity, you spared our lives. You first unsheathed the tomahawk, but we desire to bury it. Why cause the poor Indians' hearts to bleed, and make them as dark as their own forest caverns? Was not this our home? Did not the Great Spirit give us these rivers—those hills—and forests, from the rising to the setting sun? Why drive us among the panthers and bears? We only fight for our rights, and the Great Spirit tells us that they are usurped by the white man!" "This is no time to parley, chieftain," observed the English soldier; "our business is to avenge our wrongs, and your only hope is to surrender, or these shores must drink your blood!" "I came not, brother, to sue your favour," replied the Indian; "if we have been tigers, instead of lambs, who is to blame but the white man? Were not our homes first beg-

gared by the English?" "One fire of my gun," interrupted the other, "decides the fate of your people in the cavern; and, unless you surrender this instant, all Nahant shall be in a blaze!" "Brother," resumed the chief, "I surrender on one condition only." "Mention it," returned the other. "That we be allowed to depart in our boats, on condition of burying, for ever, the tomahawk." "No:" declared his indignant antagonist, "we will not,"—"Captain," muttered 'Wonderful,' "Do you remember the oath, you solemnly pledged me?" "What oath, woman?" demanded the soldier. "That you would grant me one request, if the Indians were delivered into your hands?" —"And that request is"—"It is," returned the hag, "to grant a free passage to the enemy as he desired." "If, brother, you refuse," added the son of the forest, "we will rather swim in our blood, than submit to other terms." The pistol of the officer was already levelled, and snapped in the air—but the flash was the only consequence. "Heaven forbids you," cried the withered woman, "to make the intended sacrifice; and if you still persist, I will arm its indignation against you." The clouds, clearing away, disclosed several bows of light, spanning the eastern and western shore; and the shock of an

earthquake, accompanied by a peal of thunder, arrested the attention of the party. "I consent, then," replied the relenting son of Mars, reading his duty in the elements; "but pledge me your solemn oath, that your people shall not engage in the war!" "I swear it," said the chieftain. Both were satisfied. They parted on the hill, each to announce to his people the approaching preparations. After meeting on the shore, and exchanging a last farewell, the former returned to Lynn, to announce the termination of hostilities, and the latter in their canoes, for the shores of Pocasset.

It was full morning; the sun shone beautifully on the rocks of Nahant, no longer the theatre of war. It has been rumoured, that the old witch was secretly under the protection of the Indians, for the advice which she bestowed; and gratitude, for their kindness, induced her to save their lives. Her death soon rendered further inquiry useless; and she is said to have been buried near the entrance of the natural cavern. Many of the superstitious, living near the spot, profess to have seen her apparition among the rocks; and few of the aged can visit "Swallow's Cave" without remembering the singular escape of the Narraganset Indians.

THE LEGEND

OF

SCHOOLEY MOUNTAIN.

As the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdu'd the fierce and free.

W. Scott.

The same light which diffused literary and religious knowledge has dispelled the shades of superstition from the greatest portion of our country. Occupied exclusively in clearing and cultivating their lands, our ancestors were contented with the rude, oral traditions, transmitted from father to son; and, unable to discriminate falsehood from error, they received them as the undoubted observations of experience. But when scientific research began to pour its blaze upon the darkened understanding: when commercial interests opened a communication between places hitherto estranged, and the doctrines of religion

found the mind prepared to comprehend, and abandon the absurdities of ignorance; then the mind, not only loathed the thraldom which it had escaped, but wondered at the infatuation which had so long enslaved it. Experience is, doubtless, the grand test of delusion; and they who have been most thoroughly drilled in her school, and suffered most under the rod of her chastisement, know best how to appreciate the moral light which they enjoy.

On one of those branches of the Alleghanies, which intersect the southern part of Morris county, New-Jersey, there is a singular mineral spring, trickling through a small crevice in the solid rock, and led off by gutters into bathing-houses, and other reservoirs, for invalids, who frequent this spot at various seasons of the year; not only on account of the properties of its waters, but the salubrity of air, and romanticity of scenery, with which this mountain so peculiarly abounds. The range, though not very lofty, is here and there scooped out into wild, deep forest glens, divided into narrow and devious passes, enlivened by noisy cataracts of water that foams down its cragged precipices; and some-

times impervious, by the forest trees and shrubbery, which line its sides, eminences, and valleys. There is a particular part of this mountain, not far from the spring, hollowed out into a gloomy circular cavity, about half a mile in breadth,—girt with woodlands of impenetrable shade,—apparently the abode of wild beasts, or banditti, and calculated to foster those superstitious impressions so naturally imbibed in early established settlements. Not many miles from this place is a beautiful little village, that has grown into conspicuity since the continental war, consisting of a sparse, but busy population—the descendants of many brave families, who suffered much in the achievement of our independence, and the perpetuation of those blessings so proudly enjoyed by all. When the revolution poured its ravages in this neighbourhood, many of the wealthy inhabitants are said to have buried large sums of money in the mountain; not only to avoid the danger of being plundered, but to secure retreats for themselves and families, in case of being compelled to fly from their habitations. In consequence of a tradition of concealed treasures in the ravine, before alluded to, many attempted to discover the spot, and enrich themselves with

wealth inherited only by the moles. But the grand difficulty was, how to accomplish this; for though months were spent in examining the ground, digging up and clearing the paths, and testing by the money rod the value of every spot —still their efforts were fruitless. Some went so far as to say that they knew the place well, for that the money was guarded so strictly by the spirits of the owners, that it was almost worth a man's neck to venture upon the search: and numbers of shrewd, knowing ones, declared that they had been frequently attacked by these miserly ghosts; and that several of their more cowardly friends had been entirely carried off by them. This report continuing to gain ground, research was suspended for several years after, and they who had been the boldest in searching for the treasures, resolved to wait until they had found some one supernaturally endowed, to discover the identical place, and exorcise the obstinate spectres.

There lived, or rather stayed, in Connecticut, a miraculous, gifted fellow of a pedagogue, named Rogers; who, in addition to his talent for governing children, professed himself capable of controlling the empire of the devil,

and cudgelling the most obstinate demons into compliance with his authority. He could scarcely read his own name; but he possessed such a rapid and oily tongue, that, it was said, the latter gift was given to urge on the flight of the other; and then it smoothed away all opposition, for they who understood more of the noise than substance, would certainly suppose him in league with his Satanic majesty. He knew all the signs of the zodiac, the months of the year, and could even calculate the number of seconds in a week; but whether he acquired his knowledge from Newton's Principia, or a common almanac, it would puzzle the wisest heads to determine. He was decidedly a natural philosopher; for he could make it thunder and lighten, in the clearest weather—could cause a candle to burn blue—besides, he could count the stars; and, from his old acquaintance with the dead, with whom he had been in habits of bosom intimacy, was particularly versant in the art of finding buried money. But philosophers are always great travellers; so our genius removes the stakes of his tent, in search of new information, to the south; or, in other words, he packed up bag and baggage, and became country schoolmaster, at Smith's

Clove, in the state of New-York. The fame of the marvellous is not only universal, but is famous for the speed with which it travels; and such a magician as this, could not long escape the anxious individuals who were so eager to become rich on the leavings of their deceased ancestors. A committee was appointed to visit this communer with the dead; and, after cautiously demurring whether he would starve to death on the bad pay of a declining school, or make his fortune by combating with the shades of the departed, he graciously resolved to bend to the prayers of the committee, and resume his profession about three miles from the village; not only to manage the mental, but the ghostly interests of the place. Having taken possession of his new ferrulean sceptre, our pedagogue was solicited to put his talents at once to the test, in raising the dead, and discovering the long buried treasures. Rogers shut his eyes, and hesitated, as if something supernatural was crossing his mind; but after opening them, with nothing but the whites visible, he answered, in a deep sepulchral tone, that they must exercise much patience and long-suffering, before the attainment of the reward; and that, as the object was of the highest moment, it

would require much deliberation, prudence, and delay. He demanded a full month's absence, to arrange about removing his family, as well as other domestic concerns, and promised to return immediately after the settlement of his affairs. He accordingly went; and engaging an assistant from Connecticut, as a viceroy in the school, he returned in September to realize the expectations of his employers.

An association was immediately formed for the purpose of devising and pursuing the best methods of procedure; and, elated with the certain prospect of wealth, it was soon increased to about forty individuals. These, secretly convening every night at each others houses, were informed by Rogers, that "the undertaking was intricate, and extremely solemn—that several persons had been murdered, and buried with the money, and that the spirits must be raised and conversed with, before the money could be obtained." He moreover assured them, that the greatest propriety of conduct was expected from them, as the apparitions were determined to impart their treasures only to the virtuous, and that they should meet together the following evening

to ascertain their pleasure. It was a stormy night, when the party arrived at the appointed place. After anxiously waiting a considerable time, a deep, hollow voice was heard from the floor, exhorting them to unity, and decision of conduct; and informing them that they must assemble at Schooley Mountain on a particular night, in a certain field, half a mile from any house; that they must keep within the circles appointed by Rogers; and that, in case of refusal, they should not only lose their treasures, but be spirited away from the spot. Words cannot express the anxiety indulged by the association until the anticipated period. Under the guidance of Rogers, they proceeded to the magic mountain, anticipating a revelation from the dead, and the immediate disclosure of the object of their search. The road over which they were to pass was circuitous and hilly; and, having been lately washed by an autumnal freshet, it was rutty and tedious; and a cold north wind sweeping over the meadows, served almost to chill the ardour of the enterprise. It was such a night too as was propitious to the object: the new moon had set in the west, and the stars shone but dimly, through a cloud of hazy mist that was rising from the

marshy ground. The members of the fraternity had secretly left their families at home; and, under the conduct of Rogers, were breasting every difficulty to arrive at riches by a new and unheard-of expedient. So strangely perverse is the human mind bent upon its own sensual gratifications, and undirected by any other light but that of misguided reason!

Like a true and gallant leader, Rogers ascended before them the steep passes of the mountain, gloomy with its forest trees and precipices, and filling them with constant dread of meeting the objects of their apprehension. The waving of every rustling branch seemed to wear the aspect of a spectre—every whistle of the wind conjured up a thousand supernatural voices. After much fatigue, they arrived at last at the dreary spot where they were to contend in reality with the awful powers of darkness. The deep, extended dell was more than a mile from any house, and the footstep of a human creature rarely trode that way. They dismounted in the road, and fastening their horses to the trees, they followed their adventurous guide with trembling steps, revering him at the moment as something more than mor-

tal. They halted upon a shelving field of rocks, overlooking the black ravine, filled with the murmurings of the restless branches, and the echoes of distant water, gurgling its course along the valleys. A magical circle had been previously prepared by Rogers, marked with a variety of cabalistic figures; and into this the party were directed to remain, on pain of death, until the mysterious business was concluded. A tent, constructed of posts, covered over with a dark cloth, had been erected for the magician; and here, as upon his throne of empire, he was to sit as the controller of the supernatural proceedings. A peal of sharp thunder broke from the centre of the dell below, and fires of various colours illuminated the sides of the dim mountain, from which, occasionally, elongated flames would burst, and breaking high in air, would sometimes fall and expire almost at the feet of the trembling members; voices too, apparently from the dead, were heard commanding them to follow implicitly the directions of Rogers; to preserve unity and virtuous deportment; and that each man must deposite, by way of ghostly tribute, twelve pounds, lawful currency, at the foot of the tree, under the penalty of certain destruction. The

affrighted company perceived that fleshless beings would not be trifled with; and after remitting the debt demanded by the spectres, they silently pursued their way homeward, amazed, no less than Rogers, at the wonders they had witnessed.

Convinced of the supernatural abilities of their conductor, they continued to assemble every night at one of the member's houses, and there Rogers met them, not only to receive the moneys for the dead, but to consult respecting the time of inheriting the anticipated treasures. To his credit, be it recorded, that, whenever any was unable to pay the stipulated sum, he was merciful enough to reduce it to one-half, or in proportion to the ability of the person. But the great difficulty was in the procural of the money; for the apparitions believing that bank notes were very precarious property, demanded silver and gold in lieu of the loan paper circulating in New-Jersey; and the consequence was, that rather than not obtain it, the parties would mortgage their farms, and sacrifice their furniture and stock, than disappoint the generous spirits who had so much in store for them. While Rogers communicated his errands at these noc-

turnal meetings, deep groans and knocks, the falling of heavy articles, and the jingling of money, would be heard within and around the house—and sometimes a loud, hollow voice startling every one of the company with the injunction to "press forward!" At others they were told by invisible tongues "that they were empowered to enrich them; and that all they demanded was money for the relief of the poor." Families were aroused from their beds by the importunities of these purse-proud spirits, who would give them no rest till they gave their fee for a verbal promissory note, for the payment of the money. It was drawn at three months, payable with interest on the first of May.

Nothing more powerfully stimulates the mind, than the prospect of immediate wealth. Intoxicating the heart with ungovernable passions, it corrupts its principles, deludes it with projects impossible to realize, and finally drowns it in irreparable ruin. Consumed with this desire, the ghostly fraternity could hardly rest in their beds, or pursue their customary business. Their farms, their families, their own interests were forgotten. On the other hand, many of them, weak in the

faith, were disturbed by rebellious doubts as to the reality of the proceedings: others withheld their rightful tribute from the dead; in short, the whole winter was spent in continual disputes with each other respecting the integrity of their leader. The approach of May became a new era of expectation; and, as with children, it beguiled their tedious hours with many an amusing dream. Who can describe their delight when the appointed moment arrived? They hastened again, with their fearless guide, to the enchanted mountain, where they were certain of realizing so ample a fortune. Again they were paraded within the circle—again the thunders and supernatural fires played from the awful dell—again the voices of the dead spoke; but they appeared not as at first, the peaceable tenants of Elyzium, but they raged in all the violence of Tartaric fierceness, upbraiding the company for want of faith in their conductor, for withholding the moneys due to their kindness, for their continual altercations with each other, and threatening them with immediate extermination unless submitting to the authority of Rogers. They informed them, besides, that they had broken the condition on which their promise was suspended; and that the time of reaping the reward depended entirely

on their future good behaviour. So violently did they rage, that even Rogers himself became dreadfully alarmed; and excited by the entreaties of the petrified members, he was compelled to put in requisition all his inherent energies; and, after bribing the spectres with a valuable fee from each of the party, they were driven at last in triumph from the field.

Several months had now elapsed, and still there was no prospect of the anticipated fortunes. Though the society had paid the round sum of five hundred pounds, lawful currency, they had only received the note of promise from the mouths of apparitions; and they began to consider them as bankrupts, deserving of condign punishment. They were almost disposed to seize upon Rogers as their security, when mindful of his promises, and the dangers from which he rescued them, they believed his integrity, and that the apparitions had become insolvent.

A singular circumstance happening about this time, dispelled the darkness that hung upon these mysteries. A gentleman in the village was importuned at his window, every night, by a noisy apparition, who promised to make his fortune

provided he would compensate him with a liberal present. He informed him that he was the spirit of one of those who were murdered on Schooley Mountain, and that he would disclose to him the very spot where the treasures were deposited. The gentleman paid the demand; for who could resist the importunities of the dead? There had fallen a deep snow during the night, and, unfortunately for the honour of the spectre, the tracks of a human foot were traced to the house of Rogers, who, being immediately committed to prison, confessed his fraud upon the society; but he was bailed out by a friend, who was compelled, alas, to advance two hundred pounds for the escape of his thankless prisoner. Some wrong-headed fellows still say, that he took refuge among the spirits of Schooley Mountain; but others aver that he resumed his old profession somewhere to the west of Ohio. Some broken kegs of powder were soon discovered among the mountain weeds, and the remains of rockets, and white, muslin sheets, and other implements of ghostly warfare, under some of the rocks. The story is told with much humour by the young folks of Morris county, and nothing has proved such a warning to covetous people as the fate of the impostor of Schooley Mountain.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE.

Washington 's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink where there 's an echo left to air.

BYRON.

THE name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished, not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessings which he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day, imparting his twilight long after he is set; and invisibly dispensing his light and cheering warmth to the world. Cautious, and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartening failures; nor alarmed into compliance by the most undaunted threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs; and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means, employed by the enemy

to incommode him, were frequently, in his own hands, the instruments of their ruin. As an illustration of his eagle-eyed caution, I will briefly narrate his escape from a singular plot, which I learned from the lips of a venerable man several years deceased.

When the American army was stationed at West Point, during the revolutionary war, the British head-quarters were not many miles distant, on the Hudson; and each were waiting, like the figures on a chess board, for some favourable movement, to disconcert and thwart the operations of the other. Scouting parties would engage in frequent skirmishes; and wagons of provisions, ammunition, and clothing, would fall into the power of those superior in number and address. On one of these occasions, a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with a desire to retaliate. About this time, while at West Point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance, not far resident from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from many of those sterner en-

gagements which harassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp, could not long escape the cognizance of the English; and to possess a prisoner like General Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult: there were always advanced guards to cover the American Commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits, except by winning over some one of the family. The friend whom the General visited was once thought to have espoused the interests of the British; but he had taken a decided stand in favour of America; and though a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging as his reason—his years, and dependent family.

During the intimacy of the General, it was rumoured in the American army, that his friend had been often seen returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the account; for he never ceased to visit the family, and, apparently, mingled as cordially with the host, as if no suspicion had crossed his mind. At length, one day, as the General was taking his leave,

his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him the following afternoon, and emphatically named the hour of two, as the moment of expecting him. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred—begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home; and hinted, that he feared the General did not consider it in that light; as the guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate, he was not visiting a friend. "By no means, dear sir!" exclaimed the worthy patriot; "there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and, as a proof of the confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred word of honour, that not a soldier shall accompany me." "Pardon me, General," cried the host; "but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested." "I am aware of it," said the hero, smiling; "but what of that? I have long considered the planting of these outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may excite the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me." "But then—the hour, General?"—"Oh, yes, two o'clock you said."—"Precisely!" returned the other.

At one o'clock on the following day, the General mounted his favourite horse, and proceeded alone, upon a bye-road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time, and the bustling host received him with open arms, in addition to the greetings of the delighted family. "How punctual, kind sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted friend. "Punctuality," replied Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor as well as important concerns. He that is unpunctual with a friend, may doubt his integrity." The host started; but recovering himself, he added,—"then yours is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence." Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazza, previous to the dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles in extent; fields of grain, here and there sweeping beneath the sides of bleak hills producing nothing but rocks and grass—shallow runnels of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste—then hidden by woodlands intercepting a prospect of the country beyond—spotted now and then with silver glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping grounds below, and chequered on both sides by the dim, purple Highlands, frowning

sometimes into hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys, hardly illuminated by the sun. "This is fine, bold scenery!" exclaimed the General, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, sir," replied his friend, looking wistfully around, as if expecting some one's approach; but catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were fastened confusedly on the floor. "I must really rally you, my friend," observed the General; "do you perceive yonder point, that boldly rises from the water, and suddenly is lost behind that hill which obstinately checks the view?" "I do," replied the absent listener, engaged apparently in something else than the subject of inquiry. "There," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist, I could almost fancy that I perceive his cavalry moving; but hark, that cannon! Do you not think it proceeds from the head-quarters of the enemy?"

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in another object immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop, seemingly,

of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the valley below—and then again they were hidden by a field of forest that swelled along the bosom of the landscape. "Would it not be strange," observed the General, apparently unconscious of the movements behind him, "that after all my toils, America should forfeit her liberty?" "Heaven forbid!" said his friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. "But," resumed Washington, "I have heard of treachery in the heart of one's own camp; and, doubtless, you know that it is possible 'to be wounded even in the house of one's friend.'" "Sir;" demanded the downcast host, unable to meet the searching glance of his companion, "who can possibly intend so daring a crime?" "I only meant," replied the other, "that treachery was the most hideous of crimes; for, Judas like, it will even sell its Lord for money!" "Very true, dear sir," responded the anxious host, as he gazed upon a troop of British horse, winding round the hill, and riding with post haste towards the hospitable mansion. "Is it two o'clock yet?" demanded Washington;

"for I have an engagement this afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit must, therefore, be shorter than intended." "It lacks a full quarter yet!" said his friend, seeming doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. "But, bless me, sir! what cavalry are these that are so rapidly approaching the house?" "Oh, they may possibly be a party of British light horse," returned his companion, coolly, "which mean no harm; and, if I mistake not, they have been sent for the purpose of protecting me." As he said this, the Captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse; and his example was followed by the rest of the party. "General?" returned the other, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on the shoulder, "General, you are my prisoner!" "I believe not," said Washington, looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; "but, friend," exclaimed he, slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are mine! Here, officer, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America."

The British general had secretly offered an immense sum to this man, to make an appoint-

ment with the hero, at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse, to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp triumphing at the sagacity of their Commander, who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British General. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family, he pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country for ever; which he accordingly did; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

When first the eaglet, at his sire's behest,
On untry'd pinions, leaves his parent nest,—
Flutt'ring he flies; but soon the bird of Jove,
On wings of thunder, seeks the courts above.
Just so Columbia! when she dared to fling
Her infant fingers, o'er the magic string!
With bolder hand she sweeps the muse's lyre,
While thronging thousands listen and admire. A.

Descended from ancestors, who brought from the old world a portion of its literary treasures, Americans have resembled, more than a century past, persons who had been removed in childhood from the city to a desert, and forgetful of the illustrious home and parentage from which they sprung. Regarding themselves as a new race of beings, they have slumbered in the dream of neglectful self-distrust; and it is therefore that they have been so long awakening to a sense of intellectual duty. They begin to feel that they possess the same physical and mental energies with the most renowned Europeans, and are only waiting for similar incentives to provoke the exertion of their powers. The physical features

of our country are calculated to fire the imagination of the bard. The cloudy grandeur, and trackless extent of our mountains—the solemn whisper of our deep and rapid rivers—the awful stillness and sublimity of our vast ocean-lakes —our endless labyrinth of forests—the magnificent variety of our landscapes,—and the simple, but interesting aspect of our cities and villages, breathe the very air of poetry, which the contemplative enthusiast must inhale. The historical associations of the primitive settlers of our country—of the aboriginal Indians, who were expelled from their native soil—of the revolutionary war, numerous circumstances of which live only in recollection, constitute treasures for our historians and philosophers, to weave the garland of immortality around their native land. Though proud of the distinguished names which have adorned American literature, we regret that any obstacles should retard the promotion of its fame.

One cause, for the slow advancement of our literature, is the want of a more general competition. In Europe, generally, the greatest portion of its people are readers. You can scarcely enter a cottage in Scotland, whose inmates are

unable to converse on scientific subjects: and throughout England and Germany, persons of the lowest ranks peruse the literature of the day, and become zealous competitors for some particular system. But here it is otherwise: the taste for mental research is too often superseded by the love of mechanical enterprise, the unwearied pursuit of business, which deadens every other care, and the enjoyment of public amusement, which is frequently followed by consequences repugnant to mental improvement. It is our habits, then, more than our want of ability, which retard our intellectual advancement. The purest gold, if unsubmitted to the skill of the polisher, will present a dulness and rust which it will be difficult to wear away; and the brightest intellect that ever adorned the world, will tarnish, unless submitting to salutary discipline. Were literary topics more extensively interesting, the field of mental exertion would necessarily widen; excitement would be given to the most distinguished to advance far beyond the sober limits they have reached; and we should be taught, as in Europe, that it is by the united competition of many, that the march of literature is extended. But what is there to dispirit so noble an emulation? Thousands enjoy abun-

dance of leisure, undisturbed by national or domestic cares, who might ensure to themselves sources of profitable pleasure, and augment the literary taste that begins to dawn upon their country. Even the man of business, the mechanic, the labourer, is culpable: if idling away spare moments that might be usefully employed, they cruelly contribute their mite towards the depression of American literature.

Another cause is, a diffidence of our own abilities. Forgetful that we sprung from a nation pre-eminent in literary glory, we have been led to suppose that our mental powers are inferior to those of Europe, and we fear to teach the the world the vileness of the calumny. In all other respects we contend for an equality. The merchant believes that he can plan as sagacious a speculation—the mechanic proudly vies with the European artizan—the patriot feels his own on a level with the greatest nation of the earth, in domestic, civil, and religious privileges. But why should mental competition alone be disregarded? Why should we not soar to the same height with other nations, and as victoriously contend for the same intellectual honours? When conscious of talents, and a capacity of enlightening others, is it

not the duty of all to diffuse the light of moral and scientific knowledge, and assist the efforts of their country in the improvement of its members? But when the talented shrink from the cultivation of their faculties; when minds of acknowledged wisdom fear to give their thoughts to the world, from the apprehension of error, or the sarcasms of ridicule, however they may be applauded on the score of their modesty, they are far from promoting the interests of national literature. But would Europe have acquired its literary celebrity, if its sages had been thus afraid or distrustful of their powers? And how is America to derive the same benefits, but by the united zeal of its talented citizens? Is it not in the cultivation of the humblest abilities, and the fearless exercise of the noblest with which we have been endowed? Is it not in surmounting that groundless diffidence, which prevents so many from becoming shining lights to their country, and confines her ambition among so few competitors?

The last cause to be noticed, is the discouragements from ourselves. Cradled almost in the belief, that nothing is literary but the productions of foreign lands, we have scarcely presumed, till lately, that an American publication could thrive.

The dream is nearly broken by the glorious success of many of our native worthies, who have nobly dared to refute a sentiment so absurd. There is talent enough in America to raise her to the highest literary glory; but it only wants excitement; like the powder, it only demands the aid of the spark; like the diamond, only vigorous exertion, to reveal its native lustre. But as the greatest "foes are those of one's own household," so the darkest obstacle to our literature is the indifference of Americans. Is it not a fact, that our own productions, generally, are received with a cautious sneer? Does not political interest frequently resist the claims of genius, and persecution wield her rod over the head of the friendless writer? Do not the censors of the press sometimes wound by contemptuous silence, and punish, at others, with merciless severity? Although permittted to discountenace stupidity, yet do they not often blast numerous buds of genius, and scatter to the four winds the seeds of knowledge and virtue? Americans should despise so unworthy a spirit. If ever respected abroad, they must first respect themselves. If refusing to nurture the germ of native talent, they cannot expect to gather its fruits; but it must be either swept away, to take root in foreign soils, or wither from ne-

glect by those who should have raised it to maturity.

Let then Americans labour to advance their literary glory! Let the nation take the lead! Let the infant colleges and schools throughout the land be liberally endowed, and let observatories and philosophical cabinets be established in every state! Let public libraries, literary associations, and the fine arts, be generously sanctioned by the donations, the presence, and the co-operation of our citizens! Let learned lecturers be appointed, at the national expense, to unfold the principles of physical and moral science, and diffuse a taste for belle lettre and eloquence! Let encouragement be always given to the young, adventurous writer, and premiums be unceasingly offered to successful literary candidates! Let not the talented of our country withhold their pens in the vindication of truth and virtue! Let the guardians of the press unite in defending American talent, and arousing its ambition instead of mortifying its pride! Thus our country shall become the first in wisdom, as the first in liberty—the land of sages as the land of heroes—not only the home of the friendless pilgrim, but the literary home of the nations of the world.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;—
Thus various my romantic theme
Flits, winds, and sinks, a morning dream."

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THE REWARD OF AVARICE.

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more:
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

YOUNG.

THERE resided, not many years ago, in a beautiful village on the Delaware, an elderly man who possessed a wife tolerably handsome; and who, although regarded rich in the estimation of his neighbours, was distinguished by a parsimony almost denying him the comforts which ordinarily fall to the lot of humanity. Though avaricious in the extreme, he was by no means unwilling to contribute to the happiness of his consort, who, on the other hand, was as desirous of making wings for his property as he was disposed to clip them of their liberty. Being many years younger than himself, she was ungrateful enough to repent of the partner she had chosen—and more particularly on account of that narrow penurious disposition which made an idol of other treas-

ures than those which he so solemnly vowed, at the altar, to cherish. Her complaints could not be otherwise than sincere. Having married her husband solely for his property, she began to experience, that hoarded wealth was fully equal to the infirmities of age, and that of all disappointments to be incurred, none are comparable to those of matrimonial life. There was no other remedy but patience, and submission to the doom which awaited her; so, pretendingly obedient to the wishes of her lord, she studied only to discover his long-hidden possessions, and apply them to every purpose which the cravings of her cupidity suggested. If, on the other hand, her spouse was unreasonably wedded to his perishable mammon, it is certain that his lady was as passionately inclined to the other extreme; the one worshipping his idol with the most exclusive devotion; the other refusing to give it even common respect, but desirous of rendering it the means of sacrificing to other deities, which her heart more passionately adored. Avarice and prodigality are equally despicable and ruinous; the former entombing the heart in the prison of its own possessions—the latter wafting it on the wings of every unhallowed pas-

sion, which, sooner or later, must fall a wretched sacrifice to the world. If avarice be the rust of the mind—prodigality is the poison that cankers and blasts its hopes.

The venerable spouse, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Michael, was one of the stillest men in the world. He would occasionally converse with a neighbour on the rise and fall of the market, or gently chide his wife for running into those extravagances so natural and ruinous to her sex; but he was by no means an unkind husband, for he would always compensate his reproofs by all those kind attentions which are pleasing to any but a woman who regards with indifference the assiduities of age. Although married several years, she had never been able to identify his property. It could not consist in either mortgages, deeds, or bank stock, as she would certainly have found them in an old trunk, where he only deposited his papers; but in spite of all her rummaging, she only found torn bills, fragments of old letters, and writing books which he had preserved from a boy, to convince posterity, at least, that if he wielded nothing else, he was able to wield a pen. Sometimes she

thought that he must be a poor man, for he did no kind of business, was in the habit of receiving no money, and, as far as she knew, was in no likelihood of ever becoming richer. But then she had detected him counting whole piles of guineas in his room, of a Sunday, and had as frequently met him with bags in his hand, which her fancy saw filled with brimming heaps of coin. But what could he have done with them? Ah, there was the mystery! And how should she discover so desirable a prize? On the subject of his treasures the old man was always silent; and whenever allusion was made to them, always shrugged his shoulders, looked anxiously down the garden, and folding his hands, drew a deep sigh, as if in resignation to his narrow circumstances. At the approach of dusk, he was always in the habit of resorting to his garden; and his wife generally improved the most of this time in examining every part of the house, to find something, if possible, which his cupidity might have concealed. But all her efforts were fruitless; for she only found a rusty silver dollar which had rolled behind the surbase, and which would doubtless, without a finder, have remained there as long as the house itself.

One evening, while Michael was absent as usual in the garden, a spirit of curiosity excited her to follow him, and ascertain the object of his nightly visitations. He had been gone longer than customary, and she was resolved to know the reason; for who knows, thought she, but I may stumble on the treasures? So, without delay, she slipped into the garden, and after busily searching, could perceive no traces of her husband; when, hearing on a sudden, the noise of a shovel, she concluded that some one must be near, and accordingly pursued her way to a dark retired corner from which the sound appeared to proceed. A thick bushy apple tree grew at the side-walk, and enabled her to secrete herself to observe whatever was going on. The figure of the old man was dimly visible on the other side turning up the ground, and then removing the lid of a box into which he was seen depositing something glittering like money, whose hollow rattling as it fell in made it impossible to mistake its nature. Again he fastened the chest—again the ground was replaced; and after looking inquisitively round in suspicion of discovery, he cautiously bent his way to the house, satisfied of the safety of his wealth. But Michael little

dreamed that there was a witness so near, to detect the altar of his idol, and more particularly the person who was so much interested in the discovery. Thus it frequently happens, that our favourite plans are most cruelly marred by those most nearly connected to us; and that, where we least apprehend danger, we generally experience the saddest reverses of fortune.

Here was a mighty discovery indeed! Here was the fulfilment of all her fondest anticipations! Michael then was rich; but how would she have preferred to see him a beggar, than accursed with so grovelling a disposition, which could thus basely conceal from her the possession of such a fortune. It was not only a mark of contempt towards herself, but it was too dastardly a spirit for a woman of her temper to brook. It was high time, she concluded, to break asunder the chains by which she had been enslaved. Desperate as the measure was, she was determined to dig up the discovered booty, and escape that very night from the habitation of her lord. But where could she, a solitary woman, take refuge? She had a relative in a distant part of Connecticut with whom she might find a tempo-

rary retreat, or she might take private lodgings in some neighbouring city, and there patiently wait the issue of the event. Accordingly, that very night, assisted by a servant, she removed the good man's strong hold of consolation, and set off in a carriage, which she had hired, for New-York. Thus guilt always commences with a discontented mind, which, growing presumptuous under a privation of imaginary blessings, reasons itself into a right of casting off all restraint, and employing any means in the promotion of its desires.

They had not proceeded far, before conscience began to accuse her of the impropriety of her conduct—but was she not flying from a man whom she inwardly detested?—a man who was refusing her the confidence of a husband, and denying her those luxuries which she imagined were justly her due? The coachman was directed to proceed with all possible despatch; as if that could hurry her from the reproaches of self-accusation, and the danger of escaping the future retribution of justice. The quick-trotting of horses, and the rattling of a carriage behind them, made them almost fear that the throng of

pursuit was after them, and they several times resolved to return and replace their booty. But they, who are bold enough to silence the remonstrances of virtue, are always apt to resist them to the last; and how few are the attempts to follow her amiable convictions and determine to be virtuous in spite of all their temptations to dishonour!

Having arrived at New-York the following day, she took private lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, giving out that she was a widow, who had just buried her husband, and had come to the city for the purpose of settling his concerns. But then there was that unlucky, heavy box, which she had forgotten to have secured; and, from its weight and rattling, convinced the porters who conveyed it to her lodgings, that there were treasures concealed of more than ordinary importance. Suspicion, for it is always busy, began to rest upon her as some heroine in disguise, who had committed some enormous robbery, and was flying away from the pursuit of the officers of justice. But there was nothing about her to excite such surmises; for she possessed a winning and genteel address,

and exciting those irresistible impressions which the contemplation of a friendless woman always inspires. But it is difficult to stop the tongues of the talkative and envious; and with all her claims to general sympathy, her presence became shunned by the inmates of the house. To prevent further mortification, she deemed it expedient to depart; and her next step was to find an asylum, with her relative in Connecticut, from all those suspicions resting upon her character. But what was she to do with the confounded box, which, like Abu Casem's slippers, haunted her wherever she went? She dared not deposite the coin in any bank, or with any individual, for that, she knew, would be the most certain method of blazoning abroad her folly. Fool that she was! why had she not provided for all this dilemma, and been more cautious in taking so precipitous a step? It is plain, that she had been urged by the violence of ungovernable passions, which too frequently legislate for the understanding. She arrived at her relative's in a few days; but there it was necessary to plan some specious story to account satisfactorily for her newly acquired possessions; and she accordingly declared, that her husband was dead,

and that she had brought away the property which he had left her.

She had not been there longer than a month, before the newspapers were teeming with a most singular robbery, said to have been committed upon a gentleman in Pennsylvania; and particular mention was made of his wife who had left her home. No name was inserted: but the dread of discovery hanging heavy upon her heart, she apologized to her friend for the necessity of her return, and departed that very day with her hapless box and servant. She now began to feel the painful consequences of guilt, and the wretchedness of yielding to her ruling desires. Accusing herself of the maddest folly, she seemed like one awakening from a sickly dream, and wondered how she could have thus forgotten the dignity of her sex, and plunged into dangers which, she feared, were inevitable. She remembered that Michael, though penurious, had always been an attentive husband; and that the crime for which she hated him was the result of his declining years. But had she no faults of which to accuse herself—no spirit of extravagance fully equal to the avarice of her

consort, and just as much entitled to the censures she bestowed on him? Such were the reflections which conscience inspired in the bosom of our penitent dame, while bending her sorrowful way to her husband's house, from which she had been absent almost two months;—and who could tell her what had transpired since last she left it?—It was after dusk when she arrived. The place looked more dreary and desolate than formerly; the window-shutters were closed—no living creature was seen around the premises—and a small wooden bar nailed upon the entrance of the door intimated that admittance was altogether in vain. The returning prodigal resolved, at all events, to restore the fatal box to the place whence it was taken, that in case of apprehension, by the neighbours, or her husband, she might not have in her possession so awful a witness against her. Having entered the garden, through a small unfastened gate, they found the hole just as they had left it; and after replacing the chest, the ground was covered over the object of her cupidity. She returned to the house with a slow, dejected air; and after requesting the servant to remain within her call, she approached the back piazza; but there was nothing here more indicative of inhabitants than at the

front; and she consequently concluded that either Michael had left the premises, or had sunk under the weight of her neglect. She observed a light, however, from a small window in the gable end of the kitchen; and while she was conjecturing the cause, the cellar-door was opened, and the form of a woman arose from the steps, who, perceiving a stranger in the garden, paused, as if awaiting her approach. "Who can this be?" whispered the forlorn wanderer to herself. —"Michael surely is not re-married—or has the house fallen to some other occupant?" "Who are you," demanded the ill-natured voice of a withered woman, "disturbing our rest at this unseasonable hour? Can it be the ghost of Mihael's wife—or is it some beggar that comes to demand a night's lodging?" "For the love of heaven," the other inquired, "inform me whether Michael is yet living, and is it possible that I can see him?" "Living, indeed," drawled out the other; "if lying on a death-bed be what you call living! he is alive enough, I trust, and as to your seeing him to-night, it will cost you more steps than I am willing to take in showing you; so your best way is to decamp from this yard, or I'll call the old watchdog to your assistance, for I warrant you have no good designs to be wan-

ering alone in other people's property." Retreating like a culprit from her former home, she retraced her way to the garden gate, but perceived that her servant-man was gone—and to her dismay, observed that the hole was re-dug, and the box removed. Suspicion flashed upon her mind, that her attendant must have secured it in the interval of her absence. Fear and despair took possession of her soul, as she dwelt upon her situation. She called for her domestic, but she was only answered by the growls of a fierce mastiff, disputing over the fence for his right to the bounds. "You may willingly have them," exclaimed the weary woman; "box, property, and all, only give me back my husband, and the peace of mind which I have forfeited." She heard a quick step behind her, and a voice demanding "Who 's there?" Concealment was vain; for faint and weary, she clung for support to the banisters of a piazza, on which she had sat in more happy days; and saw by her side a tall, uncouth figure leaning inquisitively on her, and calling her by the name of her injured husband. "Where—oh, where can I find Michael?" her lips were scarcely able to repeat. "If that be all you want," cried the other, carelessly, "I'll bring you to him in a trice." Supported by her companion, she

was conducted to a small cottage without the village, where, informing her that she could find Michael, he left her at the door to the anguish of her reflections. The house was, doubtless, closed for the night; but a dim light shone from one of the windows, and a murmuring voice within aroused her to the melancholy of her situation. She was about meeting an injured husband; the victim, it is true, of many faults and infirmities; but still he was her husband; perhaps expiring, as she believed, from the cruelty of her conduct. How could she endure his look—what apology offer—how avert his deserved reproaches? She knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and a feeble cry answered from the chamber, to "Come in;" when, raising the latch, she felt the door yielding to her pressure; and she was standing in the presence of Michael, extended on his dying bed, preparing to render up his accounts. The room was feebly lighted by a flaring taper in the chimney, and a boy was standing at the bed-side administering to the last moments of the dying man. "Doctor, you have arrived too late," exclaimed the quivering lips of threescore years; "but why not come before?" "I have come indeed," replied the guilty daughter of sorrow, "to bind up the wounds which I have

inflicted, and atone for the injury you have sustained." "Is that the voice of Adelaide," returned the reviving sufferer, "or is it her spirit from the grave, come to warn me of my departure?" "I am no spirit, Michael, but your own wretched wife, who has ruined your temporal and domestic comforts, and is kneeling at your side to express the penitence she feels." "Oh, it is too late," murmured the dying man; "I cannot curse you, Adelaide, for money has been my idol; it was the loss of that, more than yourself, that has reduced me to what you see; but we can only profit by the past—since we cannot recall it; for I feel that avarice has not only ruined me, but—" "Say it was my extravagance," sobbed the other, "that led me to defraud you—and break the wretched heart that here lies fluttering before me; Oh, could I restore the past, how differently would I have acted! but the cursed box is gone, and—" "You have not spent them all?" the aged miser inquired, his eyes lighted up by the fire of his ruling passion. The other had no opportunity to reply, for a deep groan broke from the expiring pillow; and, after a dreary pause, the aged man resumed, "Adelaide, I am dying: I will not leave you pennyless, though my precious box has gone —after my death, you will find about me all that

I can leave you—but oh, I have sinned against the hope of forgiveness, and—" "But there is a precious Saviour," said the weeping wife, "that can wash the penitent clean; for it is written, 'all manner of sins shall be forgiven unto men.'" Strange as it may seem, the guilty woman prayed in all the fervency of her soul for her companion; and, at the close, his eye was lighted up with a more than common smile. "Adelaide," he muttered, "you have come to close my dying eyes—would it had been always thus! but oh—may we meet to part no more, in a better and happier world!" The spirit of Michael soon departed, and Adelaide was a widow: but, though entirely destitute, she felt in what she had performed, a consolation which worlds were unable to bestow.

Michael sold his house immediately after the loss of his treasures; and converting it into money, purchased the cottage, where his troubles reduced him to the grave. True to himself, he had fastened his gold in a flannel waistcoat, next his body; and it was not until he was laid out that Adelaide was aware of the fact. Her servant was soon apprehended, and the fatal box restored to its mistress, who had learned to abhor the effects of prodigality and avarice.

THE CHURCH PRISONER.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—COWPER.

THE legend of American recollection abounds with a rich variety of incidents, confined alone to the social circle, or the ear of a few favoured friends; unless, perchance, some inquisitive antiquary patiently investigates, and rescues them from oblivion. It is a source of regret, that so many facts, in the possession of the aged, who bore a conspicuous part in the revolutionary struggle, should lie entombed in their remembrance, when the eyes that witnessed, and the hands which achieved them, will be shortly dim and cold in the grave. The rising generation around us will soon be unable to identify the spots, hallowed by memorable deeds; and all that will remain of many past exploits will be a dark tradition, varied by contradictory accounts

of the listeners; until, for want of satisfactory evidence, they will altogether fade from the memory. Whenever I behold an aged American, who has journeyed down to us through the vicissitudes of threescore years and ten, I not only contemplate a chronicler of past events, but a witness of the protection and providence of Heaven. With sentiments like these, I visited, a few days ago, an aged gentleman, by the name of Doughty, whose recollections furnished me with the following remarkable facts.

Linton Doughty was a young farmer of Monmouth county, New-Jersey, and while the British had the controul of New-York, was drafted from the militia to protect the shores from invasion, and give notice of every movement, both on land and water, annoying to the American arms. The country about the seashore was extremely uneven and woody, so that parties of soldiers might clandestinely approach, and not become visible till upon the enemy; and on this account the sentinels had but little opportunity of alarming the main guard in season. News had arrived, of a large body of the English marching across the country in their direction, and the Major of

the battalion immediately ordered about twenty of the bravest men that could be selected, to stand on guard that night, as every thing depended on the valour of those employed. Doughty was among the number; and was distinguished for his courage and prudence; being bravely resolved, not to be surprised by the best concerted movements of the enemy. He was stationed in a thick wood, about a mile from the main body, and his peremptory orders were, to fire whenever he heard the least motion or noise. It was a bright, moonlight night; and he stood behind one of the tall trees, watching the variations of light and shadow which the waving branches produced. The dead silence was interrupted by the rustling of a distant tree, with the tramp of feet; and the figure of several persons were seen stealing before him; when the quivering moonbeams revealed the dress of English soldiers. He immediately fired his gun, which was directly answered by several of the company. He heard the balls whizzing along the branches, but he felt that he was safe. Retreating in the direction of his regiment, he found that his own camp had been surprised by an overpowering force; and he was accordingly cap-

tured with the rest, and escorted to New-York, to become prisoner of war, in the Dutch Reformed Church in William-street. It was a spacious stone building, without a spire, enclosed by a white paled fence, more thoroughly secured by high joist pickets, to prevent the escape of the American prisoners. A tavern was kept in a corner of the yard, by one Varnum, the captain of the prison, and a sort of sutler, who made considerable money in retailing liquors to the soldiers, and the friends who came to visit them. The condition of the church beggared all description. The ceiling and pillars, which might have been formerly white, were yellowed by the exhalations of vapour and tobacco smoke continually rising. Large pieces of the side-wall were broken off, from the yawning lathes, through which the hungry rats and mice were constantly scampering; and the deep windows were filled with tangled cobwebs and dust, that almost debarred the admittance of the light. The gallery pews were still standing, but their doors had been broken off to manufacture three-legged stools; and the floor of the former had been torn up in many places by the noisy crew, exposing the naked rafters to observation. On the ground-

floor, nothing but the pulpit was standing, whose dark mahogany aspect seemed in mourning for the sacrilege around it. The prisoners, for amusement, were, in one direction, pitching quoits, in another, playing fives against the walls. At other times they would foot away cotillons, hornpipes, and four-handed reels—while others, of a serious mood, would huddle in dull communion, and prose over the adventures and consequences of the war. The great difficulty in dancing was the attainment of proper music—the coarse humming of one of the party only serving as their band. But Doughty was a cabinet-maker, and with the assistance of a carpenter, and a person, by the name of Williams, who was a professed musician, had the hardihood to demolish the pulpit, and manufacture violins from its pannel-work, which, with the addition of catgut, in the possession of one of the company, composed tolerable instruments to amuse most of their melancholy hours. But all this was miserable business for Doughty, who was dreaming rather of military triumphs, than tuning up silly jigs in a church. He accordingly determined to escape. He thought, that if he could so manage it as to be put upon the sick list, and sent to the hospital,

that he should have a better chance of success than among vigilant guards, and lofty pickets fences. Knowing that tobacco made him deadly sick, he chewed, one night, a considerable quantity, and the next morning he feared, in good earnest, that he had carried the joke almost too far. The physician felt his pulse—shook his head, and giving his opinion that the rascal had merely a sick stomach, precluded, at least for that time, his favourite design. The next attempt was in concert with several others, to endeavour, during the inattention of the sentry, to break through the pickets, surrounding the churchyard. The prisoners were allowed, throughout the day, to come without the walls, and amuse themselves in whatever way they pleased. It was concerted, that while the sentinels were walking at either end of the building, a number of prisoners should crowd around them, and in that manner prevent their observation of what was transpiring. Among the rest was John Paulding, who was also desirous with Doughty of deliverance from his captivity. On the following day the adventurous scheme was attempted. The guard was accordingly blinded by the stratagem, and John Paulding was the first that escaped through the

pickets: and immediately, as if Providence so designed, was present at Tarrytown to arrest Major Andre; so that the freedom of one person became the death-warrant of another. After Paulding, another fortunately followed; but when it came to Doughty's turn, a woman, from a neighbouring window, notified the sentinels that their charge was making off, so that disappointment again mocked the wishes of our hero. He was not however to be damped by failure, for it was his favourite motto, that difficulty was the highway to success. He accordingly conceived a project, which he communicated to his fellow-prisoners, as bold in its conception, as difficult in its results. It was to dig a hole under the foundation of the church, and excavate a passage into an opposite neighbouring house. It demanded all his cunning to devise the method and place of commencing operations, so as to elude observation, if suspicion should be excited. He had a large case knife, which a file soon converted into a saw, and pieces of plank were easily made into spades. Under both stairs, there were large closets with doors, and into one of these our resolute veteran entered, and his first business was to saw out a place from the floor suf-

ficiently large to admit several persons. The work was to be effected at night, when a candle could be safely introduced within the closet, and no suspicion could be indulged of what was going on in the church. Those disposed to escape were divided into two parties; the one to take their turn in digging, the other to convey the dirt beneath the floor of the gallery. It was extremely difficult to move the ground, on account of the numberless stones impeding their way; but, at length, sufficient progress was made to learn the difficulty of the undertaking. It is surprising with what silence and secrecy the work was conducted. The weather being warm, the prisoners took off their shoes; and preserving the deepest silence, laboured up and down stairs without a suspicion from without, that the least design was in operation among them. They dug about ten feet before they attempted to pursue a horizontal course towards the street; and here they found a soft clay soil, less resisting to the shovel, and forming, by its continuity, an artificial arch above their heads. The aperture was just large enough to admit them on their hands and knees, and after patiently toiling, they arrived under the solid foundation. They con-

tinued undermining the wall which was eight feet thick, when they were partially obstructed by several of the heavy stones breaking away from above, which, after considerable assiduity they removed to their reservoir in the gallery. They perceived that they were working immediately under the churchyard, for they distinctly understood the conversation of the sentinels, whose heavy steps above their heads sounded most dolefully to their ears. As it was impossible to ascertain, under ground, the distance to be pursued, Doughty paced, during the day, the exact space from the church to the pickets; and comparing the breadth of the street with the measurement thus taken, observed the same plan in the subterranean passage. To determine the course, it was only requisite, while he was below, that several of the party should walk heavily over head, in the precise direction which they were to take. Having perforated a chasm of more than thirty feet, they arrived at a stone wall, which, they conjectured, was the foundation of the opposite building; and it being broad day-break, they agreed to wait till the following night, when they were resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt. It so happened, that the prisoners were examined, every

morning, alternately, by an English and Hessian officer, and it fell to the turn of the Hessian commander to inspect the captives that day. While scanning them over, his eye singled out a fellow whom he accused of deserting from the Hessian infantry, and he threatened him with instant death for taking up arms with the rebels. His countenance turned deadly pale, and his companions supposed that his fate was absolutely sealed. In a few hours, he was conducted from the yard by a file of soldiers, and he bade his associates farewell, regarding himself in the condition of a dead man.

It was about evening when the Hessian deserter left the yard; and every one being too deeply engrossed in his own safety, forgot the circumstance in preparation for the approaching adventure. The church-door was locked, as usual, for the night, and all but those too cowardly to purchase freedom, were alive with expectation to descend into the cavern. It was a moment, indeed, of considerable solicitude, since it was to decide the termination of their inglorious captivity, and arm the darkest vengeance against them, in case of being discovered. They

felt that their country demanded their services in rescuing her from a thraldom so unnatural to be maintained, and unsanctioned by laws both human and divine. To minds like theirs, wearied by long continued subjection, in a building too sacrilegiously distorted into a miserable dungeon, and on the very soil where most of them drew their first breath of life, any means were adopted to escape from confinement, and punish the violators of their liberty. Provided with a dark-lantern, the intrepid Doughty first ventured down the secret cavity, desiring the rest to follow, whenever they heard the signal of his call; so that in case he succeeded in working through the wall, he would certainly notify his anxious companions. They were aware that no one was more capable than himself, of regulating the plan; and that, even in case of surprise, it were better that one should suffer, than that all should be implicated in the penalty. Having directed one of their number to listen at the closet, they waited in the church, a considerable time, to catch the welcome message of their precursor. Nearly an hour had elapsed, and the voice of Doughty was unheard. Disappointed, and astonished, several of the party were preparing to

descend, when, on a sudden, the heavy church-door creaked upon its hinges, and the hasty trampling of feet indicated that something unusual was about to happen. As quick as thought, the appearance of a file of soldiers silenced observation, and they were directing their steps to the subterranean chasm. "Is this the way, you rebels," roared out a corporal-looking fellow, "that you manifest your gratitude for the favours you have received? But chains, with bread and water, will soon cool down the ringleaders!" Several of those standing near the closet were taken into custody, and instantly ordered to be carried to the guard-house; while the others were required to fill up the hole with the materials which were taken from it. "But first let the place be examined!" said the crusty soldier, making motion for one of the troop to venture below; but all expressing some reluctance, the cavity was filled up with a pile of rubbish and stones, and a double floor was immediately nailed over the entrance. The enclosures were soon also removed from under the stairs, that the whole of the lower floor might be laid open to the inspection of the soldiers. The unfortunate fellows, found near the closet, were

hurried to the guard-house, where they were sentenced to ten days' confinement, on bread and water, in the darkest dungeon of the Prevot, now the old jail.

But where was Doughty all this time? He had crept slowly along the passage; and while under the yard, he overheard a conversation above his head, apparently that of the sentinels. "Have you been told of the prisoners' plot," said a rough voice, "which the Hessian deserter has divulged to the officers; was n't he a cunning dog to save his life at so trifling an expense?" "Confusion upon them!" replied the other; "I have heard of the cunning scheme, and I have no doubt that the foxes are grubbing already under ground; but they will sing a different tune when they see over their heads the guns of our soldiers. But hark! let us endeavour to listen if any thing is going on below!" Doughty, at this moment, almost drew in his breath, for fear of being heard—but the conversation changing on another less important topic, he began to deliberate whether or not he should return. He recollected, that if he went back, he was certain of slavery; and. that to remain where he was, there

would be a strong probability of escape. He knew that not a moment must be lost. Guided by his lantern, whose dark side he turned to himself, he commenced sapping, with his tools, the foundation of the building; but feared, from the solidity of the mason-work, the impossibility of securing an entrance. While thus engaged, the clattering of feet were heard over-head, and the opening of the church-door, attended by the loud hum of the party. He was almost certain of being dragged from his concealment, and made an example to the rest of the prisoners. But he had no friend now, but his own fortitude, to consult; and he was excited to persevere, in spite of the dangers which hung over his head. Willingly would he have gone back, could that mitigate the penalty of his companions, and rescue him from the danger which he was so fearlessly braving. The idea too of being murdered, or buried alive, was too excruciating for his fancy to dwell on; but if unsuccessful in the object of his enterprise, what alternative was left but to return to the prison? What was his dismay, when he heard the noise of stones and other rubbish filling up the cavity; and his lamp extinguished by a sudden current of wind, left him overwhelmed by

the most oppressive darkness. The damp air began to breathe heavily, and the horrible sensation, for the moment, came over him, that, perhaps, he might perish for want of air. The confinement of his associates appeared perfect liberty, compared to his own abandonment; and he almost resolved to clear out the avenue through which he had waded. But a moment's reflection taught him that he had the power, perhaps, of effecting his escape, and avenging the wrongs of his country. His courage became, more than ordinarily, emboldened. The stones began to crumble more easily away, and, by degrees, he succeeded in perforating an aperture into a cellar, where he saw hogsheads, barrels, and lumber of various kinds; but hearing the sound of footsteps, and the echo of voices, he paused for a while; and all again being still, he climbed through the hole into the cellar, and taking refuge behind two immense casks, he was determined to wait there till assured of his safety in venturing forward. To his chagrin, he listened again to the approach of persons down the steps, who, coming to the butts, behind which he was secreted, began to bore a hole in one of them as if intending to draw off the contents; and while

turning the gimblet, one of them observed, "What a fine posse of soldiers, Bill; doubtless they are drinking like fishes to the confusion of the prisoners' plot." "Avast there, Tom," cried the other, "draw away for your life, for so much talking over the ale will certainly turn it sour." "They say," returned the other, "that one of the rebels has escaped through the hole, but I hope that he 'll not appear to us in the cellar, or by the hair of my head I'll souse him in the beer to his chin; but dont you hear something moving?" "Nothing, you ninny," said his comrade, "but the beer gurgling from the cask, and if you don't mind, it will overrun the measure." At this instant, the pipe rolled on Doughty's left foot, and occasioned a hollow groan from behind. "Powers of mud!" screamed the fellows, taking to their heels up stairs, with the rapidity of squirrels, forgetful of their lantern and the escape of the foaming beer. Our hero was bold enough to take a hearty sup; and suffering the cellar to enjoy a deeper draught, he fled through an area into the yard; and while the landlord and soldiers were searching for the ghost, he escaped through the darkness to a friend's house, from which he speedily joined the American army.

CONVERSATIONS

WITH

THOMAS PAINE.

The mind was still all there; but turn'd astray:—
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one.

T. Moore.

Illustrious minds have existed, who have denied the credibility of scripture, and ascribed to the dimness of reason all the mental and moral light which they enjoy: but they were intellects which, enslaved and corrupted by the world, renounced a system so mortifying to their passions, and so ruinous, if true, to their everlasting peace. As the rays of light, transmitted through a dense medium, prevent the eye from correctly viewing the object, so the unhappy medium through which revelation is beheld, either veils it in contradiction and absurdity, or exhibits it in a different language from that originally intended.

Indebted to the Bible for every public and domestic privilege, and illuminated and warmed by its holy and invigorating beams, the skeptic unfairly places reason upon the throne of the universe, when she is merely the pupil of a greater and wiser power. It is as absurd as if the scholar should deny that he was indebted to education for the light that he possessed; and maintain that the powers of unassisted intellect are capable of directing him on his way. If reason be thus predominant, let an instance be shown of any barbarous nation ever civilizing itself—ever turning from the darkness of savage ignorance, until enlightened and purified by Christianity;—and the palm of victory shall be decided in its favour. The classic nations, though from their proximity to the Jews, they must, doubtless, have received a considerable portion of sacred light, never rose higher in the scale than civilized barbarians; for the imperfection of their philosophy, and the corruptions of their moral code, evidence how low, compared with the Christian world, they were sunk in the shades of error. To the association of their sages with the prophets of Judea, they may have been entirely indebted for all their improvement; and hence the lofty

pinnacle they reached, affects not, in the least degree, the issue of the question. The living fact evidenced these eighteen hundred years past that no nation has attained intellectual and moral worth, until refined by Christianity, is sufficient to prove, that reason is indebted to the wisdom that is from heaven. To elevate reason above the latter, is, as if the astronomer should ascribe to the moon the sole power of enlightening, and forget that she was only an auxiliary to the sun that is invisible. Were the evidences of Christianity weak and fallacious, it would manifest a sickly spirit in questioning its claims; for who would not rather desire that so glorious a system should prove true, than that infidelity should usurp the supremacy? What possessor of an estate is constantly labouring to discern flaws in his title, but does not rather substantiate its validity in despite of every suspicion? If the hopes of heaven were half as valuable in their estimation, men would feel more interest in defending than in weakening their authority. The adversaries of the Bible, then, ought to reverse their conduct, by first examining the testimony which establishes its authenticity, before they proceed to canvass their objections.

The prevalence of skepticism too often arises from a laxity of morals, which rivets the mind to a perusal of the objections against Christianity, and a familiarity with those sarcastically hostile to its promotion. A sneering laugh has often more weight with the multitude than the most powerful arguments; and majority of names have effected more than the deepest learning, or the purest light of example. It is certain, however, that thousands oppose the gospel, more from the restraints of pride, and the persuasions of corrupt associates, than from the power of conviction derived from sober and patient investigation; and that oftentimes the tears of penitence would fall, and the chains of infidelity be broken, were they not frozen and forged by the sneers and opposition of the abandoned. The hope of being recorded in the annals of posterity—the passion for novelty attracting a crowd of followers—the mortification of renouncing one's own opinion, and pursuing the track we formerly despised, too often render the mind impenetrable to the convictions of religion. That it was the case with Thomas Paine, the author of "The Age of Reason," I am strongly persuaded, from a conversation which a friend of mine enjoyed

with him, not long previous to his death. My liberal-minded friend always respected genius wherever it shone, and was desirous of visiting that extraordinary man, to learn whether he was the monster as had been represented, and discover, if possible, his predominant sentiments. The conversation may be relied on; and as I am in no respects disposed to caricature the picture, every circumstance shall be recorded precisely as it occurred.

Having learned from some of the papers that Thomas Paine had lately published his work on "Dreams," my friend considered this an excellent excuse to visit him. His lodgings were on the south side of the Bear market, near Greenwich-Street; and he was pointed out sitting at an upper window, apparently engaged in writing. The weather was sultry, and the windows and doors were invitingly open: so, without ceremony, my informant entered the apartment, fearful, on the one hand, of improperly intruding, and of arousing, on the other, the indignation of the occupant. His room embraced the whole width of the house, the floor and walls of which were remarkably filthy. In the

north-east corner, behind a jointed screen, was discernible a pallet-bed, upon the floor, covered with papers. In the opposite angle was a large trunk; and at the other, a disorderly pile of several scores of pamphlets. Before Mr. Paine, at the middle window, stood a crazy table, containing a decanter with some liquor, a tumbler, with a broken-eared pitcher—a huge snuff-box well filled with rappee, and another without a cover, containing some loose change, while several newspapers were lying indiscriminately before him. There was a broken-legged table behind him, on which were the implements of writing, and apparently that at which he had been sitting. The lines on the paper were singularly irregular—the top of the sheet was fair, but the middle and bottom of the page were whimsically discoloured by snuff, which the sage was in the habit of profusely taking.

The appearance of Mr. Paine was remarkably eccentric. His dark hair, which seemed to have borne the marks of the French style, stood in all directions, with a long slender cue reaching to his hips. His face was curiously discoloured by pimples, so that a clear spot was scarcely dis-

cernible, of the size of a wafer. His beard seemed, at least, of several weeks' growth, and his upper lip was extremely stained with snuff. The linen which he wore was, nearly, the same colour as the floor; the collar was open, and the bosom of a similar complexion to his upper lip. His countenance was somewhat gaunt; his nose, large; his brow, protruding and heavy; and his small dark eyes threw a brilliancy of expression which no description can convey. He wore a gown of red and yellow striped stuff, called Bengal, with pantaloons of the same kind; and his stockingless feet were attired in coarse list-moccasins, with one of the points so broken, as to expose his great toe to observation. In this "Otium cum dignitate," sat this extraordinary philosopher, intent only upon his studies, and apparently holding in contempt the pomp and insignia of grandeur. My friend respectfully saluted him, and told him that the object of his interruption was to purchase his work on "Dreams." Mr. Paine regarded him with a look of courteous surprise—apologized for inability to rise, owing to his lameness; but requested him to be seated until his boy should return, whom he had just dismissed upon an errand. Independ-

ently of the arm-chair which the infirm sage occupied, my friend found another without a back, which was the only other in the room; and here, in midst of this wretchedness and disorder, he was to encounter a man who had thrown all Europe into agitation.

Referring to his book, the philosopher opened the conversation on dreams, and several other topics of physical philosophy, and branching off into the merits of various writers, terminated in desultory remarks upon his own productions. It was plain that he was anxious to enlist the other in religious cannonade, who without suspecting that the charge was so soon in readiness, was thus questioned by Mr. Paine; "Have you read my writings, sir?" "I have, sir," replied his visiter, "read all that have been published, except the work I have just called for." "And what do you think of them, sir?" demanded Mr. Paine, his little sparkling eyes glancing dubiously upon his companion. This was a question by no means anticipated, but politeness required an immediate reply. "Your political works, sir," answered the visiter, "contain some of the finest sentiments and representations of liberty, which,

probably, are to be found in any language; and I am persuaded that your 'Common Sense,' and 'Rights of Man,' with many of your similar pieces, will be always read with pleasure by every lover of freedom. Mr. Paine seemed pleased with the reply, and interrupting his visiter, went into a short detail of circumstances, connected with the period when he published 'Common Sense.' —"It was, sir," said he, accompanying the expression with a most expressive glance of his eye, "at the very time when this country was fighting for reconciliation—Yes!" he repeated, "fighting for reconciliation." The visiter observed, "About that time, sir, a very excellent man, and fine scholar, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, published a political work, entitled 'The Bible and The Sword,' with a view to encourage religious persons to engage in the war against America; and though some of the English ministry were highly gratified with his publication, yet the wisest and best of that clergyman's friends considered him injudiciously meddling with political subjects, with which he was so little acquainted; and I intended to say, sir," continued the visiter, "that the most respectable of Mr. Paine's friends have extremely re-

gretted that he ever ventured to write upon the subject of religion. There is nothing new to be developed in the extensive field of objection against divine revelation; every difficulty has been repeatedly retailed from age to age, and has received powerful answers which have never been refuted by a reply. The most which I have ever heard from wise and good men, on the subject of Mr. Paine's religious writings, were, that his talents had only given a new and popular combination to old materials." Mr. Paine gave a dissatisfied smile, leaned his head upon his hand, and, without deigning a reply, gazed upon the street.

After a short silence, my friend assured Mr. Paine that he had not the slightest intention of offering him the least offence or disrespect; that independently of procuring his treatise on "Dreams," he was desirous of conversing with him as a gentleman and a philosopher. Mr. Paine then turned to renew the conversation. The visiter then demanded, "Have you ever read, sir, the answers which have been addressed to your 'Age of Reason?'" "Not I," returned the other, rather crustily; "read them, indeed!

No; not I! Some of those writers appear to be deists themselves, and I understand, have been answered by Jews. There is a man in New-Jersey who has written two large volumes against my little work, to which he has given the title of 'An Antidote to Deism.' Now an antidote to deism, in my opinion, is atheism. The only one whom I have considered worthy of notice among all my adversaries, is the Bishop of Landaff; and I have prepared a reply to his book, which is in that trunk," pointing to one that was in a corner of the room. He then repeated part of the answer which he had written, beginning with a catalogue of titles, belonging to the prelate. He then proceeded to repeat the commencement of it; "The name of your book, sir, 'An Apology for the Bible,' is well worthy of the cause to which you have directed your pen: now an apology always supposes that the person or thing, for which apology is offered, is more or less in error." The visiter remarked, "A play upon words might manifest considerable ingenuity, but seldom amounted to an argument; and that a gentleman of Mr. Paine's understanding must know that nothing is gained by attacking ambiguous, but popular titles of books, as the

term 'Antidote,' or 'Apology,' which he well knew, was susceptible of very different meanings. I am of opinion," continued my friend, growing bolder from familiarity, "that a revelation from God to man, can be fairly sustained from the very nature and necessity of things. In all large associations, there must be a revelation or exhibition of law, to define general and social duties, without which, nations cannot be governed, or society supported. If the whims, passions, and prejudices of every man, are to legislate for himself, there must be an end to civil and moral association. To suppose that the Almighty has left the knowledge of our religious duties, to the dictates of the various shades of human character, which was never known to agree in any thing, would be a contradiction to reason and common sense; and human government, whose principles and duties are prescribed, would be wiser and more humane than the divine; which is a manifest contradiction." Mr. Paine regarded the speaker sternly, as if he entered into the argument; but, with a sigh, he directed his eyes to the heavens, and was for a moment wrapt in contemplation. After a pause, the visiter continued; "Sir, there are substantial

reasons for adopting the scriptures as 'The Word of God,' which, perhaps, have not occurred to you." The philosopher instantly turned round, and good-humouredly observed, "Yes, sir; but there are so many 'Words of God!' The Chinese have their 'Word of God!' The Mahometans, their 'Word of God!' And the Jews, and the Christians, have also theirs!" "True, sir;" replied the other, "but this very objection, which Mr. Volney also mentioned, is an additional proof of divine revelation. The fact of there being numerous claimants to the same object, evidences that the rightful claim exists somewhere. We have numerous examples of this, in our courts of justice: and the very existence of spurious coin, supposes an original which they are intended to represent. So, among the different pretensions to revelation, it is the business of sound philosophy, unbiassed by pride or prejudice, soberly to examine the evidences of each; and pure Christianity has nothing to fear from the result." Mr. Paine appeared considerably affected, sighed deeply, and with his head upon his hand, continued to gaze upon the sky. At this moment, the boy returned; and at Mr. Paine's direction, handed the other his pamphlet, "On Dreams." He

offered to pay for it; but the philosopher refusing, held it to him, observing, "I beg you to accept it, sir." My friend thanked him, and prepared to withdraw, remarking, "I fear that I have trespassed too much upon your time!" "No, sir," the other replied; "and if you are not particularly engaged, I would be happy if you would stay longer, for farther conversation." My informant again thanked him, and told him that he had long desired to see and converse with him, and would remain, with pleasure, a few moments longer.

While standing at the table, he took up a newspaper, which contained an extract from an English journal, proposing a substitute for a life-boat along the most dangerous parts of the coast; namely, that a line, of sufficient length, should be attached to a ball, and shot over a wreck, by which many lives might be saved, who might be providentially enabled to draw themselves a-shore. The visiter remarked that "the invention was very simple, but would, no doubt, prove exceedingly useful." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Paine; "but this was discovered by a Frenchman, while I was at Paris.—The British

are fond of claiming every thing." He spoke of the superiority of the French to the English; and mentioned many circumstances connected with the government. He dwelt particularly on Buonaparte; of his intended descent on England, and said, "I would have accompanied him in that business, for the people of that country are tired of their masters; and Napoleon is that kind of a man, sir," digging his fingers into his snuff-box, and raising to his nose an immoderate pinch, escaping, as he spoke, "that he makes every thing tell—yes, sir, he makes every thing tell!" His guest sat listening, and looking over the pamphlet, from which he quoted a passage that changed the conversation again. The philosopher was attentive, as if anxious for farther remark. "I believe, sir," resumed the visiter, "that the possibility of God's making a revelation of his will to mankind, has never been called in question; for it would be surely a most glaring absurdity to deny the exercise of Omnipotent power. And that such a revelation from Heaven has been the universal desire of all ages and nations, there is abundant evidence, with which a gentleman of your reading must be familiar. Many of the ancient sages publicly and frequently declared, that

'it was but reasonable to expect, that the great Creator should interfere, to redeem men's souls from the dominion of error.' That such a revelation has been imparted in the Old and New Testaments, is susceptible of stronger proof, than the authenticity of any other writings extant. The records of national and domestic history have never detected a single fallacy in it—the discoveries of science have served only to throw light upon its pages: the most eminent critics have found no inconsistencies, save a few verbal errors of names and dates, which are doubtless owing to the carelessness of its transcribers, through the lapse of so many centuries; and what is more important, the more it is examined, the better it is found adapted to the wants and weaknesses of human nature. Its doctrines are rational—its precepts not only carry with them their own reward of public confidence and esteem, but open the most cheering prospects of felicity beyond the grave." "The morals of Christianity," replied the sage, "are certainly worthy of respect; but could they not have been discovered by the virtuous, without a revelation from Heaven?" To this, it was answered, "Mr. Paine will recollect the anecdote of Columbus

setting the egg on end, which any one could do after the manner was shown. So, the united wisdom of the world produced nothing equal to Christianity, until presented by revelation; which was so distinguished for simplicity, and so well adapted to the wants and circumstances of society, that it has been a subject of wonder, why it had not been sooner discovered. The best system of the ancient philosophers would now be considered highly barbarous, and injurious to mankind. Plato, Cicero, and Epictetus, not only practised, but commended the polytheism and idolatry of their forefathers. Some maintained that all crimes were equal; and others, the open indulgence of the most unnatural appetites: numbers sanctioned the perpetration of theft and adultery; while the immortality of the soul, and the existence of an after life, were openly denied and rejected." The philosopher manifested the same respectful attention as before, and evinced, by the fervour of his looks, the serious sentiments that were passing in his mind.

In examining Mr. Paine's pamphlet, my friend was powerfully arrested by the passage "I hope for happiness after this life:" and after reading

it aloud, quoted the correspondent lines from Shakspeare:—

> "I see some sparkles of a better hope,
> Which elder days may happily bring forth."

and again,

> "Be that thou hop'st to be!"

Rational hope, he continued, always supposes that the good which we earnestly desire, is practicable in attainment, implies the best use of the most efficient means to reach the object, but above all, an adaptation of the mind to its enjoyment. Every representation which has been given of a future state of happiness, whether by the ancient philosophers, or from what is considered to be revelation, is always connected with the greatest purity and excellence. And indeed, it must be so; for even in this life, the most virtuous, benevolent, and devoted minds, are the most happy. Every object of which we have any knowledge, finds its proper level,—and mind with kindred mind forms a natural association. It is no less philosophical than monitory, than, that 'without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' There must be a congruity between the mental character, and the object or situation to

be enjoyed; and hope sustained upon any other ground does not appear to be rational hope, so much as the unmeaning expectation of the presumptuous enthusiast." The author of the "Age of Reason," with his head upon his hand, sat anxiously regarding the speaker. "I perceive, sir," resumed my friend, "that this statement of the question forcibly impresses your mind. I have no doubt, sir, that you have deep and solemn reflections respecting your Maker, and the relation which you sustain to him. But permit me to ask you, sir, do you ever pray?" This was a question which he little expected, and it seemed to produce considerable excitement; but with a pleasant smile, he immediately replied, "I have views of prayer, sir, different from most of men. Prayer appears, to me, to be directing the Creator upon what business he should be engaged, what wants to supply, and what deficiencies to fill up; or, in other words, requesting the Almighty to alter his purposes. Now my views of God are, that he well knows what he is about, without any interference or dictation from me." All this was said rather in the manner of stating an objection, than expressing a conviction. After a momentary pause,

my friend observed, "Prayer appears, to me, a duty, sir, dependent on no religious system whatever. It is the voice of human nature in distress, or want, and is as impossible to be restrained as our sensibilities. The pages of history are without an example of a single nation believing in a Supreme Ruler, which was not familiar with sacrifices and prayers. As to altering the Divine purposes,—Mr. Paine well knows, that the beam of a balance is as much changed by taking out of one scale, as by putting into the other. The substitute for the life boat, of which we have just read, where a line is propelled over a wreck, that the sufferers may save their lives,—the question is, whether the wretched individuals, by seizing the rope, draw themselves to the shore, or the shore to themselves? Because safety is as much the consequence of the one, as if they were able to effect the other." The attentive sage gave a most significant look of approbation. "Thus, prayer, sir," resumed my friend, "is admirably adapted by the Author of our existence, to the exigency of our situation; and the change to be produced by it is upon ourselves, and not upon the Almighty. Experience has always tested that prayer persevered in reclaims the

mind from the dissipations of life, impresses the heart with a sense of its dependence—controls our passions, and corrects our errors—inclines to the cultivation of every virtuous disposition and duty,—bends us in submission to the dispensations of Providence, disclosing to the view a blissful immortality; and, in short, like the cord of which we were speaking, draws the whole man to a closer union with his Maker, in principles, dispositions, and conduct." Mr. Paine appeared considerably affected by these remarks, frequently sighed, and looked upwards for some moments. "The mercy of God is great, sir," observed Mr. Paine, "and his wisdom, that well knows what we are, is capable of applying it." "True," returned the other; "but the divine attributes are like so many rays of light, of equal lustre, shooting from the same centre, where one is not capable of dimming, or superseding the others." "Repentance for our errors," the philosopher said, "is sufficient—nothing more can be done; and the doctrine of atonement is a contradiction." My friend remarked, "Now, sir, let us fairly consider this subject!" "You are a clergyman?" said Mr. Paine. "I am, sir," replied my friend; "but before my Maker, I am

an honest man. I have turned my back on many flattering prospects, for the profession which I have adopted. My mind is laboriously in search of truth. I have read most of the deistical writers, and I have many of their works on my shelves: and my firm conviction is, that Christianity has nothing to suffer, but from superficial and partial investigation. If truth, that jewel truth, is to be found with you, sir, I will become a willing disciple, and zealously join you. Your views of repentance, however, are at variance with the universal consent of mankind; for all ages and nations have ever united with their contrition the most expensive and sanguinary sacrifices, to propitiate the gods: and no people were ever heard of, that confessed the sufficiency of repentance, without atonement; the one being an acknowledgment of wrong, that is, justice violated; the other, an attempt at reparation, or the acquirement of mercy. Atonement is purely an English word, and is remarkably expressive,—being more properly at-one-ment, or the agreement of principles previously discordant." Mr. Paine smiled his assent at this etymology. "When we speak, sir," the other continued, "of the character of man as wise, just, good, and the

like, they are mere appendages of his nature, which may, or may not, exist, without affecting the individual. But every attribute of the Divinity is illustrative of his existence; such as wisdom, justice, and mercy itself, &c., perfectly harmonizing and uniting with each other. Now you are aware, sir, that it is not in the nature of pure justice to remit, in the slightest degree, the crimes of the offender, otherwise it were not justice." "What!" exclaimed Mr. Paine, "do you mean to say, sir, that the mercy of God cannot pardon the offences of mankind?" "Sir," returned the visiter, "we must reason as philosophers, and not as the creatures of system or prejudice. I meant to say, that the existence of perfect justice and mercy, with regard to a culprit, is a philosophical contradiction: for, like the pole of a balance, in proportion as mercy is exalted, justice must relax; for every shade of departure from strict justice, must be so far a degree of injustice; and can we consider the Deity as partially unjust? It is well observed, that in 'human administration, the pardoning power, or the authority to commute or absolve from punishment, must be lodged somewhere; but this arises from the imperfect exercise of hu-

fection of human systems cannot possibl
ply to the Creator. How, then, Mr. Pain
this at-one-ment be effected?" A paus
sued, but no reply; the philosopher seen
lost in a contemplative gaze. "All nations
friend resumed, "have answered this by
sanguinary sacrifices, and penitential rites
doctrine of substitution has every where pr
ed from the earliest times, and numerous
been the examples of self-devotion for the
benefit. The case of the siege of Calais,
miliar to every one; and more particularl
example of the famous Zaleucus, prince
Locrians; in whom the right, will, and pow
save his son, and sustain the purity of the
united, but yet he hesitated not to make the
ing, when the public interests were at stake.

or private justice are violated; and this, I believe, is the simple amount of what is presented in the Christian scriptures. The sum of the argument is briefly this—either man is an offender, or he is not. If he be not, then error does not exist, and there is an end at once, to all law and justice. But if he be, he cannot be restored, unless suitable reparation be made to the violated attribute; such an one, in short, as Christianity proposes as a remedy to a guilty world. Depend upon it, sir, that reflection, in a mind unbiassed by system, or passion, will direct you to behold the consistency and excellence of the Christian revelation."

During the conversation, several persons came into the room, with a loud "How do you do, Mr. Paine?" to whom he would either give a short answer, or an unwelcome glance of his eye; and after they had alternately gazed on him and my friend, they silently, but reluctantly, withdrew. Some of these persons were respectably dressed; but others were of the lowest dregs of society, and among them, several who had been inmates of the penitentiary. After they had gone, the visiter demanded of the philosopher, whether

he knew those men? "Know them?" he replied, rather crustily, "No; I dont know one in fifty of those who make these calls!" "No," returned my friend; "I presume that you do not know them, otherwise you would not permit it. Some of them, sir, are among the convicts of our city, and I am persuaded that they do not visit you from any respect, but simply to attach some consequence to themselves, by retailing the remarks which may escape you. Ah! there was a time, sir, when your society was sought for by the first and best of the land; but, unfortunately, your religious publications have inflicted much injury upon yourself as well as others. And many such men as have just visited you, doubtless, have been emboldened in dissolute habits, by the influence of those writings; for, sir, when the restraints of religion are dissolved, what is to be expected from the passions?"

Mr. Paine seemed wounded by these last remarks, and made some sarcastic observations upon the clergy; to which my friend observed, "Many of the clergy, it is to be regretted, have deserved your reprehension; but are there not numerous examples, where they are blessings as

well as ornaments to the community? To asperse the whole profession, because many have dishonoured it, is as unreasonable as to proscribe the mercantile department, because numbers have proved knaves, and unworthy of the public confidence. But bad as some of the sacred profession may have been, they would, probably, have been much worse, without the restraints of religion." My friend now rose to depart, and said, in a very friendly manner, "Sir, I have found you to be a very different person from what you have been represented. I was informed that you would order me from your room, and treat any one with rudeness who should accost you on serious subjects. You have received me with kindness; and I thank you for your attention." Mr. Paine inclined forward with a smile of pleasure. "But before we part," observed my friend, "allow me to suggest to you a few topics for reflection. Was it ever read, or heard of, sir, that any one was reclaimed from vicious principles or habits, by the instructions of deism? And, on the other hand, are there not numerous examples, of the most abandoned having become virtuous, through the influence of Christianity? Or reverse this, and inquire, how many good men, in conse-

quence of adopting deistical sentiments, have grown corrupt, and dangerous members of society! Surely, Mr. Paine, if the value of principle is to be tested by its results, that cannot be right, productive of such injury; and that, on the contrary, must be true which tends to enlighten and purify, as well as advance the best interests of human nature. I would beg leave to suggest another reflection. The instances are numerous, of those who, having boastingly professed deism, have pronounced upon their death beds the most bitter reproaches, and condemnation upon its principles. They have not only warned others against them, but they have used their best efforts to enjoy the hopes of the gospel, and have even partaken of the Christian sacrament, in token of their sincerity. But who, sir, has ever known of any Christian, in a similar situation, repenting and despairing of the mercy of God, for having embraced the sentiments of Christianity? Has not the system which he has espoused, grown more precious in his estimation, and has not his last testimony borne witness to the triumph and consolation which it inspires? Mr. Paine! Lord Herbert pronounces 'the Christian religion to be the best religion.' Mr. Tin-

dal declares that, 'Christianity, stripped of the additions which policy and superstition have made to it, is a most holy religion!' And to mention but one or two others, Lord Bolingbroke declares, 'No religion ever appeared in the world, whose natural tendency is so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind.' And Rousseau also observes, 'The majesty of the scriptures strikes me with admiration, and the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart.' I cannot but fervently wish, that he who has contributed so much to enlighten the world on the subject of civil liberty, may be led to add the same testimony by his sentiments and experience." My friend respectfully bade the philosopher adieu, who instantly calling him back, and stretching out his hand, said, "Sir,—sir, and will you not shake hands with me?" "Most cordially," returned the visiter; "and I leave you with my most fervent wishes for your happiness." "Come and visit me again," exclaimed Mr. Paine; "for I will be very glad to see you, and I wish you to come soon."

Thus terminated this desultory conversation, which lasted about two hours, and which, from

the interest indulged, fled away like moments. It was plain, that Mr. Paine was not a skeptic, from impartial and laborious examination; but from having, like many others, mingled with the unprincipled and depraved, whose lives were in perpetual enmity with the convictions of religion. Corrupt associates and habits are the fatal clouds which hide from the soul the light of the moral heavens; and until these be dispersed, it must walk for ever in darkness. It can be said alone of the gospel, that the more it is understood, the better it is appreciated: and there is little doubt, that had the author of "The Rights of Man," availed himself of the society of the virtuous and intelligent, and honestly directed his researches to the topics of revelation, he would have ranked among its brightest and most powerful defenders.

Mr. Paine, shortly after, removed his lodgings to a distant part of the city; and my friend informed me that he never saw him more; but the remembrance of the conversation has excited his regret that he never enjoyed a similar privilege; as he was persuaded that the philosopher's mind was open to conviction—that the visit had

not proved unprofitable; and that the strong invitation which he received arose from the transient ascendency of conscience, over the slumbers of self-delusion. Thus, what benefits might often accrue from the serious conversation of the intelligent with the adversaries of religion; who, approached with kindness, rather than severity, might be often led to reflect upon the consequences of their skepticism. That venomous hostility, which sincerely, but imprudently vents forth anathemas, has done more in the promotion of infidelity than the most flagrant assaults of its writers, who are taught to suppose that bitterness is the strongest defence of scripture, whose only mode of triumph is to trample upon human reason. If ever reclaimed to duty, they must be drawn by the counsel and example of Christians. When all other means have failed, affectionate persuasion will melt down the heart, and like the magnetic influence, convert it into its own nature. Despised and neglected, the rejectors of revelation too often, on that account, are hardened in unbelief. Their principles have been corrupted:—their finest sensibilities, blunted;—and their chimerical anticipations of happiness, unrealized; but possibly, by pious counsel,

a chord of sympathy may be awakened, that had long slept in silence, which may stir them up to the perception of all their neglected duties; and like a warning voice from the grave, lead them to the kingdom of heaven. The accession of a single wanderer to the ranks of Christianity, will operate upon his companions more powerfully than language. He feels that he has awakened to a new world of moral light and beauty, and escaped the darkness and dangers in which reason once enveloped him. He frequents his former haunts—but they are no longer lovely—he sees poisonous serpents coiling about their path. He walks among his associates—but he seems among the dead; and if he ever speaks, it is only with tears and persuasions. He would give worlds to allure them to the narrow path he has chosen; but expostulations, as with him, have too often proved in vain. Soon he shares, with angels, the felicity and triumphs of heaven, from which, his voice, could it be heard, would exclaim to every deluded follower in error, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

THE PROVIDENTIAL RELEASE.

Beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe.
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.

BYRON.

YES;—there must be a divine Guardian that superintends our concerns, that protects us from danger, ministers to us in affliction, and conducts us, on the wings of hope, to that haven of peace where our restless spirits would repose. By whom but this unseen agent were we preserved from the diseases and perils which threatened to nip the buds of infancy:—from the thoughtlessness, and ruinous labyrinths which perplexed the giddy footsteps of childhood—from the gilded temptations—the hollow promises—the false smiles, and withering attacks of the world? Are we more certain that the finger of chance has conducted us on our way? that our lives commenced and have continued without meaning, and

that the grave is the termination of our present existence? But does not conscience give the lie to a doctrine so absurd? Is there not a regularity in the train of moral events which indicates design; and is there not an immortality that cries within us? If we imagine ourselves indebted to our own foresight or management, and to the feeble faculties and strength which belong to frail mortality, have there not been seasons when our wisest plans were baffled, and our best-directed exertions, palsied and mocked with derision? Have not innumerable circumstances transpired, independent of our agency or controul, thwarting our fondest wishes and anticipations, and leading us by new and unexpected results to the dearest objects of our pursuit? It is not in the hasty and feverish excitement of youth that we realize our insufficiency: reflection is too much bewildered and led astray by passion, and the mind too warmly clings to the enjoyment of the world, to enable us to pause and inquire how we are led along. It is when the heart has been schooled to the knowledge of its own weakness, and been stung by the disappointments and afflictions incident to the present state, that it begins to feel distrustful of its own powers and re-

sources. It is at the evening of a well-spent life, when the fancy has been sobered down by experience and reflection—when the world no longer seduces by its snares, or intoxicates by its pleasures, that we look back upon the scenes we have passed, and perceive how little is to be ascribed to ourselves, and how much to an overruling Power that has led us along the highway of existence.

They who derive no consolation in the belief of an overruling Providence deprive themselves of the sweetest enjoyments, and the dearest hopes which can possibly sustain humanity. What satisfaction is it, that we are wandering guideless through the world, without a superior Being to correct the errors, and remedy the weaknesses of human nature, and guard us from the innumerable attacks to which we are continually exposed? Who would not rather believe such a doctrine, though the creature of the imagination, than forfeit the consolation which it inspires? It fills us with ideas of the Divine government, which ought to be true to comport with the character of that God whose attributes are allowed to be perfect. He cannot be supremely benefi-

cent if he can overlook even the most trivial of human concerns, and abandon his poor, dependent creatures to their own unassisted powers. But what is there in the sentiment unworthy of our belief? Is it impossible, that the Being who made, should produce certain impressions upon mind and matter, and by means, now unfathomable, guide and sustain the spirits which he has sent into the world? It would be the foulest imputation upon the Divine character, that he has ceased to govern and protect his moral creation, and that he has left it exposed to the evils which casualty or ignorance may inflict. If it be no derogation to the dignity of Jehovah, to create a feeble mite with the numerous organs adapted to its nature, should its preservation be considered less worthy of his attention? If the creation of man, with faculties not dissimilar to an angel, be honourable to the Creator, is it less befitting his wisdom to guide him through the shoals and quicksands of mortality, until he reach his final resting-place beyond "the valley of the shadow of death?"

It is objected, that we perceive no external connexion between the spiritual and visible world:

that we see no angelic messengers hovering near us: that we hear no divine footsteps approaching to our aid. It is very true; for how can flesh and blood comprehend, with material senses, the silent and inexplicable communion of disembodied spirits? But do we not feel their effects? The air breathes upon the parched frame, and communicates, though unseen, the most delightful sensations: the magnet points to its beloved North, but the agent that moves it is invisible: and is not a moral effect, issuing from a combination of causes, over which man has no controul, as certain an argument of a superintending power, as if that power were visible to the senses? If we judge, in the one case, by the force of the result, then surely it ought to operate as irresistibly with the other. I have always thought that there is a dark veil drawn over the natural senses, which clouds and renders indistinct our perceptions of an after life; and it may be, by the partial removal of this, that the soul occasionally enjoys bright conceptions of eternity. Some faculties too may be thus buried in darkness, for a season, until our connexion with this world dissolves; for here we might not understand the sublimity of spiritual communica-

tions, nor might it be profitable to investigate topics that concern merely a future state.

But although continually indebted to the protecting Providence of Heaven, how prone are we to dwell upon the evils of human life, which occasionally darken it like summer clouds, which purify the air and enrich the soil which they overshadow: but of the numerous preservations and blessings we have experienced, how few are stamped upon the memory after the heart is crowned with satiety; after the pulse of anticipation has ceased to beat; and the first vows of gratitude have been registered on high! Is it because the mind is more pleased with the contemplation of misery, than of the mercies which gladden the wilderness of life? or is it not rather owing to the prodigality of the Divine bounty,—to our being satiated with the fulness of our enjoyments, and to the comparative infrequency of adverse circumstances, which seem, on that account, like so many mountain summits known only by their desolation, while all around, gay with Nature's richest livery, passes unheeded from the view? But place the individual in a sphere where his privileges are contracted, his anticipations

thwarted, and where tears are his only solace, it is then that the memory of happier days rushes upon the heart, like the strains of midnight music: the sufferer recollects the bounties of that Providence which had long been buried in forgetfulness:—he looks forward to happier days, and feeling humbly dependent upon the guidance of his Maker, longs to breathe forth his gratitude in pious and acceptable services.

A belief in an overruling Providence not only results from the testimony of scripture, but the deductions of our own experience. It is not when the cup of our prosperity is filled to the brim, that we are enabled to realize the consolations of the doctrine. When the tide of our worldly affairs flows on calmly and unimpeded—when our countenances are flushed with the bloom of health, and when the voice of friendship is heard responding to our own; when the garden of our domestic comforts is unassailed by storms, and we behold no choice tree or plant levelled unexpectedly to the ground, we forget the Divine hand that conducts us on our journey, and mistakenly ascribe to ourselves all the merits of our store. But let the tempest of adversity

and affliction arise; let the winds of disease and dissolution beat upon our little bark, and wrest from us the objects on which we had fastened our hearts, then we realize our folly, we awaken to a sense of our dependence upon Jehovah, and we are softened into compliance with our darkest dispensations.

I remember an adventure which occurred, during the continental war, to an American soldier at Saratoga, which, trivial as it may seem, illustrates in some degree the sentiments which have been advanced. To imagine that to be trifling which does not comport with our ideas of importance, is irrational in the extreme; as events we deemed of little moment, repeatedly eventuate in our highest interests; while frequently those that appeared momentous in their results, are the sources only of vexation and disappointment. The soldier, to whom I refer, was attached to the army of the brave General Gates; and like many others, had been compelled to leave his family alone, in a log cabin in the woods, exposed to the ravages of those foraging parties that were scouring the country every moment, and only dependent upon a slender supply of provisions.

which, previous to his departure, had been procured. It was dead midnight when the father was aroused from his bed, by the tapping of a drum from without, to prepare to join his countrymen in defending his native land. All the feelings of a father were awakened within him, when he remembered that he had to leave behind him a tender wife, dear to him as life, and four little children, who were locked asleep in each others arms. There was no alternative but to obey the call of his country; so, without suffering himself to be governed by the impulse of his feelings, and having made those slight preparations which the pressure of the occasion allowed, he took an affectionate farewell of his wife, and joined the anxious party, who were waiting to escort him to the scene of action. How wisely is it ordered, that weak and helpless woman should be endowed with powers of mind frequently superior to those of the other sex; intended, no doubt, to bear up hardier manhood in hours of peril and despondency, when nothing but the sunshine of her fortitude can alleviate and soothe the dangers and trials which beset him. Thus the vine, which clasps the towering oak, and fastens its tendrils securely upon some neighbouring rock,

defends the former from the violence of the tempest; or should the tree fall a victim to the ground, the vine leaves not its beloved partner to bear the ruin alone, but yields up its own branches and leaves, seems to mourn over the other in refusing to relax its hold, and silently withers away, as if unable to remedy its loss. Thus a good wife is often the instrument of sustaining the husband in his adverse hours; and though the weaker vessel, often bears him up in storms for which he is disqualified alone, and is willing to fall a sacrifice to the same calamity which weighs down her consort's heart. Thus it was with our poor soldier; he had been supported under the shock by the fortitude of his wife: he felt that he had left all his world at home; but he hoped that the same Providence which removed, would speedily restore him to his family.

They arrived at the American camp early on the following day. The army was busily engaged in preparation for battle, since it was confidently believed that Burgoyne's army would make a sudden attack, as the proximity of the British troops, and the skirmishes which had taken place several days previous, kept the Americans in

constant excitement. The fears of a battle so natural to a novice, and even sometimes to those familiar with its bloodshed, are always known to evaporate during the agitations of the contest; so that those who trembled a few moments before, at the apprehension of danger, become armed with extraordinary prowess. There is also a hectic excitement kept up by the notes of martial music, the roaring of the cannon, and the rushing of the multitude, which prevents the mind from meditating on its situation, and hurries it along with the current of passing events, so that it has no leisure to dwell upon itself, but seeks rather to take a part in the giddy, tumultuous scene. This our hero felt when he saw the English army pouring upon his own regiment, in the morning, and perceived that he was contending with Indians, who were united in the service of the British. He fought as courageously as any man in the ranks; nor did he once dream of his defenceless family at home: his usurping sensation was victory over the enemy, and the rescue of his country from foreign usurpation. In the heat of action, his own company had, by some means, broken off from the main line; and in this situation they came in close contact with a body

of Indians, who, superior in numbers and address, caused them to retreat still farther, until, by degrees, they were completely entangled in a wood, where they endeavoured to take refuge from their savage pursuers. Enveloped in thick dust and smoke, they scarcely perceived their danger before it was too late to avoid it; and they found that they must either fly, or try to save their lives by secretion behind the trees. But whoever is acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare, must be aware of their perilous situation. Our unfortunate soldier was one of the number; and being totally unused to the hazards of war, felt, for the moment, as if his last hour had come, and deliverance was altogether impossible. But how seldom are we aware of the nature of our situation! we often imagine ourselves in the most imminent perils, when the hand of Providence is opening to befriend us; and we as frequently view that as the instrument of our relief which tends to plunge us into the evils which we are so desirous of escaping! The truth is, we never know when we are really in danger, nor when the Divine hand is interfering in our behalf; so that it always becomes us, while depending on celestial aid, never to despair, but to use every means in

our power to remedy our condition. While thus terribly encompassed, our soldier made a precipitate retreat farther within the intricacies of the forest; and, favoured by the noise and smoke, he penetrated, he thought, sufficiently far to evade the scrutiny and capture of the enemy. But the report of a gun near him, and the sound of a multitude of feet, urged him to procure transient shelter within the recess of a darker grove, and prepare himself for the issue. Now he had a slight opportunity to re-collect his scattered thoughts, and contemplate on what a slender thread his destiny was suspended. The roar of the adjacent cannon fearfully resounded from the sides of the hills, allowing no interval for the ear to listen to their dying cadences—the shrill and deafening tones of martial music, borne aloft upon the wind, with occasional guttural murmurs, that resembled cries of human distress, kept the mind alive with overwhelming sensations. The soldier now thought of himself—then of his wife and children, whom he had left the night before.—He seemed like one labouring under the influence of a horrible dream, and had not the power of awakening and shaking off the delusion. He already heard the cry of battle

approaching around his enclosure, and he feared to raise the impending branches to inform himself of what was passing. The discharge of a shower of muskets against the grove where he was concealed, aroused him from his stupor, and forced him to plunge deeper, if possible, within the shades of the forest, and seek some avenue to a safer asylum. He succeeded in extricating himself from the thickets; but what was his dismay in retreating, to observe several fierce Indians making hastily towards him, and threatening, by their gestures and shrieks, to sacrifice him to their revenge. Fear, for the instant, lent him the fleetness of a deer, and he was conscious of leaving behind him trees, rocks, and stubble; at one time wounding his feet by the thorns which grew along the ground; at another, being impeded by the wildering bushes and briars, which entangled the course he was pursuing. He sometimes heard the trample of his hunters—then he listened to the rattle of their war instruments,—then almost to their breathings, and looking behind, he actually saw one of their hatchets raised, and felt as if it was already lodged within his temples. A tall, mis-shapen rock suddenly diverted the progress of the fugitive; and catching at a

vine branch which hung down its side, he gained an instant footing upon the opposite cleft, which shelved down a steep hill into a gloomy valley, that hardly admitted the least glimpse of day. The rock upon which he sprung was one of those singular excavations which nature has so frequently produced, doubtless, by some of those physical convulsions which have rent the fairest portions of our globe. It contained within it a hollow passage that seemed to wind around the sides of a hill, and was completely hidden from observation by the immense forest trees above it, and the innumerable boughs of bush foliage and vines, which involved the devious cleft in its shadow. Into this seasonable cavity our hunted veteran sought refuge from the attacks of his brethren of the forest: he laid quietly down beneath an overshadowing vine, which seemed to hover over him as a watchful sentinel, preparing to ward off every danger. He listened only to hollow moanings of the wind, rushing through the high projecting rocks, and now and then, the faint murmurs of the battle which was raging so fiercely behind. No sound of either human voice or footstep was heard. He began to think that the Indians had abandoned their prey, and that

they had returned to rejoin the contest in the field. Thus we often fancy ourselves secure, when danger most imminently threatens us; and it is rarely, until we are startled by the thunderbolt, that we are alive to the perils of the storm. He was nearly closing his eyes with fatigue, when he spied several of his enemies climbing the rocky enclosure, and gazing anxiously around in search of their victim. They soon discovered him in the gloom of his concealment, and they rushed eagerly to secure their prey. But as swift as lightning he slipped through the hollow rock, and alighted unhurt upon the valley beneath. He fled down the hill through the thickest of the forest, and still heard the warwhoop of the bloodhounds crying terribly from behind. He began to fear that escape was impossible. He had placed too much dependence hitherto in his own unaided efforts, and too little in the protection of an overruling Providence; and, now that he began to despair of his own resources, he cried aloud to Heaven, in the anguish of his spirit, invoking its aid in behalf of his defenceless situation. He who knows our wants, only requires our prayers to make us sensible of our dependence; and before he extends the blessing, desires

that the heart be first prepared for its reception. Having followed the valley that was washed by a brawling streamlet, he crossed a thicker labyrinth of trees, and here stood still to ascertain whether his enemies were near. The shrill cry of the whippoorwill, and the hoarse croaking of the frogs, were all the sounds that he heard; and nothing appeared in view but the dim forest scenery. He was entirely defenceless; for his musket he had been compelled to throw away to assist him in his flight; and he was wearied out by anxiety and fatigue. The dread of meeting the Indians, whom he fancied he beheld in the wavings of every branch, urged him to move on; but it was dejectedly and slowly; and he fainted at the idea of perishing in the desert, without the succour of a single friend. He was in one of those forests which sweep many miles in extent, without the possibility of finding an inhabitant. He had no charter or compass to direct his course:—night was coming on, and the small portion of the heavens which met the eye was gradually sinking into the same obscurity as the forest. The roar of the panther and the bear, added to the cry of other innumerable creatures, diverted the soldier's fears into a dif-

ferent channel. He concluded that he had been driven here by the Indians, merely to be devoured by wild beasts; and his fears inspiring him with renewed caution, he began to look around for shelter for the night. It is singular, how one fear is often removed by the apprehension of another, and what slender hopes can minister support to the exhausted and anguished mind. There is something too insupportable in the thought of being entirely alone, exposed to evils out of the call of a single living creature, and far from those dear friends who are wont to alleviate our sorrows. But we should always remember that there is a divine Shepherd who "never slumbers or sleeps;" who always delivers in his own good time, and renders the means, which others would deem destructive, instrumental in raising us from our depression. He carries us through various dangers, and, after he has exhausted all our stock of resources, he places us on the pinnacle of destruction, only to manifest his power in saving us, and compel us to ascribe all the praise to that Supreme Hand which has led us safely in despite of ourselves.

Persuaded that his enemies must have aban-

doned their search, he came to a broad, stumpy tree, whose branches appeared to have been long broken off by age; and from the moss and vegetation which lined the side, he concluded to find at the top the safety and repose he was in quest of. To ascend it was but the work of a moment, for the perforations in the bark, and the vine branches around the tree, enabled our hero to gain a secure footing. Here, with nothing in sight but the stars, and surrounded by the green curtains of leaves afforded by the neighbouring trees, he threw himself upon a narrow mossy cavity, carved alone by the chisel of time; and here he felt that he could sleep securely from the apprehension of either Indians or wild beasts. The whole forest was now alive with the howl of its various animals. Sometimes they were heard distinctly approaching the tree, and bellowing at the bottom as if desirous of their victim:—at others, they would congregate in herds, and cause the woods to tremble under the awfulness of the sound: once he heard something apparently mounting to his asylum—then the sound died away, and he thought he listened to the echo of human footsteps. But remembering again the preservations of the past

day, and the almighty Being to whom he must have been indebted, he sunk into a sweet and undisturbed repose. How long he slept he was unconscious; but the first sensation he experienced was that of falling; and waking gradually from slumber, he found himself sliding through a deep aperture, from which he found it impossible to emerge. For the moment, he apprehended that he was labouring under a horrible dream, and made every exertion to shake off the oppressive phantom; but, still feeling himself sinking lower and lower, he concluded that he was falling through the cavity of the hollow trunk; but whether he should alight upon a den of adders, or wild beasts, was the next question that wakened his alarm. His heart almost sunk within him, when his foot encountered something like an animal, apparently asleep, and little expecting the approach of a human visiter at so unseasonable an hour. He vainly endeavoured to scale the hollow rampart which had become smooth, no doubt, by the continual passage of some animal through it. It was impossible to remain where he was, but descend he must, were his life dependent on the issue. It must have been verging towards morning—he could not have

slept more than two or three hours; and whatever dangers he was to meet, were to be grappled with in solitary darkness. He thought of the Indians who had hunted him through the day; but that was trifling, compared with his present situation. He had then the light of heaven, and his own liberty to protect him; but now he was a manacled prisoner, and liable to fall into the very jaws of death, which were probably opening to receive him. He wished himself a thousand times back again in the forest; and would have preferred being enslaved by the Indians, than doomed to the horrors of so agonizing a death. Having reached the ground, he felt several animals moving about him; and, examining them with his hands, he was convinced that they were young cubs, and that he must have fallen into a bear's den. His next anxiety was to ascertain whether the old bear was there; for, in that case, his destruction was unavoidable.

Groping about the place, he discovered to his joy that the parent bear was absent, and was, no doubt, prowling abroad for sustenance through the regions of the forest. Renewed courage

animated his heart; for there was one ray of hope to dispel the darkness which preyed upon his spirits. The bear in descending her den always enters in a retrograde position, being always fearful of a surprise; and in that case, is better capable of retreating from the danger. It was on this pivot of safety that the hopes of our soldier rested; for, unless his anticipations were realized, there was no other alternative than to perish. Hope is the last principle that forsakes the human heart. There is no condition, however miserable, that has not a solace: there is no moral wound, however deadly, but has its medicine to heal it. There can be no stronger proof of a Providence, than the fact that the mind is always cheered in the darkest of its calamities, by the expectation of deliverance:—it for ever awaits another morrow's sun, more brilliant than the present; and views the clouds of the present hour vanishing in the bright heaven of approaching enjoyment. Who can otherwise than feel grateful to Heaven which places us in a world where even adversity is made the medium of preparing us for a better, and which reconciles us to sorrow by feasting us with rainbow visions of hope.

"Cherish hope! and though life by affliction be shaded;
Still his ray shall shine lovely and gild the scene o'er,
Like the dew-drop that glistens the leaves when they're faded,
As bright and as clear, as they glisten'd before."

Our soldier awaited the return of the bear, with his eyes directed to the stars, which brilliantly sparkled upon him from the narrow mouth of his cavern, which seemed to him an impassable gulph. An hour, at farthest, he knew must decide his fate; but he was now convinced that He who preserved him from the Indians was as capable of rescuing him from the paw of the bear; and in Him he supremely relied for deliverance from his prison. While intently regarding the entrance of his sepulchre, he heard around the tree the growling of the bear, and, at the same instant, her endeavours to climb the tree. He was soon conscious of her gaining the top, and entering the cavity, by the sudden intermission of light from above: now his fears began to return, —his heart beat with unusual violence, as he heard her slowly descending, and even preparing, perhaps, to sacrifice him to her hunger. But the hour had come when that Being, who had permitted him to fall into danger, interposed his

arm in the suspension of his sufferings. Feeling himself endowed with super-human courage, he watched his opportunity, when Bruin came within a reaching distance, to grasp her by the hinder legs, and in this situation he was rapidly drawn up by the terrified bear from his dismal dungeon. When arriving at the top, the unfortunate animal sprung from it with all her might, and being merely stunned by the fall, gave our soldier sufficient time to escape from his dangers, and enjoy with his family, whom he shortly found, the gratulations of his "Providential Release."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

Know ye the Indian warrior race?
How the light form springs in strength of grace!
Like the pine on their native mountain side,
That will not bow in its death-like pride.—SANDS.

IF eloquence be the communication of our sentiments and feelings to the minds and sensibilities of others, then that which is least fettered by art, and is most congenial with the simplicity of nature, produces the most powerful and lasting impression. It is for this reason that the most celebrated orators seldom excite any other sensation than a transient admiration of their abilities, while the hearers go away with their judgments uninformed, and their hearts unimpressed by the opinions which they have heard advanced. There are numerous instances, on the contrary, of individuals who, without previous culture, or devotion of their talents, can rise at a moment's warning, and address a large

auditory with energy and effect; who can sway the ruling passions of the multitude by the magic influence of their eloquence; who can make the guilty tremble under the darkness of their frown, and fire to the noblest and holiest deeds, by the winning smiles of persuasion. This is really the eloquence of nature, which is seldom acquired by study; for there is something too stiff and laboured in the pupilage of art, which finds no access to the affections, being altogether confined to externals, and too much occupied with rules to converse freely in the glowing language that flows irresistibly from the heart. Though discipline may correct false habits, and eradicate erroneous principles which we have carelessly imbibed, it can never impart to the mind the power of true eloquence, which must always germinate from the treasures of the intellect, and must principally depend on two important faculties—intelligence and sensibility. By intelligence is to be understood, the power of clearly comprehending and unfolding the various topics within the sphere of our inquiry: and by sensibility, that impassioned tone of the feelings which always inspires our words, when we would evidence our sincerity, and manifest how

deeply we are concerned in the truth of what we declare. In this sense every one may be eloquent who possesses a clear and comprehensive mind, and feels strongly and tenderly the sentiments he describes. It is for this reason that no one can be so whose ideas flow not lucidly and freely; and who is not warmly affected by the grandeur of his subject. They who think deeply, and powerfully, and who are most easily moved to tears, are always the most effective speakers; and they are those who always carry the sway in the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. Although reason and good sense often exercise authority over the decision of the judgment, yet it is their co-operation with the affections that renders the victory complete, and binds the hearer in willing chains. An eloquent public speaker cannot be more fitly represented than by the sun. Were light the only effect produced by this luminary, the physical world would freeze up and perish: but it also imparts the influence of heat, which animates and matures animal and vegetable life, and enables the objects thus enlightened to feel sensible of its effects. So intellectual light requires the aid of sensibility to call its dormant powers into operation, and

impart that vital unction and fire, which can only enstamp its influence upon the soul. It is on this account that savages have been distinguished for remarkable traits of eloquence, although they have never studied it as a science, being inspired solely by the ebullitions of the moment, and the importance of the subject alone. We must remember that circumstances of little moment to us, strike them by their novelty with far greater force; and the violent passions which excite them give a tone to their ideas which would otherwise be lost. Without a copious language, and unable to illustrate their thoughts by those innumerable aids afforded by civilization, they are compelled to make use of those bold, natural symbols which meet their eye, and which cannot but awaken the interest of the speaker. Whenever a mind is observed among them of more than ordinary strength, and with an imagination more than usually enkindled, it boldly depends on the strength of its own resources, examines and compares the topics within the range of its observation with eagle-eyed precision, and gives vent to its convictions in the loftiest and most energetic strains of which its powers and feelings are susceptible. They

who have listened to the speeches of some of our American Indians can form some conception of what natural intelligence and sensibility can effect, even when unassisted by the rules of art. They who have suffered most, and are still bleeding under the wounds of sorrow, are always the most impressive and eloquent; and when to this is joined a comprehensive mind, capable of examining and analyzing consequences, the individual rises to the highest grade of the art. It is because our American Indians have endured so many unredressed wrongs, and have felt themselves outcasts from their own ancient domicile, that they can never see the face of a white man, or think of their former privileges, without being aroused to the highest indignation, and feeling all their faculties and passions on fire. Who can wonder, then, if the most highly gifted of their nation give vent to the torrent of their enthusiasm, and astonish and melt the hearts of those to whom they communicate their wrongs? Having been, in a great measure, wanderers for many ages past, and exposed to the incursions of so many foes, they have been endowed by the God of nature with singular tact and cunning, by which they

often ward off the threatened danger, and silence and defeat the machinations of their enemies. Keen in stratagem, and prompt in repartee, they have often occasioned considerable amusement in their councils; and extorted confessions from their adversaries of their superior address and talents.

Through the politeness of a learned President of one of our western colleges, I am enabled to illustrate these remarks, by an instance of Indian eloquence, distinguished by all the playfulness of wit, and the bitterness of sarcasm. The Rev. Joshua Badger, an aged man still living in Ohio, was a missionary, about twenty years ago, among the Wyandot Indians; and, during that time, took considerable pains in rescuing from oblivion numerous traditionary facts in reference to that tribe. Among those deserving of a first rank in his catalogue, the following circumstance is not unworthy of preservation.

About two centuries ago, the Senecas made destructive inroads upon the Wyandots, around Sandusky, and expelled them from their territory. The latter, with their fleet of canoes, moved

along the north side of Lake Erie, towards Long Point, and there concealed themselves, intending, no doubt, to settle in that region. Having sent out spies to ascertain whether the Senecas were disposed to molest them, they discovered that the enemy was secretly fitting out for a water expedition, to start from Buffalo creek, and preparing to fall upon them unawares, and sacrifice them on the altar of their revenge. Having been informed, by their scouts, of the designs which were in agitation, the Wyandots made preparations to meet them. The movements of the Senecas were closely watched; sentinels were on the alert to communicate every intelligence; the women and children were conveyed to a place of safety, and the warriors already felt themselves engaged in battle, and occupied the interval of expectation in mock encounters with one another.

Elated by the sure prospect of success, and already counting the spoils and scalps of their enemies, the Senecas advanced intrepidly forward, hardly supposing it necessary to study caution with those who they presumed little dreamed of their approach. The sun was about setting

on the lake; and the golden floods of light which he poured upon the calm waters and heavens, seemed to lead them on to a glorious victory. They already heard the band of their departed warriors urging them to bloodshed, and whispering in their ears the triumphs of their success. "When that sun shall rise again," exclaimed their indignant chieftain, "Wyandot shall be no more; he shall no more raise his hatchet to bury it in my tribe—he shall have gone out in darkness, like that great light which is even now hidden from my sight." As soon as the Senecas had advanced to a favourable position, where they might hurl upon their enemies the thunderbolt of ruin, unexpected showers of arrows assailed them from all quarters: hundreds of them fell lifeless into the lake, while their mighty chief, towering as the sons of Anak, was numbered with the dead, and precipitated into the waters below. What could be done? It was manifest that the Great Spirit was the friend of the Wyandots, and that the wrongs which they had received from the Senecas, were only to be indemnified by their blood. The vanquished submitted to the Wyandots, consented to bury the hatchet, brighten the chain of friendship, and

associate as brethren on the friendliest and most intimate terms.

To these propositions the Wyandots acceded. The Senecas then proposed that they should all unite in partaking of a feast, to be mingled with songs of joy usual on such occasions, as demonstrative of the mutual friendship subsisting between them. Accordingly, upon the appointed day, both nations feasted with great glee upon the venison and game which had been abundantly provided; and smoked and exchanged the calumet of peace in ratification of the treaty. The latter is always preserved to be lighted up in councils, whenever any thing occurs relative to the ally, and each member then smokes it to remind the other of his covenant. Belts of wampum and other warlike valuables were also given and received. The principal belt was white, with two black streaks down the sides, and black spots on each end, by which both nations were denoted. Having a white streak in the middle, it was said to signify that the road between them was cleared of all incumbrances; and that every hindrance was now removed to make way for perfect harmony. They then drank Cussene

with many singular invocations, calling on the name of Ye-Ho-Wah! Waving large fans of eagles' tails, and keeping time with the rattling of a hollow gourd, they spent much time in dancing, and singing their national war songs. The Senecas then recounted the praises of their ancestors, whom they commended in the loudest strains for their martial achievements and valour. They were a nation of warriors, they said, celebrated in song from time immemorial—being thunderbolts in war, but in peace, lambs. They were like the summer storm, that causes the harvest to bow under its stroke:—and again, they were compared to the lightning of heaven, that consumes whatever comes in its way. They also celebrated the virtues of the Wyandots, representing them only as extraordinary hunters, famed far and wide for taking various sorts of game, and particularly the Beaver: but while they highly extolled them for their skill in hunting this animal, they cuttingly described them as no warriors, being merely distinguished for their endowments in the chase. The Wyandots bore the insult with considerable patience. They felt the injustice of the alligation, and, resolving not to be outdone by the boldness of their allies,

meditated upon a reply:—the blood boiled in their veins, and they longed to give vent to their indignation.

After the Seneca warriors had finished their speech at the expense of the unfortunate Wyandots, a dead silence of several minutes succeeded. But it was evident, from the features of the latter, that a violent storm was gathering. At length, a very aged and infirm Wyandot, apparently more than five-score years, arose. A few scattered hairs of silver lighted up his dark forehead,—the fire of valour was still burning on his cheek, but it was almost extinguished by the frosts of age: his eye was still enkindled by the glory of former days, but its unnatural twinkling gave evidence of its speedy extinction. His hollow voice, when he spoke, resembled the dying murmurs of the storm, when it faintly sweeps over the lake; and like the withered oak on his own mountains, whose verdant boughs had long since decayed, he fearlessly stood up to face the blast. Rising, like the last of his race, from the verge of the tomb, in vindication of his tribe, he was gazed at by every eye; for there was something celestial in his aspect that com-

manded admiration and respect. Who can refrain from honouring the presence of venerable age? When its lips are the gates of wisdom, and its brow the depository of virtue, it claims the homage of princes, and the incense of the best affections of the heart. It is the living monument that records the preservation of the Divine hand! It is the ancient temple of the Holy Spirit, which is falling into ruins for a while: and they who can look coldly upon this monument of heaven, without being instructed in a Providence—they who can watch this temple of divine grace falling to ruins, and shed no tears over their own mortality, are bereft of sensibilities as sublime in their nature as they are honourable and ennobling to their possessors.

Having heard his nation satirised, the aged warrior said that he felt as if he would sing one more song at a feast, which was probably the last which he should ever attend. He requested some of the young men to conduct him to a tree, with his war-club in his hand, which was immediately complied with. All eyes were fastened on him. He commenced smiting the tree with

his war-club in true Indian style, and thus rehearsed his sentiments.

"Brother Senecas! Not many years ago, the Great Spirit caused you to spring from a large mountain, at the head of the Gerundewagh lake. There you received your birth, and offered up your prayers. You assembled there perpetually in council, to hold your long talks, and you destroyed a monstrous serpent which had coiled around your nation, threatening to destroy it; but the Great Spirit empowered you to come off conquerors. Then you flourished powerful and numerous as the waves of yonder mighty lake, until all the land was covered by the darkness of your shadow. Your voice was thunder to the ears of all the Indians—your eye was lightning, consuming all within its glance; and your hand grasped all that came within its reach, until it became so full that it overflowed. There was no battle in which your warwhoop was not the loudest; and when your victorious songs did not fall upon the ear. Brother Senecas! you are truly a noble race of warriors, and the whole world cannot resist your sway. But remember, brothers, you are no hunters. The Great Spirit

has only made you great and mighty in battle, but has not given you the power of ferreting out the panther to his den, or stripping the bear and the deer of their skins: you cannot follow the steps of the crafty beaver, nor triumph, by your sagacity, over his means of escape. No; the Great Father has withheld from you this privilege, and you ought therefore to be content.

Brother Senecas! We have also come from a far country, and have extended our settlement along the southern shore of Lake Erie even to Sandusky bay. We have been driven like wild beasts from the forests that once shaded us, and the game that nurtured our families; and even here we have been driven to paths which our fathers never knew, and to wigwams which our children have erected. Brothers, we confess that the Great Spirit never destined us for warriors, else we should have never left our former home; but we are gratefully contented with the simplicity of our habits, and enjoy no better pastime than the exercise of the chase. Why should we murmur if the Great Father has designed us to become great hunters, and make us skilful in the chase? Why should we repine at our lot?

We are, it is true, renowned hunters of the beaver: you were right in saying so. It is our occupation and our glory, why should you complain of our allotment?

But brothers, we have not come here to boast of our skill as hunters, but to prove it to your satisfaction. We have been engaged a long time in discovering and destroying a whole colony of beavers, who attacked our habitations, and threatened to extirpate our whole tribe by their insidious stratagems. At first they were too many and powerful; but we attacked them resolutely until we were compelled to seek a temporary flight, and regain time for a new assault. We were not idle—we ascertained that the beavers were preparing to come down upon us, and we laid quietly, ready in our coverts. One evening, while the lake was reflecting the smile of the Great Spirit, we heard the footsteps of the beavers cautiously entering our thickets. We flew upon them like brave hunters experienced in all their wiles, and with the velocity of a thunderbolt, we surprised—we tomahawked—we drowned them in the lake. In the midst of the carnage, the old king beaver made his appearance. His

size and strength were prodigious; his exertions and rage were like an impeded cataract. But he fell under the weight of our arrows, and thanks to the Great Spirit, all the other beavers who escaped the carnage acknowledged themselves fairly beaten. Thus, brothers, you perceive that we are no warriors, but only good hunters of the beaver; and that we have been indebted for our safety to the latter endowment alone. You must feel too the force of the confession of our Seneca brothers, that they are no hunters, but merely distinguished warriors. I have done."

The sarcasm of the old Wyandot was severely felt by the Senecas, who hung down their heads, said nothing more of their warlike deeds, but confessed the skill of the Wyandots in hunting the beaver.

DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER.

I see, the jewel best enamell'd
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides gold still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

SHAKSPEARE.

SAY what we will,—there is no wound so deadly as that which calumny inflicts: there is no curse more bitter than that which rests upon the defamer of innocence. Other evils we may avoid. We may guard against the assaults of the mid-night assassin who steals into our chamber; defy the blackest revenge of the enemy; and even escape the breath of the most contagious disorder: but who can fly from a "pestilence that walketh in darkness," or avoid falling into a gulf, whose mouth is hidden with poisonous flowers? Go where we may, the voice of detraction will reach us. It will disturb the peaceful

privacy of our solitude: it will ring after us in a crowded city, in the hisses of a thousand tongues. The purest and most illustrious that ever lived, have felt the persecutions of this insatiate archer, and no mortal breathing can escape its malevolent frown. The truth is, the principle of envy, which excites all to tower beyond the condition of their neighbours, renders them blind to their own, but eagle-eyed to the faults and infirmities of others. In proportion to the strength of this principle will be the degree of inveteracy indulged. The jaundiced eye will clothe every thing it sees in the same gloomy complexion; and the envious mind will rather dwell upon the darkest, than the brightest qualities of mind. What matters it to such an one, that another is more abundantly blest, and more conspicuously shares the bounties of Heaven? His selfishness is stung by the reflection, that whatever the one has gained is lost to himself; and jealous of his own inferiority, he would madly annihilate every blessing but his own, and almost blot the sun from its sphere, because it shines brighter upon his neighbour's habitation. Such minds as this may be said to have been created rather from granite than from human clay: the sting of wasps

is upon their lips; the venom of adders rankles in their hearts; and the malice of tigers actuates their conduct. It is by such scorpions as these, that men of feeling and sensibility are most keenly stung. Their sentiments are too delicate to abide the fury of the storm; and they weakly fall, like unprotected vines, before the slanderer's assaults. But "does an eagle stoop at a wren? Is the skin of a leopard pierced with the diminutive proboscis of a gnat? and shall a man, conscious of infirmity, yet unconscious of premeditated wrong, permit a moth to rob him of his birth-right; or the wing of a caterpillar, to whom the leaf of a plant is an empire,—to screen him from the splendour of a summer's day?—He who permits a calumniator to conquer his mind, deserves to be conquered."

Defamation of character may be traced to either of the following sources: namely, invention, malice, idleness and loquacity.

They who can invent a lie to injure another's fame, are the basest and most execrable of wretches. But it is the only resort, where nothing can be found as a subject of reproach, and

where nothing else can mortify and depress the proscribed object. Carrying their teeth, like the trout, upon their tongue, they will trample upon innocence, and sacrifice even heaven itself to the baseness of their revenge. It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that the minds of slanderers were serpents, in a pre-existent state, and would in all probability become scorpions after death: but would he not have given double virulence to inventors of falsehood, and have plunged in a more fearful punishment those who could so wantonly and wickedly defame the characters of their fellow-men? It is by infernals, like these, that the best of men are so virulently attacked; that crimes are laid to their charge, of which they never dreamed, and that occasion is given to the enemies of religion to triumph in their villany. But let them go to the fountain whence the stream of detraction flowed—let them raise the veil which unmasks the perfidy, the baseness, and the perjury which gave being to the lie: let them frequent the noxious tea-table, the gossiping parties, and the idle card-room, where the atmosphere of detraction is engendered and breathed, and they will discover their mistake. But the misfortune is, that even though the false-

hood is discovered, the rankling effects still follow the individual. Suspicion of crime will ever live in the minds of many, whose prejudices and distorted views can never be convinced; and the finger of shame will still dare to point at innocence, until disgusted, and irritated into crime, it finds only in the grave the repose it desired.

When malice is the motive for detraction, it cares not respecting the means of crushing its victim. I have known many a spotless character traduced, because it could not live in the consuming fire of another's hatred. The individual either stands in the way of the other's preferment, is guilty of more intellect and discernment, disgusts by his misfortunes, or dares to defend himself from the attacks levelled upon his person. Many are indignant "when genius thinks it politic to magnify itself: and yet they ought to be silent and reverential; for the more genius enlarges its capacity, the more gentle, the more amiable, the more modest it becomes; as deep oceans are more pacific than shallow ones." There are some whose malice it is an honour to incur. As they have no reputation to lose, their detraction is our best encomium,—their esteem, the

bitterest reproach upon our characters. Who would not rather imitate the silence of the lion, at hearing the braying of a mule, than force such reptiles into notice by the severity of our reproofs? Hatred is the element in which they breathe; and they could not exist in the quiet waters of peace, without agitating and filling them with mire. Why should we be indignant if the toad spits upon us his venom, and the serpent hisses upon us its enmity? And shall we suffer our minds to be disconcerted, because we are attacked by the clamours of the malicious? If the law cannot defend us, let us live our reproaches down by virtuous and exemplary conduct, and trust that our epitaph will be written by the hands of the virtuous and discriminating.

But defamation of character most generally proceeds from indolence or loquacity. Those engaged in no concerns of their own, are always sure to be engrossed in those of others; and they are naturally led to add to their suspicions the unfavourable rumours which they have heard. Habits thus expensively acquired, excite them to dwell upon whatever is offensive and unamiable, and exaggerate shades of character which

they but imperfectly behold. They observe but to detect error—they converse but to elicit faults—they mingle with society only to revile its frailties. Whatever they describe they magnify—whatever they esteem they venerate—whatever they dislike, they speak of with the bitterest abhorrence.

Loquacity as frequently ministers to a calumnious temper. It is in the tide of conversation, when heart meets heart, that the fame of absent friends is apt to be assailed, and when every idle report concerning them is treasured up and circulated with avidity. Then the dubious shrug and the cruel insinuation speak far louder than language, and array the unhappy object in the blackest of colours. Oh, what abominable slanders are propagated in the thoughtlessness of conversation, which, in the moments of reflection, we are heartily ashamed of and despise! In hours of secret communion with ourselves, we feel that those we censure are undeserving of our reproaches.—"We find in them" with Pilate, "no fault at all;" and were it not for the surmises of report, and the shame of retracting what we have said, we would affectionately take our condemned friends by the

hand. Christians have also to learn, that "to speak evil of no man," is as imperative a duty as "to love their neighbour." Alas! that their professions and practice so frequently disagree; and that instead of sowing the seeds of love on the soil of the heart, they sometimes prefer to engraft it with thorns! Many a noble soul has sunk under the frown of these calumnious triflers; and many a tear has fallen, and many a heart has been broken, that will one day ascribe its ruin to an ungovernable tongue.

"Calumny
Is a light breeze, a gentle zephyr which
Comes on in whispers, sweetly, mildly, scarce
Perceptible. At first a still small voice
Glides softly o'er the ground, till by degrees
Spreading around, it wins a crafty entrance
Into the ears of men, and fills the brain
With pride and wild amazement.
Then at length,
Finding a passage by the tongue, its force
Increases; though but gradually: and now,
Flitting from place to place, it sweeps along,
Like to the tempest, and the thunder storm
That desolates the forest, and congeals
The soul of man with horror. Yet ere long
It rushes headlong, bursts, and spreads around
Redoubled fury: then, in one loud roar—

Heaven's own artillery—wakes the giant power
Of fearful earthquake, and in wild dismay
Rides the tumultuous whirlwind.
So it is
With calumny's sad victim—vilified
And spurn'd, and smarting 'neath the public lash,
Fate drives him on to ruin."

But is it indeed to be always thus? Is purity to be continually endangered; and are the efforts of virtue unattended by reward? Surely not. "As the Alps are the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po; and though those mountains are for the most part clad in eternal sterility, they make of Italy and France two most delightful gardens." Thus, mental persecution, though it frowns upon its victims, endows their minds with firmness to resist, and dispositions to benefit from the threatened calamity. In the language of the eloquent Bucke, "They resemble the cocoa-nut of Ceylon. They gain strength from neglect, and fecundity from exposure. By obstacles, vigorous minds are stimulated, not conquered. And as botanists, by administering certain compositions to the roots of flowers, teach snow drops to wear the colour of Ethiops: pinks to clothe themselves in green: and tulips

to assume the tincture of green;—the mind, pregnant with exalted precepts, makes fortune at length take the forms and the consequences best suited to its will." To the philosophic mind, fortified by Christian hope, defamation of character, though a painful evil, is not a permanent calamity. An inward sense of innocence shields the heart from fear, and bids it cast its hopes upon a superintending Providence. Frequently, in this world, justice has interfered in asserting the claims of injured innocence, and lighting up smiles on that countenance which had borne the curse of Cain upon its brow.

I knew a man who, conscious of his own integrity, suffered under the heaviest wrongs which the tongue of defamation can inflict. His appeals to Heaven were disbelieved, and testimony but served to augment the weight of suspicion against him. He heard the dungeon of public sentiment closing upon him, and the hammer of justice preparing to rivet his chains. But the Guardian of innocence dispelled the gathering tempest by the unfolding of a single event. Society recalled him to her confidence and esteem—he embraced his family with the tears

of grateful delight; and he lives to commemorate with his friends the protection of an overruling Power. This circumstance is a token to the injured bosom, of that approaching day, when every wrong shall be recompensed, and the ways of Providence clearly unfolded. Silence your complaints, ye persecuted sufferers! the hour of your triumph dawns: your harp shall one day resound with the melodies of victory. Heaven shall acknowledge you among her honourable sons—the voice of the detractor shall no more mar your peace where all around is felicity and glory.

"In quiet hope and patient faith, spring's needful conflicts bear,
Then green shall be thy summer leaf, in skies more bright and fair;
And fruitage of immortal worth, in autumn's later days,
Shall on thy bending boughs be hung, to speak thy Maker's praise."

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

O, had I known that woman's love
Had been so hard, so ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.—Hogg.

In the state of Pennsylvania, near the village of Huntingdon, there is a wild tract of country, consisting of rocks, valleys, and mountainous passes, and extending several miles between immense barriers of limestone, which terrify while they attract the observation of the traveller. A narrow pathway of road intersects this dreary region, and winds, in a singular serpentine manner, among frightful projections, and overhanging forest trees, wherever the nature of the country will admit of a passage. There are also, for some leagues around, numerous tall cliffs, of various shapes and sizes, which, from their striking appearance and solemnity, have been long known by the name of the Pulpit rocks. In

ıany parts of the road, less encumbered with rush and other forest obstacles, the eye can gaze pon its windings through the valley—but in every ;w steps the whole is lost sight of by a sudden end, which appears to branch off in a precisely pposite direction. About the centre of this so-tude stands the trunk of an aged tree, gigantic ı figure and height; and having two scathed ranches reaching like arms on either side, it resents the appearance of a huge giant, lording over the domains of his dark and barren em-ire. As one approaches this forest monument, ıe path becomes so crooked and devious that it ›metimes appears to cause the traveller to re-ede; and at others, to make surprising advances ı his journey. Now, the withered trunk is im-ıediately on his right hand—then, it alters its osture to the left, and now it seemingly moves earer to greet his approach. Another change f position will bring it in the rear,—and then gain it will be seen in full view in front, until it ecomes hidden for a while by the impediments of ıe road. A blanket has been wrapped round ıe top, by some droll hand, to represent a head; nd so phosphoric are the decayed trunk and mbs, that, of a dark night, the whole appears

like a fiery apparition, ready to fall upon those who have the temerity to pass it. Few persons have the hardihood to venture upon so comfortless a region, after night has set in; and since many strange stories have been told of this tree, many consider it an evidence of resolution to visit it in the day-time, although nothing is seen or heard but the usual sights and noises of nature.

But love, it is said, can conquer all difficulties; and, with a beloved object in view, can fight its way through goblins and giants to arrive at the object of its desires. Be that as it may, fear is often a powerful drawback to the success of the inclinations; and they who set out the most valiantly in the attainment of victory, have been known to surrender at discretion whenever the terrors of the battle commenced.

Not far from the place before mentioned, lived a bonny old farmer, whose only wealth consisted in three hundred acres of the richest land, and a charming daughter, who, it is said, was the finest fruit which had ever been raised on his farm. All that the old widower cared about was,

the cultivation of his grounds, and the preparation of his produce for market; and Miss Jemima had all the management of the in-door concerns, even to the polishing the brass rods upon the stairs. In truth, she was an excellent housekeeper, and was not brought up merely to dress, flirt about, and spend the hard-earned gains of her father. But Jemima was handsome, and she knew it; and, as is the case with young ladies whom nature so endows, was by no means determined to spend her days in the bonds of single life, when she might become the happy wife of an affectionate husband. She had determined to give her hand to no one but a soldier, as she had loved, from her childhood, to read of military achievements; and her little heart never fluttered more than when she came in contact with a suit of regimentals. Now she had grown to woman's estate, her head ran upon nothing else than the sound of the drum and the fife; and she often woke from a dream, in which she was binding up her husband's wounds, and listening to the shouts of victory in some splendid triumph which he had achieved. As there is no accounting for tastes, so there is no remedy but submission when the ruling passion is supreme; and Miss Jemima

had read too much of the military character, in novels, to listen to the warnings and counsels of her father. There was a young farmer, by the name of Peters, that had long solicited her hand. He really loved her; but he was too plain and unsophisticated for our young heroine, who dreamed of nothing else but being lady to a general. Peters visited at her father's house almost every night: he knew that her parent secretly desired the match; for Peters was a forehanded man—was rather handsome and agreeable, and of all men in the world was most likely to make Miss Jemima happy. But "those whom you are to have, you will have," thought the rosy-faced damsel; and if I am destined to be the wife of an officer, why should I marry Harry Peters? As the inclinations generally direct to the course of conduct we pursue, so we are weakly apt to suppose that to be our destiny which is only the result of our wishes, and which is solely brought about by our own agency. It so happened, that she became acquainted with two gay, young officers, who were travelling on to join their garrison at the south. One of them became remarkably smitten by the charms of her person and mind, and actually

made her a promise of marriage; proposing, that in case of her father's refusal, she should elope with him immediately to the army.

Nothing was more abhorrent to the farmer's feelings, than to marry his daughter to a soldier; and he accordingly expostulated with her on the subject, representing him to be a homeless wanderer, and incapable of respectably supporting her. But the mind can seldom endure to be crossed in its favourite pursuit; and more particularly so in love than in any other passion; and the thwarted child always regards opposition as rebellion against his happiness, and like the resisted flame, his affection will always burn the brighter, in proportion to the violence that checks it. How seldom is a parent's pure motive regarded! How little do we consider, that they who oppose our wishes are the dear beings who gave us existence, and whose life is wrapped up in rendering their offspring happy! It is only when filial tears are streaming upon a parent's sod, that we feel the burning love which dictated their opposition; and although they were mistaken as to the consequences of our conduct,

we love and reverence the hearts which were so alive to our welfare.

The faithful Peters became alarmed; since he thought that he had real occasion to apprehend the loss of his Jemima. But gifted with an uncommon degree of natural shrewdness, he suspected that there was something wrong about the soldier; for he had remarked a guilty sort of reserve in his visits to the house, and an undue familiarity with Jemima, to which his short acquaintance was little entitled. Although he sincerely loved her, he felt that he could freely resign her to an honourable man of her choice; but he could not bear the thought of seeing her united to one of dissimilar dispositions and views, who should win her affections by unworthy means, and insure her a miserable life. He was almost persuaded too, that Jemima loved him; for they had been long acquainted, and she had even hinted as much; but he ascribed her conduct to romantic notions she had imbibed, believing, that convinced of her mistake, she would prefer him to any other man. While musing on the subject one evening, near her father's garden, he overheard the officer making the proposals pre-

viously referred to; and he immediately communicated them to the farmer. Exasperated to the highest pitch, they determined to punish the perfidious soldier, and do it in such a way as would effectually cure Jemima of her passion. They were of opinion, that if she could be persuaded of the cowardice of the officer, and that her attachment was only the chimera of a heated imagination, she would despise her own folly; and that, could she at the same time feel assured of the worth of her real lover, she would confess at once his superiority to the other. Throughout the day, the farmer and Peters were apparently very busy; and the next morning the officer came to demand the consent of the former to a marriage with his daughter. The farmer affected considerable surprise;—but after mature deliberation replied, that he had no objection to consign his daughter's hand to that of a really brave soldier; and that if he were truly such as his profession denoted, he would willingly give his consent to their union. "Name your price, sir!" exclaimed the eager champion of Mars,—"What feat of valour shall I perform to entitle me to your confidence? Shall I challenge the Governor of your state, or shall I bring you the

scalps of fifty Indians, as a proof of my intrepidity? Your charming daughter is worth every sacrifice:—and were my life at stake, I would not be backward in presenting it!" "You are a brave champion, no doubt, my worthy friend," returned the farmer; "but I care not a snap for the Governor, and less than that for every scalp you might bring me: I have an enemy of more redoubtable courage than these; and if you can but conquer him,—doubt not of my willingness to serve you." "Your words shall be commands," replied the soldier hastily; "Speak! let me know my errand!" "You must know, then, heroic sir," resumed the other, "that our neighbourhood is haunted by a magician, or something of that nature, who inhabits a hollow tree in the precincts of yonder forest. After dark it is more than worth our lives, and a span of horses, to pass that place in safety. Sometimes, the apparition is like a body of fire, and reaches out to grasp us in his clutches. At others, he assumes the appearance of a venerable old man, to cheat us to approach him. But more frequently he assumes the dress and manners of a soldier,—and then wo to him that comes within the reach of his gun!" "Mere stuff!" said the officer: "think

you that I fear, my friend, such old woman's tales?—send me not to combat with phantoms, which live only in the brain; but give me substantial flesh and blood to afford you proof of my valour." "Fear not, but you will have enough of that, young man; for those very phantoms often fight like tigers: so you are apprised of my terms; and he who will not hazard a battle with the demon of the forest, shall be no son-in-law of mine, I promise you!" The husbandman turned upon his heel, but the applicant of Venus was softened into compliance. "I accept your terms, sir," said the soldier, smiling; "and since I have the choice of my weapons, and my reward, I rejoice that Jemima is mine." "Hold a while!" said the farmer; "the demon, if conqueror, shall decide your refusal; but if you triumph over him, or come away unwounded from the field, you shall realize your wishes in marrying Jemima." "With all my heart," said the undaunted hero: "Name your time and place of my attacking this enemy!"

It was arranged that our officer should arm himself cap-a-pie on the following night, and be conducted by the farmer to the borders of the enemy's land, where he should receive sufficient

directions to find the object of his attack. But it was the determination of our lover to elope with Jemima that very night; and he merely assented to the farmer's proposals to give an honourable colour to his conduct, and prevent his being refused farther access to the house. Though he had consented to meet the farmer at midnight, he considered it a better joke to deprive him of his daughter; and if he could be so fortunate as to anticipate him a day beforehand, he cared little for combating with disembodied spirits. The road to which he had been directed, he had once travelled in the day-time; but he had seen nothing about it particularly terrifying, and he was determined to hazard all its dangers, provided he was certain of escaping with his prize. But crafty as he was, he was by no means a match for our Pennsylvanian rustic; and he had to learn, as will be found in the sequel, what it is to trifle with a brave and honourable rival.

Jemima had been apprized of all these circumstances by her anxious lover, and although she was surprised at the recital which had been given him, she declared that she had no doubt it was her father's intention of proving his

sincerity; and she begged him, by all means, to go, were it only to satisfy the whim. They could but elope together, if the officer should fail in his attempt; and, at all events, it were better to incur a trifling difficulty, than risk the danger and disgrace of flying from her native home. But fearful of losing her, the soldier prevailed upon her to lose no time in accompanying him that very night, as he was persuaded that it was a fiction invented by her father to delay and prevent the execution of his wishes. She promised to be in readiness, on the back avenue, precisely at ten o'clock; where horses were to be stationed for their reception, as she had no doubt that it was all a jest, and that they should soon return back as merrily as they went. It was owing to the powerful solicitations of her seducer that she consented; and it was not without many tears and compunctions of conscience that she resolved upon accompanying him. Abandoned by her reason and delicacy, what a wretched slave is woman! Thus, the first false step often leads her to the verge of a precipice; and she, who once trembled at the suspicion of crime, fearlessly plunges into ruin, overcome by the caresses of her deceiver.

At the appointed hour, the horses were both ready saddled in the lane, and Jemima and the soldier were mounted and pursuing their way towards the forest. There were two roads which led to the village of Huntingdon; one of them, passing through the dark mazes of the rocky defile, where stood the well-known tree, the subject of so much conversation; and the other, winding along the banks of the Juniata river, being several miles farther than the former. He chose the first, not only on account of its brevity, but because he could more easily conceal himself among the thickets from the danger of a surprise. The stars shone with dazzling brilliancy above their heads, imparting a richer blue to the celestial vault, and reflecting their light in ten thousand rays on the ripling water, which caused them to lengthen and vibrate in mimic crowns of glory. The gloom of the surrounding landscape was forgotten and shut out by the dark apprehensions of distrust, which will always harass the conscience when confident of doing wrong; and they, who in other circumstances might have admired the sublimity of the grand and silent night, listened only to the quick bounds of their steeds rattling over the uneven ground.

and beginning to plunge into the stillness of the mountain forest. It requires uncommon fortitude to hush down those feelings which incline us to virtue, and warn us to beware of the consequences which attend upon guilt. But they who once suffer themselves to be steeled against their remonstrances, are apt to become lulled into a stupor from which they may never wake till they are the slaves of crime. Thus it was with our fugitives: the one was journeying, she knew not whither, under the expectation of returning: the other was determined upon eloping with his victim. "Has father apprised you of the place?" demanded the damsel, in a low voice. "Yes," said the other in an unmeaning tone; "but does Jemima think me such a fool, as to be standing sentinel for the dead, when I have more occasion to be afraid of the living? Your father cannot surely expect that I am to be sent on a fool's errand; and if he does, believe me, he is confoundedly mistaken:—But know, my dove, 'there is more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords!' and why should I brave shadows who am already possessed of the reward?" "But surely," said she, "you mean to return to the cottage, for I have not certainly abandoned

father, and why do you reproach him with such folly?" "I tell you, girl," he replied, "that you are now mine, and that all the powers on earth cannot snatch you from my embrace! What is your old father to me, Jemima? have you not vowed to follow your soldier to the grave, and do you repent of your promise? Bethink you, my fair one, we are now out of the reach of witnesses, and enemies, and it is out of your power to retract!" "But one———" cried a deep hollow voice, from behind a neighbouring thicket; but the words were heard only by the maid; for the other was too deeply occupied by his own passion to attend to any other object. "What is that?" demanded Jemima, with a faint scream, riding nearer to her companion on horseback; "do my ears deceive me? who spoke?" "Yourself only, my trembling little vixen," replied the lover; "the echoes of this place, no doubt, are in love with your own sweet voice; and they are merely imitating its melodious accents." "I surely heard a voice!" repeated the terrified girl. "You did," returned the officer with a laugh, "but it was certainly your own!"

They rode on in silence until they came within

the embrace of the overhanging cliffs, and began to enter upon the narrow road which was so deeply involved in their shadow. The pulpit rocks, which were now and then partially visible through the openings, seemed dressed up in every variety of shapes to which the fancy can give birth,—sometimes wearing the aspect of castles and terraces; at others, of huge animals loitering in the forest, and as frequently, of tall giants mingled together in battle. The stars, which had once shone so brightly, were completely hidden by the mighty trees which lined the sides of the valley; and the pall of night seemed more fearfully spread over the dismal regions which they were entering. Now the heart of Jemima began to relent, and she began to feel the impropriety of leaving her father's house, under the protection of a stranger, and encountering the terrific dangers to which her person was exposed. She remembered the past advice of her parent, and the tender faithfulness of Peters. She concluded that her father's story had been mere pretence; or, if true, that the soldier had no intention of fulfilling his promise, and that now, perhaps, she would be compelled to bid an eternal farewell to her home. She would have given worlds, at the mo-

ment, to return: tears rushed into her eyes:—but how difficult is it to retrace the forsaken path of virtue! "Slowly, Jemima!" whispered the other; "do you see yonder bright figure, with two arms reaching out from its sides, and a scowling head that looks ready to eat up the traveller? Confound it! it bodes us no good luck;—and what if it prove the magician of which your father so faithfully warned me? But never fear, girl, I have a sword and a pair of pistols that will make the monster tremble if he dare to attack us." The soldier counterfeited a laugh; but it was plain that he felt somewhat cowardly: but how could he now retreat without marring the success of his scheme? Jemima's heart almost sunk within her, as she viewed the dismal object, which resembled a fiery giant, at a distance, moving alternately from right to left, and then coming nearer, as if sensible of their approach. The farther they advanced, the vaster and more brilliant it appeared; and its two arms, held out in the stiff attitude of defiance, gave it the aspect of a supernatural being, consuming all that came within its reach. The horses themselves began to partake of the panic—for they snuffed the air, and faltered in their pace, and

attempted to wheel about, as if returning. Just as they arrived at a bend of the narrow road, a dark figure was seen flitting across it, and in an instant was lost sight of in the mazes of the forest. "Did you see that?" demanded Jemima of the officer; "had we not better return, than face the dangers that menace us? there is no doubt but that enemies are pursuing us, and who knows whether there be not truth in the account which father gave you?" "I care not now," said the soldier, looking suspiciously round; "the time is come, Jemima, when you must be mine, or perish in this forest if another's. I have hazarded every thing for you, and no power whatever shall save you from my grasp." "But mine!"—exclaimed a rough, hollow voice near them; but from whence, it was impossible to tell. A slight rustling was only heard among the thickets; and in an instant, all was still. The unfortunate girl perceived that she was indeed betrayed by the soldier: but it was too late, she feared, to remedy her imprudence.

It was one of those calm autumn nights when the wind scarcely breathed over the woods, and only the falling of the withered leaves interrupted

the monotony that prevailed. The sky was not only obscured by floating clouds which defied the penetration of the stars, but it was also barred out by the steep masses of limestone which hemmed in the passes of the valley. The steed which Jemima rode refused to obey the guidance of the reins; and unable to manage it, she was thrown unexpectedly from her seat, upon a soft bed of leaves; but she was too much stunned by the fall to cry aloud for help. Her cries, indeed, would have proved of no avail; for our hero was too much engaged in managing his own animal; and hearing the other bounding furiously back, he concluded that Jemima must have perished, and that it was his duty to take care of himself. He began to think of his past guilt in enticing her from home, and his cruelty in exposing her thus to perish in the forest. But his reflections were absorbed by the terrific monster of fire, which now became so alarming that his horse refused to conduct him farther. He tried to sing some cheerful ditty, and call upon his mistress, but his tongue stuck in his throat: he endeavoured to urge his steed along, but he became fierce and frantic, and winnowed so loud that the very echoes caused

him to startle. He drew his sword, but he was scarce able to hold it: he grasped his pistols, but was ignorant whether they were primed or loaded. His hair almost stood up on end as he approached nearer to the frightful object, and perceived a man beside it, who, from his soldier-like appearance, must, doubtless, be the magician of which the farmer had warned him. He snapped his pistol, but it merely flashed in the pan: he tried to wield his sword, but it fell from his trembling hand. There was no escape from the enemy whose weapon was aimed directly at his head; and, stunned by the blow, our hero was levelled from his horse. How long he lay there he was unconscious; but at length he rose up, bruised and dismantled like a brave and vanquished warrior, and looking around, saw nothing but the stump of an old tree shining like fire, from the phosphorus that covered it; but the magician had gone. He had sufficient strength to mount his nag, which he found quietly grazing in the road; and after reflecting upon the past as philosophically as possible, and concluding that the blows which he had received were too heavy to be supernatural, he rapidly continued his course, until he joined his regiment at the garrison southward.

Suffice it to say, that Jemima was not carried away by magic hands; for the movements of the lovers had been closely watched, and followed. She awoke the next morning, and perceiving the assiduous Peters and her father in the room, she reflected upon the past as the effects of a horrible dream. She had been thoroughly cured of her romantic attachment, and always changed the conversation whenever it touched upon that subject. Being soon convinced that Peters only could make her happy, she was not long after married to him, and became a most exemplary wife. Ignorant, till the day of her death, of the officer's mishap, she never even suspected that Peters rescued her from the forest, and that he was the only magician that haunted the Pulpit Rocks.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,—
A stream diverted from its parent source;—
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,—
A moment parted from eternity,—
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,—
An exile anxious for his native home.—H. More.

Disconsolate by the death of a tender father, my friend was walking alone one evening, buried in deep reflection upon his loss. While gazing upon the bright and silent stars,—who knows, thought he, whether my parent is a resident of one of those pure orbs, and is now looking down from his happiness upon the sorrows of his child? Or may he not cease to exist; and may not the mind, which sparkled in him, have expired in darkness—like the fate of that meteor which is shooting across the heavens? He watched the coruscation, and regarding it as the

token of his parent's extinction, saw it glimmering and diminishing to a single spark. He continued to gaze upon it, but it still remained fixed; and he began to conclude that perhaps he was deceived by a star. After much consideration, he perceived that it had merely settled upon the bosom of a planet, and faded away in the light of the latter. Whatever were his doubts, the soothing consolation came over him, that thus it was with his deceased father—that the "star of his being," refined from the dross of mortality, thus "mingled with heaven;" and that he shone there, "as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." He returned home fully impressed by the belief of the soul's immortality; and, although taught by so trivial an incident, it will follow him to that closing hour, when his "mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

Who can be a skeptic to his own immortality? Is the doctrine contrary to reason, or beyond the power of Omnipotence to establish? Is it more difficult to believe, than ten thousand mysteries around us, to which, though incomprehensible, we subscribe our faith? Do we place implicit

confidence in the revolution of myriads of worlds upon nothing about innumerable suns, each inexpressibly larger and more glorious than our own? Are we convinced of the inexplicable union of mind with matter, and the mysterious and overpowering consequences which result from the combination? Are we persuaded that there is a Supreme Being, infinitely perfect, without beginning, or termination—omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent? Shall then our own immortality, which is, to these truths, as a taper compared with the sun, stagger our faith? Is it not a hope, accordant with reason, with our notions of the Divine perfections, with the general analogy of nature and philosophy, with the sublimest views and principles of the most intelligent and pious? Is it not established by a Volume, which purports to have come from Heaven, and is it not so superior to every human discovery, as to convict the mind of its celestial origin?

> "Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever?
> Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
> This is a miracle, and that no more."

But what is the soul?—Some have thought it a "light substance in the shape of the body; but

of a nature so elastic and ærial, as to be insensible of touch; bearing the same relation to the frame that music does to an instrument, or perfume to the solid substance of a flower," passing from it at death as vapour from the earth; and, though intangible and unseen, penetrating, like the electric element, the most solid of bodies. Others suppose that it is a principle, resembling gravitation, or the magnetic fluid operating invisibly on the senses of the body, and being too minute for the powers of the microscope, consequently escaping the organs of vision. Some have viewed the soul as possessing the nature of angels; and others, as being a portion of the Deity. But what philosopher can analyze its nature? What anatomist discover its form and habitation? Like the fluids before mentioned, it baffles our research; and, though defining, perceiving, and comprehending all, is itself undefined, invisible, and unknown. But who would suspect its reality, because it has neither been seen, examined, or comprehended? As well might we doubt the existence of the wind, the influence of gravitation, or the magnetic fluid; and as well might the blind deny the certainty of sight. The operations of the soul, in like man-

ner, as clearly prove its existence; and they must be blind, who, subscribing to truths so mysterious in nature, withhold their assent to facts so manifest in morals.

In common with the animal, the soul of man is possessed of the faculty of sensation,—that is, the power of hearing, and perceiving the various objects of sense, and applying them to the wants and comforts of the body. In distinction from the brute, the human senses are used as the instruments of the soul, and are operated on entirely by the influence of mind. It is not the eye that sees; for this, like any other matter, is incapable of vision; but it is a living principle which, using the eye, as it often does glasses, reasons upon the size and properties of objects. It is not the organ of hearing which is sensible of sound, no more than the trumpet which ministers to that purpose; but it is the soul itself that drinks in the richness of music, and derives such speechless pleasure from the skill of the performer. It is not the nerve of feeling that discloses, by a touch, the proportions of bodies, since a staff may as well suffice as the hand; but it is the spirit that forms a judgment of external matter,

and ascertains its bounds, qualities, and dimensions. Similar observations apply to the rest of the senses, which are merely the agents employed by the soul in manifesting and performing her desires. Hence we infer, that our organs of sense are in no respects ourselves, but are entirely controlled by an independent principle. Were the perceptive power and organs exactly alike, it would follow, that were the latter destroyed, the ideas of sense would terminate also; so that they who had lost their sight would cease to have any ideas. But mental perceptions we know are enjoyed by the blind; and in dreams we are sure that the perceptive faculty is often extremely vigilant, while the organs they make use of are entombed in a temporary oblivion. If the power then that operates remains in full force after the suspension of its organs, it is reasonable that it will survive the shock of the last enemy; and as the mental faculty often survives the loss of many of our corporeal members, is it not just as probable that it will survive the wreck of all?

Contemplate the powers of the understanding! What subject is too vast or feeble for the intel-

lect to penetrate? With the smallest animalcule that floats in a drop of water, to the mightiest planet which is whirled through space, the mental vision is constantly occupied. The plants, minerals, and properties of the earth, have been severally analyzed; and the history of its animals critically unfolded. The atmosphere has been decomposed—the very lightning drawn down from heaven,—and all nature taught to subserve the interests of man. Not content with ranging abroad, the soul attempts to ascertain and define the nature of its own powers. Enlightened by the gospel, it subjects to its controul the wills and passions of men, and improves itself and others in knowledge and piety. It can ever tear away the dark curtain of the grave; and, entering heaven by faith, listen to the melody of its angels. Consider too the sublimity of the will! a faculty empowering us in a moment to resolve upon a course repugnant to the senses, and in many cases, at first sight, utterly impossible: that produces, by a thought, the most astonishing results, —promotes the improvement of the intellect, and prepares the soul for the enjoyment of heaven. Witness also the treasures of the memory!—a faculty which identifies the present with the past

ages of the world: which unfolds to us, in retrospect, the remotest action, circumstance, and scene, and gifts the soul with a kind of mortal omniscience, shadowing forth that God who knows the past, the present, and the future. The affections of the heart also reposing on the noblest and purest of objects, command the astonishment of every meditating mind. Whence arises that wish after immortality, which is never satisfied till it rests in the possession of Almighty God? These affections and desires proclaim louder than language, that the soul came from God, and is tending to him again. They seem to be a faint reminiscence of Heaven, and a wish of retasting its once enrapturing joys. "As nothing in nature is superior to man, so nothing in man is superior to mind. This glances over the universe, as it were, by magic, and plans in moments what the body executes in years. The soul of man truly surpasses every object; and more difficult was it to form, than even the sun itself. It is no wonder then, that the secrets of its elements baffle the ingenuity and research of the best metaphysicians. From Aristotle, down to Locke and Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart,—which of them understood the nature of the soul?"

But what are the most consolatory proofs which establish the immortality of the soul? The most powerful, undoubtedly, is the testimony of Scripture. From this fountain alone has emanated all the moral light which we possess; and since there never was a time when man was without a revelation, he must have been solely indebted to it for all his religious ideas; and this is the reason why the immortality of the soul is so decidedly taught by it, while all other arguments are but the creatures of conjecture. That nature taught the doctrine, is the grossest absurdity; as nature is an effect, and not a cause; and, whether it be an abstract term for God, or the light which he originally imparted; in either case, the doctrine must have sprung from Jehovah, and not from human, unassisted reason. But if by nature is only meant the untaught intellect, it follows that it is incapable of instructing itself. The immortality of the soul, consequently, was never taught by nature; for nature can teach nothing without instruction from Jehovah. If the soul's immortality was discovered by itself, why has it not learned too the nature of its own existence, and the manner of its union with this tabernacle of clay? Though

philosophers have written several thousands of years, why know they still as little of its secrets, and why should a truth, the offspring of human genius, still linger at the portal, when it should have advanced long ago with the sciences up the temple of improvement? If this truth were discovered, why were not, also, the mysteries of mind? and like discovering the source of some mighty river, why have we not arrived at the source of its existence, and been enabled to drink of those pure fountain streams which are now so hidden from the view? The scriptures alone then have revealed this doctrine; and if maintained by the pagan world, as is currently reported, it must arise from tradition—by the dispersion of Noah's sons. That patriarch's family must have been acquainted with it long after their departure from the ark; and although numbers of them apostatized from the faith of their ancestor, and became polluted by idolatry; still they never entirely lost sight of many important truths, among which may be ranked the immortality of the soul.

The consent of all nations, civilized and barbarous, is a powerful proof of the soul's immor-

tality. Composed of nine hundred millions of inhabitants, the Jewish, Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian world, though differing widely on every other subject, concur unanimously in this, that whatever be the shape the Deity assumes, and of whatever materials spirit may be composed, the mind of man is certainly immortal. It was maintained by the Romans, Egyptians, and Greeks, in the hieroglyphics of butterflies, and devices upon gems, statues, and vases. It is confessed by the Persians, who leave part of their graves open for the resurrection of the body:—by the Laplanders, who enclose a purse of money in the coffins of the dead:—by the Tartars, and North American Indians, in burying their dead upright, to be prepared for resurrection; and by the Hindoo widow, who consumes herself on the funeral pile to enjoy eternal life with her husband. The same truth is believed by the Hottentots, the Chinese, and the natives of the Pelew islands, all differing, it is true, in the manner of the soul's existence, but essentially uniting in the fact of its immortality. This agreement of all nations shows the common origin whence it was derived; for on what but moral topics exists there such a wide and universal har-

mony? It proves that mankind are one and the same family; and though scattered and divided like the children of a common father, though undergoing all the vicissitudes and sufferings of humanity, they are solaced and supported by the same precious hope of meeting and living for ever—one united and happy band.

The progressive tendency of mind towards perfection is one of the strongest arguments which reason can adopt. Every thing attains its highest glory here except the soul of man. Vegetation rises no higher in the scale of excellence. The fowls of the air still build their nests as they did centuries ago. The brute creation has always evinced the same sagacity and habits, and attained the loftiest powers of which it is susceptible. The human soul, on the contrary, has been distinguished for improvement. Whether we consider the rise of man from barbarism to the most polished refinement,—from the darkest ignorance to the profoundest knowledge,—from the vilest depravity to the most exemplary piety,—he has ever exhibited progress towards perfection. What were Greece and Rome before the days of Romulus and Homer? What was civil-

ized Europe before the conquest of Julius Cæsar? and what was America previous to Columbus, or even for a less space than one hundred years ago? The history of mind demonstrates that its conquests have been advancing. Having moved six thousand years in the road of mental labour, we still feel the poverty of what we know, and are continually pressing forward to the discovery of new wonders. Such will ever be the tendency of mind. All the wealth of earth, all the wisdom of ages, and all the discoveries of genius, will never cloy the curiosity—will never suspend the exertions of the inquisitive soul. It is panting for a state when it shall realize with God an everlasting rest, and the perfection of those faculties which it now feels obstructed; when, doomed no longer to a transitory being, it shall exist for ever, vigorous and free, with no obstacle to retard the advancement of its powers.

The immortality of the soul appears further evident, from its frequently rising above the weakness of the body. Instances are recorded, not only of premature genius discovered in children, but of lofty flights of intellect in the feeble, the diseased, the aged, and the dying. When

the body is sinking under the violence of disorder, and unable to exert a single faculty or muscle, why, let me ask, is the mind often vigilant, collected, and powerful? Does it not prove that the soul of man is independent of the body, and outliving the tenement which is mouldering around it? Cases may be furnished of the mind's apparent decay, but these are instances when the bodily organs are so weakened and impaired that the soul cannot act through them; and, as a broken instrument, stops the efforts of the performer; so, the diseased body will suspend, for a season, the operations of the soul. The eye cannot see, the ear hear, or the hand feel, because the vital circulation is impeded in its channel: but the reasoning faculty, independent of this, may be all the while regaling itself in the discoveries of divine wisdom, and urging its flight above the regions of the stars. If then the mind expire with the body, why is it often active when the other is exhausted? Why towers it frequently above the weakness of the frame, retaining to the very last the full exertion of its powers? Why does it repeatedly evidence, at the very eve of its departure, brighter scintillations of thought than it ever did in its healthiest

career? It must be, that the mind, undisturbed by the calamity which affects its partner, is becoming liberated from its bonds, and better capable of exercise. It seems hovering like an angel within the walls of its prison-house; and lingering, amid the ruins of its clay-cold tenement, to assure weeping survivors of the truth of its immortality.

The aspiration of the soul after something greater and better than itself, is a demonstration of its immortality. As all our ideas are the result of information, whence could so sublime a conception as this have germinated, unless from a Divine communication previously imparted to the mind? That the hope of immortality could have been the fruit of the untutored intellect, is a supposition irreconcileable with the laborious training it must submit to, before it comprehends the simplest principles of science. As this anticipation must spring from a divine source, it carries with it its own irresistible evidence. This comports with sound philosophy. If man is capable of conceiving a more glorious state than the present, which he is never to realize, is it not an imputation on the wisdom

of the Supreme Being in creating him less perfect than his fancy can imagine, and inspiring him with hopes which were never to be gratified? If he can picture to himself lovelier scenes, and more delicious enjoyments than this world can yield him, there must be a prototype to produce the image on his mind; as the shadow pre-supposes a substance, and light, the existence of a luminous body. Could a bliss be conceived of in heaven more transporting than its own, there would still be another heaven beyond: and hence we infer, that as the imagination does not realize the perfection which it covets here; as it looks forward to "a new heaven—a new earth," and immortal glory, they must consequently exist, to account for its aspirations, and reconcile the attributes of the Divinity.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When fate relenting, lets the flow'rs revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this, fair virtue oft must strive,
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright, through the eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

That mind is immortal, may be further inferred, from its frequently surviving the loss of its bodily members. We may be deprived of our limbs, and yet the intellect will continue unimpaired; and, on the other hand, the body may remain in cloudless vigour, while the intellect is broken down with infirmity. Cases are on record, of persons, whose spinal marrow had been injured, who not only survived the shock, but preserved their reason entire. Even the brain, often considered as the thinking faculty, may receive considerable detriment without diminishing in the least the powers of intelligence. It has been totally diseased, and large portions of it have been repeatedly removed, without any mental injury following. The heart also has not only been disordered, but its functions have been so impeded, as almost to endanger vitality; yet the intellectual faculty has still maintained its energy; and so also the blood, supposed by many to be the seat of life, has been almost drained from the arteries, but yet the powers of the soul have still continued unshaken. Does not this establish, beyond a doubt, that mind is independent of the body? and, although compelled to use it for the purposes of animal life, is, in no

respect, indebted to it for intellectual vigour? To search then for the soul amid the bodily members, is like seeking the master among his slaves, —like finding the musician among the chords swept over by his hand. Must we not conclude, that the mind, which is so unaffected by the loss of its organs, is consequently unliable to dissolution, and must no doubt survive the loss of every corporeal faculty? It is also a well-known fact in physics, that the human body changes its entire substance within a very few years, so that every particle it possessed becomes altogether new. "An absorbent system exists in the brain," according to the ingenious Mr. Rennell, "by which, in process of time, that organ with the body undergoes a total change. Now, if the particles of the brain were capable of consciousness, consciousness would cease upon their removal; and personal identity would be destroyed. Personal identity depends on consciousness; and, as that consciousness continues, it must be something which does not fluctuate and change; something extraneous to the brain. The body, like the Paralus of Athens, may, by the deposition of new particles similar to those absorbed, preserve an appearance of identity, when no one particle

remains unaltered. But there is no *appearance* of consciousness: in consciousness the individuality must be real; and this, seeing the brain transmutates, can only be by the existence of an immaterial essence which never changes." From all this it is concluded, that although the body changes, yet the soul itself is always the same individual being. The memory, volition, understanding, and affections, are the same it possessed in childhood; and amid all the revolutions which the frame has undergone, it is sensible of no change but the change of improvement. Is it not more than probable, that as it outlives the mutations of the body, it will also survive the last change of death, and that it is consequently immaterial, imperishable, and immortal?

We shall arrive at similar conclusions, if we contemplate the distinctiveness of mind from matter. Lunacy, for instance, owes not its origin to a malformation of the brain, so much as to various moral causes, which rather require a moral than physical treatment; and even where its structure is disturbed, it may be regarded more as the consequence, than the cause of the disease. In the indulgence of the passions, too.

anger precedes the hastened circulation; sorrow, tears; and joy, the indulgence of laughter. Something superior to the senses must regulate the movements of the body; for some of those may be affected by paralysis, and yet the mind itself may remain unaffected. A few sounds on the tympanum of the ear, or a few written characters on paper, will make a powerful impression on one person, which, observed by another, would not produce the least effect. That the mind only regards the object, is obvious, when we consider that the eye cannot perceive the loveliest object of creation, the ear cannot attend to the voice that accosts it, and the fragrance of the flower never invites the smell, unless their notice be particularly aroused. For a short time after death, the bodily senses are as entire as before it; and it is plain, that nothing is absent but the living agent which governed them. But where is its habitation? Every particle of the brain, even the pineal gland, has been destroyed by disease, and almost every portion of the body has been amputated and removed; but yet the seat of the mental faculty has remained undetected. Who then does not infer from the distinctiveness of mind from matter, that the former must for ever survive the latter?

To these arguments might be added the dread of annihilation indulged by the soul,—its thirst after fame,—its consciousness of superiority to matter,—its desire after perfection,—its incapability of extension, divisibility, or space,—the fear of apparitions, experienced by all nations, the rudest as well as the most refined; and what is of deeper weight than many others, the cases of suspended animation and trance—the phenomenon of dreaming, in which the mind is wakeful and collected, while the powers of the body are enchained in a temporary lethargy.

The endless duration of the soul is also corroborated by the general analogy of nature. As matter is imperishable, shall we not conclude that mind is so also? Wood may be reduced to ashes, but the ashes remain to fertilize the earth. Vegetation decays, but only to give birth to another race of plants. The chrysalysis bursts its narrow tomb, and soars to renovated existence in a more glorious form. The animal dies, but from its dust spring innumerable herbs, which enliven and sustain other tribes of animals. Even the human frame mingles with the clod of the valley, to impart renewed fertility to its soil.

The willow, which grows upon our friends' graves, may receive part of its nourishment from the bodies beneath it, and evidence the vigour it derives in its leaves, branches, and fruit. The bird which feeds upon the latter, and carols over the grave, may be partially indebted for the sweetness of its song to the ashes of our friends. If then not a single particle of matter is lost or annihilated in creation, is it possible, arguing from the less to the greater, that God will permit the glorious spirit to perish? Shall the soul be denied a privilege granted to the cold, inanimate dust? Shall matter exist, while "the image of God" is mouldering in the ground? Shall trees, birds, and animals, outlive man by centuries, and shall their civil governor be limited to a few transient years? Shall the proudest monuments of architecture and of art survive, and the illustrious minds that planned them be swept away in ruin? Shall the churches, founded by St. Peter, Timothy, and St. Paul, still flourish, and do these renowned apostles exist no more to witness the fruits and triumphs of their labours? No! "God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," though man is long outlived by hosts of birds, animals, and plants. The illustrious dead still

exist—St. Peter, Timothy, and St. Paul, are now alive in heaven; and though their bodies have long ago decayed, they live unto God, celebrating the conquests of His church, and waiting till all the redeemed of the earth shall have been clothed upon with immortality.

Who would not rather be an animal or plant, if this mortal life is to terminate our career? If spirit be not immortal, what apology can there be for moral evil? what consolation for sorrow? What reparation for the wrongs endured by thousands? Are we merely born to view the lustre of our own genius, and then to sink forgotten and dishonoured into the grave? Are we never to embrace again the dear offspring of our bosom,—the venerable parents we loved,—the companion who was the life of our existence,—the friends whose stream of happiness mingled with our own? Are we never to wake from the dream of life, and experience that bliss which "eye hath not seen, ear heard, or hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?" Oh God! Is there no reality in these glorious prospects of heaven; but does

> Darkness, death, and long despair,
> Reign in eternal silence there?

It cannot be! The torch of revelation has dispelled the darkness which brooded over the tomb, and lighted up the heart with the hope of immortality. "The body returns to the earth as it was, but the spirit, to God that gave it." "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.
The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

THE FAITHFUL GREEK.

The brave young knight that hath no lady love,
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds
And its rich painting do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—SCOTT.

AT the beginning of the present century, before the funeral fires of war were lighted up in Greece, modern Athens was the most beautiful and flourishing of its towns. It contained about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom only a fifth were Turks, and a large number of foreigners, who were drawn together as to a focus, not only by its antiquities and centrality of situation, but from its fine exposure to the sea, and the numerous islands which skirted the neighbouring coast. The few Turks inhabiting it, by their mingling so long with its European society, acquired a suavity and refinement unnatural to their nation, and associated more upon a level with the native Greek inhabitants. The traveller here felt himself at home, and enjoyed higher privileges and

comforts than many other places afforded: the state of society was more refined: the intellectual powers were more awakened and exercised: the endearments of domestic life were more keenly relished; and the women, being more accustomed to the intercourse of strangers, were less reserved in their manners, and far more intelligent and lovely than in any other parts of Greece. Here stood the proud temple of Theseus, the remains of the parthenon, the tower of the winds adorned by its admirable sculpture, with many other precious relics of classic glory, contributing to render Athens not merely the resort of the antiquary and the scholar, but the illustrious monument of what human genius can achieve.

But Athens has assumed a far different aspect since the commencement of the war. The torch of the Ottoman has consumed many noble vestiges of former grandeur; and wherever the traveller passes, it is through bloody solitudes, and cheerless ruins; and his eye reposes on many a village and temple levelled to the ground, and the standard of the crescent waving over spots hallowed by the shadow of the cross. Athens has been of late years, with many other cities,

the scene of daring sieges, cruel massacres, and conflagrations; and its inhabitants have suffered all the horrors of expatriation and slavery. Some have sought refuge from the enemy among the barren solitudes of Salamis; others have dwelt in mountain caverns, or rude huts constructed in the wilderness, by their own feeble hands, while myriads have fallen victims to the pestilence, the severity of foreign climates, to famine, thirst, and nakedness, and what is worse, to the withering curse of despair. But like their own temple of Theseus, which lately received the shock of the thunderbolt without sustaining the least injury; or like the forest tree of their own mountains, which proudly waves over the desolation below it, the suffering Greeks have resisted the shock of their oppressors, and they still continue to tower above the storm, which is awfully rolling round their land. The history of individual suffering would be the history of that of Greece, as almost every family has shared in the afflictions of the war, and none has been exempted by reason of wealth, influence, or rank. Owing to the indignities and oppression inflicted by the Turks, the Greeks have acquired a ferocity of character unknown to their illustrious predeces-

sors; and who can wonder, if beholding the ruin of their altars, and their homes, and themselves hunted down and degraded like slaves, or beasts of prey; if feeling themselves abandoned like outcasts by the Christian world, and possessed of no other resource but their scimetar, and their God, they have almost regarded every one as an enemy, and been familiar with rapine, devastation, and blood? But as the deepest darkness precedes the morning, so the bitterest sufferings of this people have ushered in the dawn of their deliverance. Christian nations are awakening to assert their rights; and a few years, we trust, will amply repay them for all their injuries and wrongs. One case may be mentioned among the rest, which, if it prove the magnanimity and bravery of the Grecian character, illustrates the brutality and injustice of the Ottomans.

The sun was going down upon the gulf of Ægina, and clothing, with a soft mantle of light, the distant ruins of Athens, which seemed to the spectator like the present condition of Greece, illuminated in its closing hour by the prospect of deliverance. A few straggling barks were lazily

floating down the unruffled tide; and some dismantled vessels of war were moored near the beach, being either unfit for service, or waiting for the summons of battle. Occasional flocks of crane, and the white stork, with here and there a solitary curlew, were fluttering up and down the shore: swarms of various insects were glittering in the expiring sunbeams; and the dark blue ocean was sweetly slumbering under the still serenity of a breathless sky, which was almost without a cloud. The neighbouring islands of Ægina and Salamis appeared like fairy couches curtained by the golden clouds of the west, for the repose of the Grecian Gods; and every object around wore that rich, magic mellowness for which a classical landscape is so emphatically prized.

Seemingly forgetful of their country's sufferings, a party of young people were assembled upon the seashore, dancing the Romaika to the music of violins and rustic pipes. The circle consisted of young men and girls, who, holding each other by the hand, were following the movements of a beautiful Greek maid. At one time she would dart along, drawing her companions

under their upraised hands; at another, she would conduct them by such intricate windings, as almost to endanger the breaking the chain of hands and the unity of the measure; but she invariably delighted by the gracefulness of her evolutions, as well as by the charms of her person and wit. Her light auburn hair was crowned with flowers; a snow-white veil modestly floated down her face; and a rich embroidered cestus encircled her slender form. Her face was perfectly Grecian, and her full black eyes could not fail to thrill the gazer with unutterable delight. She was the daughter of two aged peasants who resided at Athens; and though she had numerous admirers, none had ever possessed her heart. The horrors of war brooded over the land,—and while her parents were alive, she indulged no desire to connect herself with any one, who might possibly involve her in misfortune. But how can woman indulge so unnatural a hope? How can she stifle a passion which nature's God has sanctioned and inspired, and refuse the protection of one who is dearer than father or mother? Though the promise may tremble on her lips, it has no resting place in the heart; and she who avowed herself an apostate to the worship of the lovely

goddess, reverently bends before her altar whenever the all-subduing passion takes possession of her soul.

At this dance there was a young man, the son of a wealthy Greek merchant of Corinth who had retired, at the commencement of the war, to the romantic cliffs of Lepsina, once Eleusis, about twelve miles from Athens, where, with a wife and three daughters, he was desirous of spending his days. It was the first time Demetrius had ever seen Mosco; but the impression was as indelible as if it had been for ever. Her meek beseeching look,—her airy step,—the pulsation of her hand, as it faintly beat in his own while led by it in the dance, had made a conquest of his heart, and he longed to become acquainted with her. But they who know the strictness with which Grecian girls are secluded by their parents, will be aware of the difficulties of Demetrius. He followed her home that evening, but had not courage enough to accost her; and so delicate is true affection, that it trembles lest even its honourable advances should be construed into rudeness. Many a night, when all was still, did he hover around her cottage, playing under

the windows some melodious token of his passion. But he never could arrest her attention except once, when he caught her sweet countenance for an instant through the lattice; but a chiding voice was heard, and she was gone. He returned to his parents and sisters at Lepsina, but his heart still hovered around the Athenian cottage. Nothing can shake off from a man the indulgence of the soft passion but the pursuits of active enterprise; and about this time it was currently reported that a Turkish fleet was seen about the harbour, and preparing to exterminate the remaining strength of Athens. Every Greek capable of bearing arms was immediately enlisted in the ranks; and Demetrius among the rest was compelled to forget the spoils of love for those of a warlike camp. Many secret landings, it was said, of the enemy were effected; and many outrages and violences committed upon the inhabitants around the coast; but the Grecian army was small, and unprepared for the assault, and there was no probability of its escaping the destruction of the assailants. Demetrius was quartered near the seashore, not far from the cottage of Mosco, and had leisure to reflect upon the beloved being whom he was called upon to protect.

Mosco was aware of the passion of Demetrius, for she was not indifferent to his burning gaze, and the assiduity with which he sought, and watched about the cottage. Woman may seem blind to the attentions of the other sex, but not a single motion escapes her penetrating glance; for there is a kind of magical communication between the lover and the object, which, like the unseen mirror reflecting the faintest ray of light, will render it impossible for the loved one to be insensible to all that passes. There is a sort of contagiousness too about the passion, imparting to the beloved object a kindred feeling with the lover's; and no matter how estranged in every other respect, they will harmonize when conscious of a reciprocal flame, as a musical chord is agitated by the vibration of its octave.

The Athenians were not only liable to the assaults of the Turkish inhabitants, but they were also exposed to the incursions of their pirates and coasting vessels, whose sole object was plunder, and the capture of the Grecian women. One dark night, several daring Turks landed behind a shadowy promontory, and made the best of their way to Athens. Not a soldier or living

creature intercepted their progress, and they cautiously pursued their way to a neat cottage which stood upon the road. Bursting the door, and rushing into the apartment, they found Mosco with her terrified parents. She shrieked at the sight of the barbarians, who were proceeding to tie her hands, and put the aged couple to death. But a violent rush was heard at the door, and a band of Greek soldiers appeared. The Turks were soon overcome, and the unfortunate family was liberated. But what were the sensations of Demetrius, who was the Captain of the party, as he gazed upon the same dark melting eyes, and listened to the same entrancing voice which had enchained his affections at the dance? Mosco caught his impassioned look, and a sweet, grateful smile played upon her cheek, as delicate as the mountain lily. Her parents thanked him again and again; but how poor were thanks, compared with the recompense he had obtained! His eagle eye had watched over the cottage—had detected the movements of the ruffians, and he was determined to fall upon them. Mosco could not but love him; for if love is enkindled by gratitude, how much livelier does it burn when it is fanned by true attachment! Every moment De-

metrius could spare from the army he was with her. The perilous state of the country rendered it hazardous for them to ramble abroad; and except an occasional walk by moonlight around the Parthenon, or along the cool shores of the Ilissus, they seldom ventured from the cottage. Mosco's parents highly approved of her choice; for he was a brave and handsome soldier, and capable of making her happy. They agreed to be married on the following week; but who can calculate upon the reverses of Providence? Demetrius was encamped upon a vast plain overlooking the sea: hostile fleets were sailing on its bosom, and the Turks of the Morea and other neighbouring towns were arraying themselves for battle. The Acropolis was but feebly garrisoned by a brave detachment of Greeks, and fresh supplies from Attica were momentarily expected. The frequent roar of cannon along the distant shores, filled our lover with the darkest apprehensions, as he knew that favourable winds might hasten on the enemy, who would soon put to flight his delicious dreams of happiness. He thought of the desolate condition of Greece—of his father's family at Lepsina, and more especially of Mosco and her pa-

rents, who, in case of danger, would fall into the hands of the Ottomans. His reflections were disturbed, by immediate orders to stand in readiness for an assault, as an army of Turks was approaching from Livadia. The Greeks were attacked about midnight; but what could their bravery effect against superiority of force? Temples shared no better fate than private dwellings: the shrieks of the women, the shouts of the Turkish soldiers, and the thunder of the artillery, filled the soul of Demetrius with horror. He fought as valiantly as Leonidas; but the hope of saving his betrothed bride excited him to fly, if possible, to the cottage, and shield her from the fury of the storm. At the hazard of his life, he cleared his way through heaps of bodies, and falling ruins, and struck off into the main road; but a detachment of Turkish cavalry was blocking up its passes. He concluded that his best plan was to pursue the oblique windings of the shore, and take advantage of a dark forest in tracing his way to the cottage. After many circuitous steps, he arrived at the well known spot, but all was darkness and desolation. He entered the open hall-door, but no light struck his eye—every thing was still within: the furni-

ture had been all removed, and the house, it was plain, had been stripped of its inhabitants. He vainly called upon the name of Mosco and her parents, but he was merely answered by the din of war from without, and the hollow sounds of his footsteps as they rung through the empty rooms. Searching through the hall, he stumbled over something like bodies; and, by the faint light of the stars, he perceived that one of them was a woman, and the agonizing suspicion came over him that perhaps it was the body of his Mosco. In wild despair he drew them to the door, and perceived that they were Mosco's parents, who, all mangled and bloody, must have been murdered by the Turks. Satisfied that Mosco was not in the house, he was determined that their bodies should not be thus trampled upon, but should both be committed to an honourable grave. In the midst of his reflections, he heard approaching footsteps from the highway, and safety prompted him to take refuge in an adjoining chamber. The clatter of voices and feet rang through the house, and approached the room where Demetrius was a prisoner. He lay stretched out, feigning himself dead, and even felt the feet of the soldiers kicking him aside, as

they were searching the room for more plunder. A moment more, and they were gone. He raised gently up, and still hearing steps, he deemed it prudent to lie still; but very shortly he was enveloped in a dense smoke that scarcely allowed him to breathe. He rushed through the column of vapour, and perceived that the cottage was on fire. He escaped wildly from the place, and betook himself to the road that led from the city. The violence of battle had died away; the morning was just dawning; and among the half-burnt houses, and tottering walls, it was mournful to view emaciated wretches expiring from their wounds,—women pale and haggard, suckling their half-starved infants, or watching some lifeless bodies of which the late carnage had deprived them. The cries of distress which every where assailed his ears, and the contemplation of the smoking ruins, caused Demetrius to burst into tears.—"Oh God," he cried out, "hast thou no pity upon my poor unfortunate country, but wilt thou suffer our wives, our children, and our homes, to fall a prey to the Barbarians? Yes! Greece is perishing, and there is none that will save her!" Thus cried the wretched man, as he turned aside from the main road, and laid

himself down in a sheltered grove to rest, after the exertions of the night. The enemy had abandoned Athens, and only left it sufficient strength to feel sensible of its wretchedness; and except its Greek inhabitants, there were only a few straggling wretches watching behind for plunder. Demetrius could not sleep: the most horrible dreams disturbed him: he thought that he had found Mosco weltering in her blood,—and that he was avenging her death upon her murderers. Now he was hurried through frightful chasms, and conflagrations, and battles, and then he beheld his parents and sisters murdered in the solitudes of Lepsina. He awoke, and determined to go in quest of his father's family; but looking around he saw the countenances of several fierce Turks, who were holding over him their scimetars, and commanding him, under pain of death, immediately to follow them. They conducted him more than a mile, to a monastic looking building, inhabited, no doubt, by some of the Turkish marauders, who were thriving on the misfortunes of Greece. To recount the sufferings he experienced would be impossible, being doomed to the most servile offices of domestic drudgery by day, and the incessant fatigue

by night of guarding the premises against the attacks of his own people. He endured the severest reproaches and cruelties; and kindness was promised only on condition of his abandoning the Greek cause. His only chance of escaping was in the absence of his inhuman masters. Regularly once a week they left the domains under the charge of two of their number; their object being to seize upon whatever booty they could procure, and store it away in their castle. He resolved to make his escape the very next opportunity, and seek an asylum under his father's roof. But he knew not whether he had parents or sisters, since they might have shared the same fate with Mosco and her parents. Captives there must have been in the building he inhabited, for he heard many voices of lamentation long after he had retired to rest, and he had no doubt but there were Greek women among the number. One day, while busily engaged at work in the upper part of the building, he heard a noise behind him, and looking through a narrow lattice, saw a female countenance: but what was his amazement, when he recognised the face of Mosco! He tremblingly accosted her. They looked at one another in speechless

delight; and after learning from her lips the sufferings which she had endured, he hastily told her not to despair, promising that he would deliver her from thraldom, during the very next absence of the Turks. But what an age every moment appeared, till the anticipated period arrived! The following day, he was ordered, on pain of death, to look well to his duty until the return of his masters. He waited a full hour after their departure; and when all was quiet, he stole into the ammunition room, and arming himself with every necessary defence, he hastened immediately to the apartment of his mistress. It was the work of a moment to force the door, and in an instant they were descending the steps of the monastery. The Turks little suspected their prisoner's design. They were dreaming of the war, at the entrance of the gate, and altogether unprepared for the vigilant Demetrius. They passed the sleeping sentries, who never listened to their footsteps; and long before the rest of the party were apprized of their escape, they had considerably advanced towards the plains of Eleusis.

Mosco informed Demetrius that the Turks had

inhumanly butchered her parents, and that she had been brought to the monastery by one of the chiefs, who had persuaded her in vain to be his mistress. They travelled silently onward, fearful of being overheard, being too much occupied by their own safety to attend to any other concern. Having left the plain of Athens far behind, and wound round the hill of Corydalus, they listened to the trampling of horses from the rear. They quickened their pace, and were entering beneath the shadowy cliffs of the seashore, when they saw their Turkish tyrants gaining fast upon them; but by a dexterous movement, the lovers hid themselves into a hollow cleft, dark with mountain oak and pine, and through crevices of the rocks, they perceived them winding down the hill, and moving off by a different road from that which Demetrius meant to take. It was his intention to go directly to his father's, and place Mosco under the charge of his sisters, as he might be desirous once more of taking an active part in the war. In a short time he arrived at the paternal mansion, which was delightfully situated at the head of the Eleusinean gulf, beyond which was an arid level, relieved only by a few Balarian oaks and Olive trees, and Mount Parnes

in the perspective, adorned by its forest of firs. The family received them with every demonstration of joy. The war had swept past it without the infliction of worse misfortunes than occasional depredations upon its property; and in the society of Demetrius's sisters and mother, Mosco felt herself at home.

But Demetrius felt that it was his duty to assert the injured cause of his country, and accordingly soon after joined the Grecian army. Having crossed Phocis and Bœotia with 30,000 men, Omer Vrioni attacked the city of Corinth, which, after a feeble resistance, surrendered to his arms, leaving him in possession of its fortresses, and the command of the Argolic plain. Here Demetrius was stationed; and while valiantly defending the garrison, he was taken prisoner with a number of his own troops; and as the Turkish forces were destined for Napoli, was sent with the prisoners in a vessel sailing to the Dardanelles for a fresh supply of provisions for the army. He was now upon the wide ocean; and as the mountains and spires of Corinth diminished to a single point, he began to feel himself in the power of the Turks, and

awake to the wretchedness of his situation. He could not shed a tear for himself: the afflicted thousands of Greece—the condition of his own family, and the orphaned Mosco, called forth all his sympathy; and the thought that he might never see them more drove him almost to despair. After a long and tedious journey, he arrived at Constantinople. Though a miserable slave, he could not but admire the innumerable roofs, balconies, and domes, swelling above each other like amphitheatres; together with the splendid seraglios, monasteries, and churches, which adorned this noblest of Asiatic cities. But though he found here a thousand objects of admiration, he felt but little interest in the scene, being altogether absorbed in his troubles, and the slavery he was to undergo. Oh, how does the most beautiful object become changed, to the bosom that is overcharged with sorrow! The medium through which the mind views the object, has been distorted and dim, and how should it otherwise than disregard the most glorious of Heaven's gifts? Blest with the society of his Mosco, and undisturbed by the calamities which preyed upon his country, Demetrius would have enjoyed the scene almost as the effect of enchantment,

and been excited to gaze at those innumerable curiosities which are the pride and the ornament of Turkey.

The city at this time was uncommonly thronged, not only by the vast influx of foreigners, combined with the Turkish interest, but by crowds of native Turks, who were drawn together to learn the particulars of the war; and to behold and bid upon the Greek captives, who were to be exposed for sale at their markets. An important sale had been several days announced, and Demetrius was among its unfortunate victims. He had no doubt of falling into the possession of some remorseless Turk, who, if he did not take his life, would render it a burden. He began to grow weary of his existence; and since he had lost all worth living for, he became indifferent to every thing. It is cowardly, nay, criminal, to abandon our trust in an overruling Power; and because we cannot devise means of escape, to despair of deliverance from our trials. But poor human nature requires continual incentives to sustain a long series of troubles; and without the especial interference

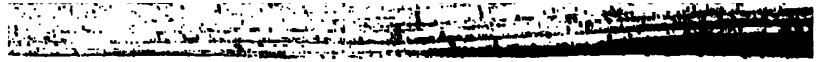
not. He saw her torn from him, to become the property of a Mahometan; but there was no other remedy but to yield. He followed his master, who was too much occupied by his own cares to regard the sufferings of his slave. He watched his beloved girl till she became lost in the crowd, and he saw no more than the waving of her hand. Demetrius possesed a mind of more than ordinary cultivation; and to this was added a fine figure, by no means devoid of dignity and grace. He was accordingly employed by the Turk, in the honourable task of private secretary, and was promised a considerable rank in the army, provided he would abjure his religion. But Demetrius had too much prudence to reject the offer of his proud lord; and hoping to procure his freedom, with that of his beloved Mosco, he deceived him into a hope of compliance, in order to mature plans for the promotion of her liberty. He might have frequently escaped; as he enjoyed such unlimited confidence, that he was allowed to ramble through the city, and feast his eyes upon the splendid monuments of Asiatic pride. But though he watched every countenance from the windows and terraces, he never discovered the object of his search; and

several months had passed away, and yet Demetrius could gain no intelligence concerning her. Had he known the name of her master, or suspected the direction she had taken, he might have possibly succeeded. He had now no desire to return to Greece. His family was no doubt dead; but she whom he loved dearer than life, was a slave among the Ottomans.

Returning home one evening, he was accosted by a Turkish slave, requesting him to follow her. To give efficacy to her entreaty, she took from her finger a jewelled ring which Mosco wore in happier days, and by this Demetrius was convinced that she must have sent for him. He silently accompanied the messenger into a splendid oblong building, surrounded by numerous wings, and surmounted by a spacious dome. Every human voice was hushed; and except the noise of a few patroles, and the repeated howlings of dogs, the city wore a sepulchral silence. He passed through several ante-chambers, and was, after many circuitous windings, ushered into a richly-furnished room, where, lying upon a divan or sofa, he perceived a female form all languid and withered. Demetrius felt as if it was all a

dream; and he approached the wan victim with a feeling bordering upon frenzy. As he stood over the couch and gazed upon her morbid features, he was sure that he could not be deceived. It was his own beloved Mosco—but oh, how altered!—Disease had blighted the rose upon her cheek, and her breathing was interrupted by a deep-drawn sigh, that seemed to bear her spirit along with it. They who have paused over the ruin of their best earthly hopes, can enter into the feelings of Demetrius. He wept like a child over the fair form that was mouldering away, and felt that he was unable to alleviate her misery. Mosco revived, and raised her sunken eyes to her lover. She recognised him in an instant: her sweet, expressive countenance became kindled with a smile; and in viewing him, she seemed to forget all her sufferings. As far as her strength permitted, she related how his father's mansion had been fired by the Turks, and that all but herself had perished in the ruins: —that she was taken prisoner, carried on board of a vessel, and was conveyed to Constantinople. She spoke of the anguish she had endured on his account,—how she had resisted the importunities of her tyrant, but that rather than be dis-

honoured, she had consented to marry him. With much difficulty she reminded him of the agony the sacrifice cost her: that she had been long lingering at the threshold of the grave: that he alone shared her heart and should possess it for ever. She had often seen him pass the house, but she had never been able till now to avail herself of the Turk's absence. Feeling herself at peace with Heaven, she told him she could not die in peace without his forgiveness, and the kind assurance that he would not hate her. Demetrius kneeled before the dying girl, vowing to her the most inflexible love, and declaring that though the wife of another, he would always regard her as his own. He saw that the eye which encountered his was fast fading in its socket, and that the hand which he clasped was becoming senseless and cold. "And must we part so soon," said he, "thou dearest of earthly treasures? and is it thus that our union is to be dissolved?" "No, my love:" whispered the expiring Mosco, "life itself is but a dream, and our honourable attachment shall soon revive in heaven. But O resign me, my Demetrius. If Heaven restore you from slavery, return, in the flower of your youth, to avenge the cause of your

family and country; and let the thought enkindle your valour, that Mosco will be thinking of you. But farewell Demetrius! I die with my prayers for your happiness, and the salvation of Greece: may God grant——" Demetrius held her in his arms, and kissed the pale lips of all that remained of Mosco.—A moment more and all was still; for death had sealed his impress upon her forehead. Demetrius fled away, through fear of being discovered; and the next day the remains of all he valued were sleeping in the grave.

About a year ago, after the Turkish army had pursued its victorious march through Athens, an American saw the grave of a Greek officer, near the ruins of a beautiful villa that had long been razed to the ground. On a plain stone was this inscription recorded:—"Here lies Demetrius, a brave Greek, who, having escaped from Turkish tyranny, and wept over the loss of all he loved, gallantly fell in defending the Acropolis. While this memorial records his worth, may the reader be excited to avenge his wrongs!"